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A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED.

LOVE AND MADNESS:

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

Price Four Shillings, ſewed.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED.

LOVE AND MADNESS:

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ONE OF WHICH CONTAINS THE

ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF CHATTERTON.

GOVERNOR.—"Who did the bloody deed?"

OROONOKO.—"The deed was mine.
"Bloody I know it is; and I expect
"Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
"I do resign myself into your hands,
"The hands of Justice." *Oroonoko.* V. 3.

HARTWELL.—"If this be not Love, it is Madness;
"and, then, it is pardonable."

Old Bachelor. III. 10.

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MDCCLXXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

It is not neceſſary to ſay any thing more, by way of *Preface*, than to deſire that the Reader, who feels an inclination to cenſure any of theſe Letters, will recollect the perſons between whom they appear to have paſſed, and the ſituations of thoſe perſons.

———I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
Of one that lov'd, not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily jealous; but, being wrought,
Impatient in th'extreme: of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

OTHELLO.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

LETTER I.

From Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Huntingdon, 4 Dec. 1774.

Dear Martha!

TEN thouſand thanks for your billet by my corporal Trim yeſterday. The fellow ſeemed happy to have been the bearer of it, becauſe he ſaw that it made me happy. He will be as good a ſoldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare ſay: and Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know. Whichever he ſerve, you may command him of courſe, without a compliment; for

Venus, I need not tell *you*, is the mother of Cupid, and the miſtreſs of Mars.

At preſent the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus. In plain Engliſh, the drum tells me that dinner is ready; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting: nay, we get up by the beat of it; and it every night ſends, or ought to ſend us, to bed and to ſleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy: indeed, the thoughts of you would prevent ſleep. But, the next diſgrace to refuſing a challenge, is refuſing a toaſt. The merit of a jolly fellow, and of a ſpunge, is much about the ſame. For my part, no glaſs of any liquor taſtes as it ſhould to me, but when I kiſs my Martha on the rim.

Adieu! Whatever hard ſervice I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine ſhall make me drop or forget my appointment with you to-morrow. We certainly were not ſeen yeſterday, for reaſons which I will give you.

Though you ſhould perſiſt in never being mine,

Ever, ever

Yours,

JAMES H.

LETTER II.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 6 Dec. 1775.

My deareſt Martha!

NO: I will not take advantage of the ſweet, reluctant, amorous confeſſion which your candour gave me yeſterday. If to make me happy, be to make my Martha otherwiſe; then, Happineſs, I'll none of thee.

And yet I could argue. Suppoſe he has bred you up: Suppoſe you do owe your numerous accompliſhments, under genius, to him: are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horſe that he has bred ſhould refuſe to carry him? Suppoſe you therefore are his property: will the fidelity of ſo many years weigh nothing in the ſcale of gratitude?

Years! why, can obligations (ſuppoſe they had not been repaid an hundred-fold) do away the unnatural diſparity of years? Can they bid five-and-fifty ſtand ſtill (the leaſt that you could aſk), and wait for five-and-twenty? Many women have the ſame

obligations (if indeed there be many or the ſame accompliſhments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if, indeed, it be an obligation) of exiſtence. The diſparity of years is ſometimes even leſs. But, muſt they therefore take their fathers to their boſoms? Muſt the jeſſamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no ſtranger. Will you ſhare them with me? And you ſhall honeſtly tell his Lordſhip that Gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him, till Love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Oh, my Martha, that you would pay them!

But, did I not ſay I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas! could only ſhow at preſent the affection of a father.

Martha, weigh us in the ſcales. If gratitude out-balance love—ſo.

If you command it, I ſwear by Love, I'll join my regiment to-morrow.

If Love prevail, and inſiſt upon his dues; you ſhall declare the victory and the prize. I will take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by ſurpriſe. Sleep upon it, before you return your anſwer. Trim ſhall make the old excuſe to-morrow.

Why did you ſing that ſweet ſong yeſterday, though I ſo preſſed you? Thoſe words, and your voice, were too much.

What words can ſay how much I am yours?

LETTER III.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

H. 7 Dec. 1775.

My dear H.

HERE has been a ſad piece of work ever ſince I received yours yeſterday. But, don't be alarmed; we are not diſcovered to the profane. Our tender tale is only known to (whom does your fear ſuggeſt?) to Love and Gratitude, my H. And they ought both, for twenty reaſons, to be your friends, I am ſure.

They have been trying your cauſe, ever ſince the departure of honeſt Trim yeſterday. Love, though in my opinion not ſo blind, is as good a juſtice, as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter ſtoutly: my head on his Lordſhip's ſide of the queſtion, my heart on yours. At laſt they ſeemed to ſay, as if the oath of allegiance, which I had taken to Gratitude, at a time when, alas! I had never heard of Love, ſhould be void, and I ſhould be at full liberty to devote myſelf to—But call on me to-morrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final judgment. This I will tell you now: Love ſent you the tendereſt wiſhes, and Gratitude ſaid that I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yeſterday.

Yet—oh! my H. think not meanly of me ever for this. Do not you turn advocate againſt me. But I will not pain you. 'Tis impoſſible you ever ſhould.

Come then to-morrow; and ſurely Omiah will not murder Love! Yet I thought the other day that he caught our eyes converſing. Eyes ſpeak a language all can underſtand. But, is a child of Nature to nip in the bud that favourite paſſion which his mother Nature planted,

planted, and ſtill tends? What will Oberea and her côterie ſay to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll black-ball you, depend on it.

What would Rouſſeau ſay to it, my H.?

You ſhall tell me to-morrow. I will not write another word; leſt Conſcience, who is juſt now looking over my right ſhoulder, ſhould ſnatch my pen, and ſcratch out *to-morrow*.

Your's, as you know,

MARTHA R.

LETTER IV.

Mr. H to Miſs R.

Huntingdon, 7 Dec. 1775.

My deareſt Soul!

I HOPE to Heaven, Trim will be able to get this to you to-night! Not I only, but my whole future life, ſhall thank you for the dear ſheet of paper which I have juſt received. Bleſſings, bleſſings—But I could write and exclaim, and offer up vows, till the happy hour arrive.

Yet, hear me, Martha. If I have thus far deſerved your love, I will deſerve it ſtill. As a proof that I have not hitherto preſſed you for any thing conſcience diſapproves, you ſhall not do to-morrow what conſcience diſapproves. You ſhall not make me happy under the roof of your benefactor and my hoſt. It were not honourable. Our Love, the inexorable tyrant of our hearts, claims his ſacrifice; but does not bid us inſult his Lordſhip's walls with it. How civilly did he invite me from Huntingdon to H. in October laſt, though an unknown recruiting-officer! How politely himſelf firſt introduced me to himſelf! Often has the recollection made me ſtruggle with my paſſion. Still it ſhall reſtrain it on this ſide hoſpitality.

So far from triumphing or exulting, alas! (if Lord S. indeed love you, if indeed it be aught beſide the natural preference which age gives to youth)—alas! how much I pity him! Yet, as I have either ſaid or written before, it is only the pity that I ſhould feel for a father whoſe affections were unfortunately and unnaturally fixed upon his own daughter.

Were

Were I your ſeducer, Martha, and not your lover, I ſhould not write thus; nor ſhould I have talked, or acted, or written, as I have. Yet, blab not this, or I ſhall be drummed out of my regiment for a traitor to intrigue. And can you really imagine that I think ſo meanly of your ſex! Surely you cannot imagine that I think ſo meanly of you. Why, then, the concluſion of your laſt letter but one? A word thereon.

Take men and women in the lump, the villainy of thoſe, and the weakneſs of theſe; I maintain it to be leſs wonderful that a hundred or ſo ſhould of your ſex fall in the world, than that even one ſhould keep her poſt. Is it ſtrange that the ſerpent conquered Eve? The devil againſt a woman is fearful odds. He has conquered men, women's conquerors; he has made even angels fall.

Oh, then, ye parents! be merciful in your wrath. Join not the baſe betrayers of your children; drive not your children to the bottom of the precipice, becauſe the villains have driven them half way down, where many have ſtopped them-

ſelves from falling further by catching hold of ſome ſtraggling virtue, which wildly decks the ſteep-down rock. Oh! do not force their weak hands from their hold; their laſt, laſt hold! The deſcent from crime to crime is natural, perpendicular, headlong enough of itſelf: do not increaſe it.

Shall I aſk your pardon for all this, Martha? No, there is no occaſion, you ſay.

But to-morrow—for to-morrow led me out of my ſtrait path, over this fearful precipice; where I, for my part, trembled every ſtep I took, leſt I ſhould topple down headlong. Glad am I to be once more on plain ground again with my Martha.

To-morrow, about eleven, I'll be with you; but, let me find you in your riding-dreſs, and your mare ready. I have laid a plan, to which neither Honour nor Delicacy (and I always conſult both before I propoſe anything to you) can make the leaſt objection. This once, truſt to me—I'll explain all to-morrow. Pray be ready, in your *riding-dreſs!* Need I add, in that which, you know, in my opinion, becomes you moſt?

moſt? No; Love would have whiſpered that.

Love ſhall be of our party. He ſhall not ſuffer the cold to approach you: he ſhall ſpread his wings over your boſom: he ſhall neſtle in your dear arms.

When will to-morrow come? What torturing dreams muſt I not bear to-night?

I ſend you ſome lines which I picked up ſomewhere—I forget where. But I don't think them much amiſs.—Amiſs! I think them charming; only that, after loving you for fourteen years, I will bet the writer fourteen to one, that I ſhall love you fourteen times better, if it be poſſible.

Lines by the Rev. —— to his Wife, With a Preſent of a Penknife.

A KNIFE, dear Girl, cuts love, they ſay.
Mere modiſh love perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can ſep'rate what was never join'd.

The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Muſt cut your ſoftneſs, worth, and ſpirit,
Down to the vulgar ſize and merit:
To level yours with modern taſte,
Muſt cut a world of ſenſe to waſte;
And, from your ſingle beauty's ſtore,
Chip what would dizen out a ſcore.

The

The ſelf-ſame blade from me muſt ſever
Senſation, judgement, ſight, for ever!
All mem'ry of endearments paſt;
All hope of comforts long to laſt;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A ſummer—and a ſhort one too;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, ſeem like years.

'Till that be done (and I'd as ſoon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my preſent, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiſs (delicious treat)
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of ſuch ſubſtantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will diſdain,
Save only——Cut and come again.

LETTER V.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 8 Dec. 1775.

THEN I releaſe my deareſt ſoul from her promiſe about to-day. If you do not ſee that all which he can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love, I have done, and will for ever have done. I would purchaſe my

my happineſs at any price but at the expence of yours.

Look over my letters; think over my conduct; conſult your own heart; and read theſe two long letters of your writing, which I return you. Then, tell me whether we love or not. And—if we love (as witneſs both our hearts)—ſhall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the heavenly prize that's only due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and muſt he poſſeſs the caſket? Shall I have your ſoul; and ſhall he have your hand, your eyes, your boſom, your lips?

By all the powers of Love! I can neither write, nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

Your own, own

H.

LETTER VI.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

H. 10 Dec. 1775.

My deareſt Jemmy!

YOUR two letters of the day before yeſterday, and what you ſaid to me yeſterday in my dreſſing-room, have driven me mad.

To

To offer to ſell out, and take the other ſtep to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how ſuch tenderneſs diſtracts me. As to marrying me, that you ſhould not do upon any account. Shall the man whom I value, be pointed at and hooted for ſelling himſelf to a Lord, for a commiſſion, or ſome ſuch thing, to marry his caſt Miſtreſs? My ſoul is above my ſituation. Beſides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H. of what may be only perhaps (excuſe me) a youthful paſſion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you *may* love me as ſincerely as I——

But I will tranſcribe you a ſong which I don't believe you ever heard me ſing, though it's my favourite. It is ſaid to be an old Scottiſh ballad, nor is it generally known that it was written by the elegant and accompliſhed Lady A. L. Since we have underſtood each other, I have never ſung it before you, becauſe it is ſo deſcriptive of our ſituation: how much more ſo ſince your cruelly-kind propoſal of yeſterday! I wept, like an infant, over many of the lines, this morning.

AULD

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the ſheep are in the fold, when the cow's come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet reſt are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in ſhowers from my eye,
Unkent to my goodman who ſleeps ſae ſound by me.

Young Jamie lov'd me well, and ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving of a crown, he had nae thing beſide;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to ſea,
And the crown, and the pound---O they were baith for me.

Before my love was gone a twelve-month and a day,
My father brake his arm---our cow was ſto'n away.
My mother ſhe fell ſick, my Jamie was at ſea,
And Auld Robin Gray, he came o'er a courting me.

My father coud na work, my mother coud na ſpin;
I toil'd baith day and night, their bread I coud na win:
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his eye,
Said "Jenny, for their ſakes, oh will you marry me?"

My heart it ſaid na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But the winds they blew hard, and his ſhip was a wreck.
His ſhip it was a wreck! why did na Jenny die?
O wherefore was ſhe ſpar'd to cry out, woe is me!

My father argued ſair, my mother did na ſpeak,
But ſhe look'd in my face, 'till my heart was like to break.
They gave him my hand, while my heart was in the ſea,
And ſo Auld Robin Gray, he was goodman to me.

I had

I had not been his wife, but weeks only four,
When mournfully as I ſat, on the ſtain at my door,
I ſaw my Jamie's ghoſt, I could na think it he,
Till he ſaid, "Here I'm come home, love, to marry thee."

O ſair, ſair did we greet, and mickle did we ſay;
I gi'd him but ae kiſs, and bad him gang away;
I wiſh that I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
My heart it will na break, it's ſae young, woe is me!

I wander like a ghoſt, I care na much to ſpin;
I dare na think of Jamie, for that woud be a ſin:
But I will do my beſt, a good wife aye to be;
For oh, Auld Robin Gray, he is ſae kind to me!

My poor eyes will only ſuffer me to add, let me ſee *my* Jamie to-morrow. Your name is alſo Jamie.

LETTER VII.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Huntingdon,
13 Dec. 75.

My Life and Soul!

BUT I will never more uſe any preface of this ſort: and I beg that you will not. A correſpondence begins with "dear," then "my dear," "deareſt" "my deareſt," and ſo on, 'till at laſt, panting words toil after us in vain.

No

No language can explain my feelings. Oh Martha, yeſterday, yeſterday! Language, thou lieſt; there is no ſuch word as *ſatiety*, poſitively no ſuch word. Oh, thou beyond my warmeſt dreams bewitching! what charms! what—

But words would poorly paint our joys. When, when?—Yet you ſhall order, govern every thing. Only remember, I am *ſure* of thoſe we truſt.

Are you now convinced that Love made us for each other? By that Love, by the paradiſe of your dear arms, I will be only yours!

Have I written ſenſe? I know not what I write. This ſcrap of paper ('tis all I can find) will hold a line or two more. I muſt fill it up with ſaying, that, whatever evils envious fate deſign me, after thoſe few hours of yeſterday, I never will complain nor murmur.

Misfortune, I defy thee now. Martha loves me, and Jemmy's ſoul has its content moſt abſolute. No other joy like this, as the poet ſays, ſucceeds in unknown fate.

LETTER VIII.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon,
24 Dec. 1775.

TALK not to me of the new year. I am a new man. I'll be ſworn to it, that I am not the ſame identical J. H. that I was three months ago. You have created me (yes, I know what I ſay) created me anew.

As to thanking you for the bliſs which I taſte with you; to attempt it would be idle. What thanks can expreſs——

But I will obey you in not giving ſuch a looſe to my pen as I gave the day before yeſterday. That letter, and the verſes that it contained, which were certainly too highly coloured, pray commit to the flames. Yet, pray too, as I begged you yeſterday, do not imagine that I thought leſs chaſtely of you becauſe I wrote them. No; I believe your mind to be as chaſte as the ſnow, which, while I write, is driving againſt my window. You know not what I think of you. One time perhaps you may.

The

The lines which I repeated to you this morning, I ſend you. Upon my honour they are not mine. I think of them quite as you do. Surely an additional merit in them is, that to the uninitiated, in whom they might perhaps raiſe improper ideas, they are totally unintelligible.

On better thoughts I will not ſend you the lines. They were written by the author of "The Seaſons," and (your favourite) "The Caſtle of Indolence;" but they are not meet for a female eye.

LETTER IX.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

H. Chriſtmas day,

My old friend the Corporal looked as if he had been tarred and feathered yeſterday, when he arrived with your dear billet. Omiah took up the ſugar-caſter, when he ſaw him through the parlour-window, and powdered a freſh ſlice of pudding, by way of painting the ſnowy Corporal. Omiah's ſimplicity is certainly very diverting; but I ſhould like him better, and take more pains with him, if I did not think that he ſuſpected ſome-

ſomething. The other day, I am ſure he came to ſpy. Thanks to luck, our caution prevented him.

But, why do I call your billet dear, when it did not contain the poetry, which you mention, by my favourite writer? As to your *uninitiated*; it means, I ſuppoſe, thoſe who are not yet admitted into the myſteries, thoſe who have not yet taken the veil; or, *I* ſhould rather ſay, thoſe who have not yet thrown off the veil. Why was I not permitted by my deſtiny to keep on mine, till my H. —You remember the ſtory you told me, about a vei, l the other day.

Cruel fortune, that it can't be ſo to-day! But we forgot, when we fixed on to-day, that it would be Chriſtmas-day. I muſt do penance at a moſt unpleaſant dinner, as indeed is every meal and every ſcene when you are abſent: and that, without the conſolation of having firſt enjoyed your company. To-morrow at the uſual time and place.

Your diſcontinuing your viſits here, ſince the firſt day of our happineſs, gratifies the delicacy of us both. Yet, may it not, my H.

raiſe

raiſe ſuſpicions elſewhere? Your agreeable qualities were too conſpicuous not to make you miſſed. Yet, you are the beſt judge.

My poor, innocent, helpleſs babes! Were it not on your account, your mother would not act the part ſhe does. What if Mrs. Siddons (your and my Bath favourite, who, ſhould ſhe ever go to London, will be thought our female Garrick)—what if ſhe ſuſtain a character inimitably for one evening? Is it ſo trying as to play a part, and a baſe one too, morning, noon, and night? *Night!* But I will not make my H. uneaſy.

At leaſt, allow that I have written you a long ſcrawl. Behold, I have ſent you a tolerably good ſubſtitute for myſelf. It is reckoned very like. I need not beg you not to ſhow it. Only remember, the painter's Martha is not to rob your own Martha of a certain quantity of things called and known by the name of kiſſes, which I humbly conceive to be her due, though ſhe has been diſappointed of them to-day. *Cut and come again*, you know, from the ſharp lines you ſent me by ſome keen lover.

So,

So, having nothing further to add at preſent, and the poſt being juſt going out, I remain, with all truth,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

M. R.

There's a pretty concluſion for you. Am I not a good girl? I ſhall become a moſt elegant correſpondent in time, I ſee. This paragraph is the poſtſcript, you know; and ſhould therefore have been introduced by a well-flouriſhed P. S. the Sir Clement Cottrel upon theſe illuſtrious occaſions.

LETTER X.

To Miſs R.

Huntingdon,
28 Dec. 75.

YOUR condeſcenſion in removing my moſt groundleſs cauſe of jealouſy yeſterday, was more than I deſerved. How I expoſed myſelf by my violence with you! But, I tell you, my paſſions are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no Othello, yet am I

"One not eaſily jealous; but, being wrought,
"Impatient in th' extreme;"

and

and oh how extremely do I love you, worſhip you, idolize you!

How could I think you particular to ſuch a thing as B? You ſaid that you forgave me to-day, and I hope that you did. Let me have it again from your own dear lips to-morrow, inſtead of the next day. Every thing ſhall be ready; and the guitar, which I wrote for, is come down; and I'll bring the ſong, and you ſhall ſing it, and play it: and I'll beg you to forgive me, and you ſhall forgive me; and—five hundred ands beſides.

Why, I would be jealous of this ſheet of paper, if you kiſſed it with too much rapture.

What a fool! No, my Martha, rather ſ y what a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It is like. Accept this proof that I have examined it.

'Tis true, creative man, thine art can teach
The living picture every thing but ſpeech!
True, thou haſt drawn her, as ſhe is, all fair;
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!
Full well I know the ſmile upon that face;
Full well I know thoſe features' every grace!

But

But what is this? My Martha's mortal part.
There is a ſubject beggars all thine art:
Paint but her mind, by Heav'n! and thou ſhalt be,
Shalt be my more than Pagan deity.
Nature may poſſibly have caſt, of old,
Some other beauty in as fair a mould;
But all in vain you'll ſearch the world, to find
Another beauty with ſo fair a mind.

LETTER XI.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 1 Jan. 1776.

LEST I ſhould not ſee you this morning, I will ſcribble this before I mount honeſt Crop; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of it be happy to my Martha! May—but don't you know there's not a wiſh of bliſs I do not wiſh you?

A new year—I like not this word. There may be new lovers. I lie: there may not. Martha will never change her James. I am ſure ſhe will never change him for a truer lover.

A new year—1776. Where ſhall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In

In miſery or bliſs, in life or death—wherever you be, there may James be alſo!

The ſoldier whom you deſired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactreſs. Diſcipline muſt be kept up in our way; but I am ſure you will do me the juſtice to believe that I am no otherwiſe a friend to it.

LETTER XII.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 8 Feb. 1776.

SINCE the thaw ſent me from Hinchinbrook, the day before yeſterday, I have written four times to you; and I believe verily that I ſhall write four-and-forty times to you in the next four days. The bliſs which I have enjoyed with you theſe three weeks has increaſed, not diminiſhed, my affection. Three weeks and more in the ſame houſe with my Martha! Was it not more than I deſerved? And yet, to be obliged to reſign you every ———! By theſe eyes, by your ſtill dearer eyes, I don't think that I ſlept three hours during the

whole three weeks. Yet, yet, 'twas bliſs to be with you in the day. How lucky, that I was preſſed to ſtay at Hinchinbrook the evening the ſnow ſet in! Would it had ſnowed till doomſday! But, then, you muſt have been his, every night, till doomſday. Now, my happy time may come.

Though I had not ſtrength to reſiſt when under the ſame roof with you; ever ſince we parted, the recollection that it was his roof has made me miſerable. Whimſical, that he ſhould bid you preſs me, when I at firſt refuſed his ſolicitation. But is not H. guilty of a breach of hoſpitality?

I muſt not queſtion, I muſt not think, I muſt not write. But, we will meet as we fixed.

Does Robin Gray ſuſpect?—Suſpect! And is H. become a ſubject for ſuſpicion?

LETTER XIII.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 16 Feb. 1776.

EVERY time that I ſee you, I diſcover ſome new charm, ſome new accompliſhment.

By

By all the powers of Love, there was not a tittle of flattery in what I told you yeſterday. Nothing can be flattery which I ſay of you; for no invention, no poetry, no any thing, can come up to what I think of you.

One of our Kings ſaid of the citizens of his good city of London, that when he conſidered their riches, he was in admiration at their underſtandings; when he conſidered their underſtandings, he was in admiration at their riches. Juſt ſo do I with regard to your perſon and your mind, but for a different reaſon.

Nature was in one of her extravagant moods when ſhe put you together. She might have made two captivating women out of you; by my ſoul, half-a-dozen! Your turn for muſic, and excellence in it, would be a ſufficient ſtock of charms for the moſt diſagreeable woman to ſet up with in life. Muſic has charms to do things moſt incredible: muſic—

Now ſhall I, with the good-humoured, digreſſive pen of our favourite Montaigne in his entertaining Eſſays, begin with love, and end with a treatiſe upon the Gamut?

Yet, to talk of muſic, is to talk of you. Martha and muſic are the ſame. What is muſic *without* you? And Harmony has tuned your mind, your perſon, your every look, and word, and action.

Obſerve—when I write to you, I never pretend to write ſenſe. I have no head; you have made me all heart, from top to bottom. Senſe—why, I am out of my ſenſes, and have been, theſe ſix weeks. Were it poſſible that my ſcrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you, I ſhould be called a madman. Certainly I am either curſt or bleſt (I know not which) with paſſions wild as the torrent's roar. But notwithſtanding I take this ſimile from water; the element, out of which I am formed, is fire. Swift had water in his brain: I have a burning coal of fire: your hand can light it up to rapture, rage, or madneſs. Men, real men, have never been wild enough for my admiration: it has wandered into the ideal world of fancy. Othello (but he ſhould have put himſelf to death in his wife's ſight, not his wife), Zanga, are my heroes. Milk-and-water paſſions are like ſentimental comedy. Give

me

me (you ſee how, like your friend Montaigne, I ſtrip myſelf of my ſkin, and ſhow you all my veins and arteries, even the playing of my heart)—give *me*, I ſay, tragedy, affecting tragedy, in the world, as well as in the theatre.

I would maſſacre all mankind ſooner than loſe you.

> ——This is mere madneſs;
> And thus, awhile, the fit will work on him;
> Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
> His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Inconſiſtent being! While I am ranting thus about tragedy, and blood, and murder—behold, I am as weak as a woman. My tears flow at but the idea of loſing you. Yes, they don't drop only; they pour; I ſob, ſob, like a child. Is this Othello? is this Zanga? We know not what we are, nor what we may become. Who dares to think he does?

This I know, that I am, and ever will be, yours and only yours.

With this I ſend you Oſſian. You will ſee what a favourite he is with me, by ſome drawings, and pieces of (what your partia-

lity will call) poetry, which accompany the bard of other times. Should you quit this world before me, which fate forbid, often ſhall I hear your ſpirit (if I can be weak enough to ſurvive you) ſoftly calling from the low-ſailing cloud of night.

They abuſe Macpherſon for calling them tranſlations. If he alone be the author of them, why does he not ſay ſo, and claim the prize of fame? I proteſt I would. They who do not refuſe their admiration to the compoſitions, ſtill think themſelves juſtified to abuſe Macpherſon, for pretending, as they ſay, not to be the author of what they ſtill admire. Is not this ſtrange?

As we could not meet this morning (how long muſt our meeting depend on others, and not on ourſelves?), I was determined, you ſee, to have a long converſation with you.

Pray ſeal, in future, with better wax, and more care. Something colder than one of my kiſſes might have thawed the ſeal of yeſterday. But I will not talk of *thawing*. Had the froſt and ſnow continued, I had ſtill been with you at H.

The

The remainder of this (my ſecond ſheet of paper, obſerve) ſhall be filled with what I think a valuable curioſity. The Officer, whom you ſaw with me on Sunday, is lately come from America. He gave it me, and aſſures me that it is original. It will explain itſelf. Would I might be in your dear, little, enchanted dreſſing-room, while you read it!

The Speech of a SHAWANESE *Chief, to Lord* DUNMORE.

"I appeal to any white man to-day, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the laſt long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious, in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that thoſe of mine own country pointed at me as they paſſed by, and ſaid, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you. But the injuries of one among you, did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Creſſop, the laſt ſpring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of

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Logan, ſparing neither woman nor child. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have ſought it. I have killed many. Revenge has been fully glutted.

" For my country—I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, harbour not the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to ſave his life.

" Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

May I never have to mourn for you! Yet, in that caſe, I muſt die firſt; and how could I bear to leave you? Fate, Fate, transfix us both at once!

LETTER XIV.

The Same to the Same.

Huntingdon, 22 Feb. 1776.

How ſilly we were, both of us, in our diſpute, not to recollect your favourite Jenny! and did not Jamie think of her either?

——" Though my mother cou'd na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break."

Was

Was not this exactly the inſtance we wanted?

Something more has occurred to me on the ſame ſubject. Rather than not write to you, or than write to you as *deſcriptively* as recollection ſometimes tempts me to write, I know you would have me write nonſenſe.

In Hervey's "Meditations" are two paſſages as fine as they are ſimple and natural.

"A beam or two finds its way through "the grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer "from the nails of the coffins."—"Should "the haggard ſkeleton lift a clattering hand." In the latter paſſage, I know not whether the epithet *haggard* might not be ſpared.

Again—Governor Holwell, in the account of the ſufferings in the black hole at Calcutta (when he ſpeaks of the length of time he ſupported nature by catching the drops, occaſioned by the heat, which fell from his head and face), adds theſe words:—"You "cannot imagine how unhappy I was when "any one of them eſcaped my tongue." What a ſcene! The happineſs, the exiſtence, of a fellow creature, dependent upon being able to catch a drop of his own ſweat! Shakeſpeare's fancy could not have invented,

nor ever did invent, any thing beyond this; for this is nature.

People write *upon* a particular ſituation; they do not put themſelves *in* the ſituation. We only ſee the writer, ſitting in his ſtudy, and working up a ſtory to amuſe, or to frighten; not the identical Tom Jones, not Macbeth himſelf.

Can you, my good Sir, become the very being you deſcribe?

Can you look round, and mark only that which ſhould ſtrike in your new character, and forget all which ſtrikes in your own? Can you bid your comfortable ſtudy be the priſon of innocence, or the houſe of mourning? Can you transform your garret of indigence into the palace of pleaſure? If you be not magician enough for this, and more, throw your pen out at window; and you had better clean ſhoes, than endeavour by writings to intereſt the imagination.

We cannot even bear to ſee an author watching at every parentheſis, or only peeping over the top of every page, to obſerve how we like what he has written.

The Player I would call a corporal actor; the Writer, a mental actor. Garrick would

in

in vain have put his face and his body in all the ſituations of Lear, if Shakeſpeare had not before put his mind in them all. In a thouſand inſtances, we have nothing to do but to copy Nature, if we can only get her to ſit to our pencil. And yet, after all, how few of the moſt eminent maſters are happy enough to hit off her difficult face exactly!

Who would not be almoſt certain that Mr. Holwell was one of the ſufferers in the black hole, only from the ſhort paſſage which I have noticed?

Robinſon Cruſoe now—what nature! It affects us throughout, exactly in the way you mentioned.

But, ſhall I finiſh my diſſertation? Come—as writing to you gives me ſo much pleaſure, and as I can't talk to you this morning—I know you'll excuſe me.

Did you ever hear to what Cruſoe owed his exiſtence? You remember Alexander Selkirk's ſtrange ſequeſtration at Juan Fernandez. It is mentioned, I believe, in Walter's account of Anſon's Voyage (which, by the way, was not written by Walter, but by Robins). When Captain Rogers met with him, and brought him to England, he employed

employed the famous Daniel De Foe to reviſe his papers. That fertile genius improved upon his materials, and compoſed the celebrated ſtory of Robinſon Cruſoe. The conſequence was, that Selkirk, who ſoon after made his appearance in print, was conſidered as a baſtard of Cruſoe; with which ſpurious offſpring the preſs too often teems.

In De Foe, undoubtedly, this was not honeſt. Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way.

Or—I can eaſily conceive a writer making his own uſe of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been ſketched by the bold and haſty hand of Fate. A moral may be added, by ſuch means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their proper lights; mankind may be amuſed (and amuſements ſometimes prevent crimes); or, if the ſtory be criminal, mankind may be bettered, through the channel of their curioſity. But, I would not be diſhoneſt, like De Foe; nor would I pain the breaſt of a ſingle individual connected with the tale on which I deemed it for the good of the public to exerciſe my pen.

To

To explain what I mean by a *criminal* ſtory. Faldoni and Tereſa might have been prevented from making proſelytes, if they ever have made any, by working up their moſt affecting ſtory ſo as to take off the edge of their dangerous example.

The cataſtrophe happened near Lyons, in the month of June, 1770. Two lovers (Faldoni and Tereſa Meunier) meeting with an invincible obſtacle to their union, determined to put an end to their exiſtence with piſtols. The place which they choſe for the execution of their terrible project, was a chapel that ſtood at a little diſtance from the houſe. They even decorated the altar for the occaſion. They paid a particular attention to their own dreſs. Tereſa was dreſſed in white, with roſe-coloured ribbands. The ſame-coloured ribbands were tied to the piſtols. Each held the ribband that was faſtened to the other's trigger, which they drew at a certain ſignal.

Arria and Pætus (ſays Voltaire) ſet the example; but then it muſt be conſidered that they were condemned to death by a tyrant; whereas Love was the only inventor and perpetrator of this deed.

Had

Had it happened in our own country, for Imitation ſeldom travels ſo far as Lyons, we would have tried to ſtop its influence by a volume of letters, in which you ſhould have been Tereſa and I Faldoni.

Yet, while I talk of taking off the dangerous edge of their example, they have almoſt liſted me under their bloody banners.

Upon my life, I almoſt think that, ſooner than ——— Faldoni cannot proceed.

On looking over the ſermon I have written, I recollect a curious anecdote of Selkirk.

(By the bye, Wilkes, I ſuppoſe, would ſay, that none but a Scotchman could have lived ſo many years upon a deſert iſland.)

He tamed a great number of kids for ſociety, and with them and the numerous offſpring of two or three cats that had been left with him he uſed often to dance. From all which my inference is this—M. will not ſurely deprive herſelf of H.'s ſociety; but will let him find her *there* tomorrow.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

H. 23 Feb. 1776.

WHERE was you (I mean, as you taught me, where *were* you) this morning, my life? I ſhould have been frozen to death, I believe, with the cold, if I had not been waiting for *you*. I am uneaſy, very uneaſy. What could prevent you? Your own appointment too. Why not write, if you could not come?——Then, I had a dream laſt night, a ſad dream, my H.

——"For thee I fear, my love;
"Such ghaſtly dreams laſt night ſurpris'd my ſoul."

You may reply, perhaps, with my favourite Iphis,

"Heed not theſe black illuſions of the night,
"The mockings of unquiet ſlumbers."

Alas! I cannot help it. I am a weak woman, not a ſoldier.

I thought you had a duel with a perſon whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only

ſaw

ſaw his ſword, I heard it paſs through my H.'s body. I ſaw you both die; and with you, Love and Gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for Martha?——Not one!

You may call me fooliſh; but I am uneaſy, miſerable, wretched! Indeed, indeed I am. Do, do, let me hear from you.

LETTER XVI.

The Same to the Same.

H. 24 Feb. 1776.

THAT buſineſs, as I told you it would, laſt night, obliges him to go to town. I am to follow, for the winter. Now, my H. for the Royal black bob and the bit of chalk; or for any better ſcheme you'll plan. Let me know, to-morrow, where you think Lady Groſvenor's ſcheme will be moſt practicable on the road, and there I'll take care to ſtop. I take my Bible oath that I won't deceive you; and more welcome ſhall you be to me than all the Dukes or Princes in Chriſtendom.

Is

Is not this kind and thoughtful? Why did it never occur to you, ſo often as we have talked of my being obliged to leave this dear place? To me moſt dear, ſince it has been the ſcene of my acquaintance, my happineſs with H.

But, am I to leave behind me that deareſt H.? Surely your recruiting buſineſs muſt be nearly over now. You *muſt* go to town. Though things can't often be contrived at the Admiralty, they may—they *may?*—they *ſhall* happen elſewhere.

Fail not to-morrow—and do not laugh at me any more about my dream. Was it a proof of my weakneſs? It was a proof alſo of my love.

I wiſh the day on which I am to ſet out from this place could be conjured a month further back, or ſo. Now, you aſk *why?* Look in your almanack; and, if you cannot find out what I mean, I will never tell you.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Huntingdon, 26 Feb. 1776.

WHY will not the wiſhed-for day arrive? And here, I have not ſeen you ſince I know not when—not for two whole days.

But I wrote you a long letter yeſterday, why it would be dangerous to meet; and all in rhyme. The beginning, I aſſure you, was not poetry, but truth——If the concluſion ſeemed too highly coloured, you muſt excuſe it. The pencil of Love executed it; and the ſly rogue will indulge himſelf ſometimes. Let the time come, and I'll convince you that his pencil did not much exaggerate.

Juſt now I was thinking of your birth-day, about which I aſked you the other day. It's droll that yours and mine ſhould be ſo near together: And thus I obſerve thereon.

Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay;
And that the heav'nly Wedgewoods make
Some five or ſix a day.

No

No wonder, Martha, you and I
  Don't quite deteſt each other;
Or that my ſoul is link'd to yours,
  As *if* it were its brother.

For in one year we both were made,
  Nay almoſt in one day——
So, ten to one, we both came from
  One common heap of clay.

What? if I were not caſt in near
  So fine a mould as you—
My heart (or rather, Martha, *yours*)
  Is tender, fond, and true.

Corporal Trim ſets off to-day for our head-quarters. My plan is laid ſo artfully, that no diſcovery can take place. Yet, that two ſuch ſouls, as yours and mine, ſhould be obliged to deſcend to arts and plans! Were it not for your dear ſake, I'd ſcorn to do any thing which I would not wiſh diſcovered.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

H. 21 Feb. 1776.

ALL your plans are uſeleſs. The Corporal has made his forced march to no purpoſe. The fates are unkind. It is determined that I am to go up poſt. So, we cannot poſſibly be happy together, as we hoped to have been, had our own horſes drawn me up. I am not clear that Old Robin Gray will not ſtay and attend me. Why cannot my Jamie? Cruel fortune! But in town we will be happy. When, again, ſhall I enjoy your dear ſociety; as I did during that, to me at leaſt, delightful ſnow? Nothing but my dear children could prevent our going with Cook to ſeek for happineſs in worlds unknown. There muſt be ſome corner of the globe where mutual affection is reſpected.

Don't forget to meet me. Scratch out *forget*. I know how much you think of me. Too much for your peace, nay, for your health.

health. Indeed, my H. you don't look well. Pray be careful!

"Whatever wounds thy tender health,
"Will kill thy Martha's too."

Omiah is in good humour with me again.

What kind of animal would Buffon expect from a native of Otaheite and a Huntingdonſhire dairy-maid? If my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Omiah will give us a ſpecimen.

Will you bring me ſome book to-morrow to divert me, as I poſt it to town—that I may forget, if it be poſſible, that I am poſting from you?

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Hockerill, 1 March, 1776.

It is your ſtrict injunction that I do not offend you by ſuffering my pen to ſpeak of laſt night.

I will not, my Martha; nor ſhould I, had you not injoined it. You once ſaid that a nearer acquaintance would make me change my opinion of you. It has; I *have* changed my opinion. The more I know you, the more —— But I obey your orders, and am ſilent. Only I will perform a pilgrimage to this ſame happy Hockerill once every year of my life.

You got to town ſafe, I hope. One letter may find me before I ſhall be able to leave Huntingdon, whither I return to-day; or, at leaſt, to Cambridge. I am a fool about Crop, you know. And I am now more tender of him, becauſe he has carried you. How little did we think that morning, that we ſhould ever make each other ſo happy!

Don't forget to write; and don't forget the key of the Admiralty garden-door, againſt I come to town.

My mind is torn, rent, with ten thouſand thoughts and reſolutions about you, and about myſelf.

When we meet, which ſhall be as we fixed, I may perhaps mention *one* idea to you.

Pray let us contrive to be together ſome evening that your favourite Jephtha is performed.

Incloſed is the ſong which I mentioned to you. Neither the words nor the muſic, I take it, will diſpleaſe you.

Adieu!

SONG.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new-dropp'd from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When love runs in bluſhes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a paſſion and pride
"In our ſex," ſhe replied;
"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
"As an angel appear to each lover beſide,
"But ſtill be a woman to you."

LETTER XX.

The Same to the Same.

Cannon Coffee-houſe, Charing-croſs,
17 March, 76.

No further than this can I get from you, before I aſſure you that every word juſt now came from the bottom of my heart. I never ſhall be happy, never ſhall be in my ſenſes, till you conſent to marry me. Notwithſtanding the dear night of happineſs which you conferred on me at Hockerill, and the other which your ingenuity procured me laſt week in Dover-ſtreet, I ſwear by all the powers of love, that you ſhall never again make me thus happy till I can call you wife.

LETTER XXI.

The Same to the Same.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
17 March, 76.

THOUGH you can hardly have read my laſt ſcrawl, I muſt peſter you with another. I had ordered ſome dinner; but I can neither

ther eat, nor do any thing elſe. "Mad!" —I may be mad, for what I know. I am ſure I'm wretched.

For heaven's ſake, for my life's ſake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at leaſt to-night to my lodgings, and ſay what is that *inſuperable* reaſon on which you dwelt ſo much. "Torture ſhall not force you to marry me." Did you not ſay ſo? Then you hate me; and what is life worth?

Suppoſe you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me! How could *if* occur to me?), and being adored by me—ſtill, do you not wiſh to relieve yourſelf and me from the damned parts we act? My ſoul was not formed for ſuch meanneſſes. To ſteal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie!—Perdition! the thought of it makes me deſpiſe myſelf.

Your children—Lord S.—(If we have not been aſhamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conſcience all along by "He" and "His," and "Old Robin Gray?" Oh, how have we deſcended, Martha!)—Lord S. I ſay, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your ſweet little girl; I will be a father to her, as well as a huſband

to you. Every farthing I have I will ſettle on you both. I will—Heaven knows, and you ſhall find, what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good Heaven, what would I *not* do!

Write, write; I ſay, write. By all the powers of love, I will have this *inſuperable reaſon* from you, or I will not believe that you love me.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

Admiralty, 17 March, 76.

And does my H. think that I wanted ſuch a letter as this to finiſh my affliction? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you diſtreſs me.

And do you imagine that I have willingly ſubmitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your ſake, to deſcend? What has been your part, from the beginning of the piece, to mine? I was obliged to act a part even to *you*. It was my buſineſs not to let you ſee how unhappy the artifices, to which I have ſubmitted, made me. And that

that they did embitter even our happieſt moments——

But Fate ſtands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think that ſome terrible cataſtrophe will come of our connexion. "Some dire event," as Storgé prophetically ſays in Jephtha, "hangs o'er our heads;

"Some woful ſong we have to ſing
"In miſery extreme—O never, never
"Was my foreboding mind diſtreſs'd before
"With ſuch inceſſant pangs!"

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Tereſa! and that we might be happy together in ſome other world, where gold and ſilver are unknown! By your hand I could even die with pleaſure. I know I could.

"Inſuperable reaſon!" Yes, my H., there is; and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love; that love which is now almoſt my religion. I have hardly any deity but you. I almoſt offer up my prayers *to* you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, if you were to marry me, you would marry ſome hundred pounds

worth of debts! and that you never ſhall do.

Do you remember a ſolemn oath which you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H.? and how you told me afterwards it *muſt* be ſo, becauſe you had ſo ſolemnly ſworn it?

In the ſame ſolemn and dreadful words I ſwear, that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a ſhilling in the world. Jephtha's vow is paſt.

What your letter ſays about my poor children made me weep; but it ſhall not make me change my reſolution.

It is a further reaſon why I ſhould not.

"If I do not marry you, I do not love you!" Gracious powers of love! Does my H. ſay ſo? My *not* marrying you is the ſtrongeſt proof which I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do *you* reſpect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even *you* will ever ſucceed. Till I have ſome better portion than debts, I never will be yours.

Then what is to be done? you aſk. Why, I'll tell you, H. Your determination to drop all particular intercourſe till

marriage

marriage has made us one, flatters me more than I can tell you, becauſe it ſhows me your opinion of me in the ſtrongeſt light; it almoſt reſtores me to my own good opinion. The copy of verſes which you brought me on that ſubject, is ſuperior to any thing that I ever read. They ſhall be thy Martha's morning prayer, and her evening ſong. While you are in Ireland——

Yes, my love, *in Ireland*. Be ruled by me. You ſhall immediately join your regiment in Ireland. You know it is your duty. In the mean time, ſomething may happen. Heaven will not deſert two faithful hearts that love like yours and mine. There are joys, there is happineſs in ſtore for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I ſaid juſt now), *while you are in Ireland*, I'll write to you *every* poſt, *twice* by *one* poſt, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiſs your picture, and I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll kiſs it again, and then I'll weep again, and——

Can I give a ſtronger inſtance of my regard for you, or a ſtronger proof that you ought to take my advice, than my thus begging my only joy to leave me? I will not

ſwear that I ſhall ſurvive it; but, I beſeech you, go!

Fool that I am—I undo with one hand, all I do with the other. My tears, which drop between every word I write, prevent the effect of my reaſoning; which, I am ſure, is juſt.

Be a man, I ſay—you *are* an angel. Join your regiment; and, ſo ſure as I love you (nothing can be more ſure), I will recall you, from what will be baniſhment as much to me as to you, the firſt moment that I can marry you with honour to myſelf, and happineſs to you.

But, I muſt not write thus.

Adieu!

Ill ſuits the voice of Love, when Glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
17 March, 76.

And I will reſpect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At leaſt, I will think of it all to-night, for I am ſure that

that I ſhall not ſleep; and I will let you know the ſucceſs of my ſtruggle, for a ſtruggle it will be, to-morrow. I will wait for you at the ſame place in the Park, where I ſhall ſee you open the Admiralty door. Should it rain, I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to ſee you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this, here; and I am glad I did. We are not in a condition to ſee each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you but have let me, I would have contrived ſome ſcheme about your debts. I *could* form a plan. My houſes at Goſport—my commiſſion——

Alas! you frown, and I muſt ſtop. Why would not Fortune ſmile upon my two lottery tickets? Fortune knows that I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in caſe of my ſudden death, "This is the property of Miſs R." On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I ſtill reſerved?

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

Admiralty, 19 March, 1776.

WHY, why do you write to me ſo often —why do you ſee me ſo often—when you acknowledge the neceſſity of complying with my advice?

You tell me, that, if I bid you go, you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go.—I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The laſt was too, too much. I did not recover myſelf all day. And your goodneſs to my little white-headed boy—He made me burſt into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured Gentleman, and producing your preſent.

Either ſtay, and let our affection diſcover and ruin us—or go.

On the bended knees of love I intreat you, H. my deareſt H., to go.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Ireland, 26 March, 1776.

IRELAND—England—Good Heavens, that Martha ſhould be in one part of the world, and her H. in another! Will not our deſtinies ſuffer us to breathe the ſame air? Mine will not, I moſt firmly believe, let me reſt, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus? Approbation! And is that the coin to paſs between us?

Yet, I will obey you further. I will reſtrain my pen as much as poſſible. I will ſcratch the word *love* out of my dictionary. I will forget——

I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will*, forget you, or any thing which belongs to you. But I will, as you wiſely adviſe, and kindly deſire me, as much as poſſible, write on other ſubjects. Every thing entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *Twiſſify*, and write Tours—or any thing but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I *muſt* be allowed to talk of love, of Martha.

And, when I *am* able to trifle as you wiſh me, you muſt allow me to put in a word or two ſometimes for myſelf. To-day, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly ſo *I* am.

The truth is—my heart is full; and though I thought, when I took up my pen, that I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to ſay. Were I ſitting by your ſide now (oh that I were!), I ſhould only have power to recline my cheek upon your ſhoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own ſafety, but for your ſake, is the laſt of my conſiderations. Our paſſage was rather boiſterous, but not dangerous. Mrs. F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter which I wrote juſt before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour, were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why did you cheat me ſo about that box?

Had I known that I ſhould find, upon opening it, that the things were for me; I would never have brought it. But this you knew. Was it kind, my Martha, to give me ſo many daily memorandums of you,

when

when I was to be at ſuch a diſtance from you? Oh, yes, it was, it was, *moſt* kind. And that, and you, and all your thouſand and ten thouſand kindneſſes, I never will forget. The purſe ſhall be my conſtant companion; the ſhirts I'll wear by night; one of the handkerchiefs I was obliged to uſe in drying my eyes, as ſoon as I opened the box; the——

Heaven bleſs you in this world; that is, give you your H——! and grant you an eaſy paſſage to eternal bleſſings in a better world!

If you go before me, may the ſtroke be ſo inſtantaneous, that you may not have time to caſt one longing, lingering look on

H.!

LETTER XXVI.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

YOURS, dated April the 1ſt, would have diverted me, had I been ſome leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, becauſe I know with how much difficulty you ſtudy for any

thing

thing like wit or humour in the preſent ſituation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it as he ought, will remember it as he ought. Yet, with what a melancholy tenderneſs it concluded! *There* ſpoke your heart.

Your ſituation, when you wrote it, was ſomething like that of an actreſs, who ſhould be obliged to play a fictitious part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by ſome real cataſtrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have ſaid ſomething like this in the long letter which I have written to you ſince. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you ſeal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or ſix words. Leave a ſpace for your ſeal. Suppoſe the ſpace which the ſeal occupies ſhould be the part of your letter which tells me that you ſtill love me. If the wax cover it, I ſee it not—I find no ſuch expreſſion in your letter—I grow diſtracted—and immediately ſet out for Charing-Croſs to aſk you whether you do indeed ſtill love me.

In the hoſpitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curſe in their language,

language, ſtrongly deſcriptive of it—"May the graſs grow at your door!"

The women, if I knew not you, I ſhould find ſenſible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to every thing, and to every perſon but you. If I write any more this morning, I ſhall certainly ſin againſt your commands.

Why do you ſay nothing of your dear children? I inſiſt upon it that you buy *whitehead* a taw, and two dozen of marbles; and place them to the account of

Your humble ſervant.

P. S. For the other chap, I only authoriſe you to buy an alley (that's a white taw), and one dozen. Not a marble more, by my ſoul, on any account; becauſe I hate him, for reſembling you.

LETTER XXVII.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 20 April, 76.

THANKS for the two letters which I received laſt week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of ſorrow.

To

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the preſs. It will not do. Few are they, who, like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are juſt. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill, adviſes a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days, Chriſtie would knock Chatterton out of all chance in a week. The Spaniards have a proverb, "He who cannot make one verſe, is a blockhead; he who makes more, is a fool." Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps you may not know that he was ſtarved to death in the temple of the Muſes at Metapontum. The Muſes have no temples, it is true, in our days (for God knows they are not much worſhipped now), but the Ladies are not without their human ſacrifices.

A young man was complaining the other day that he had loſt his appetite; "Turn poet, then," ſaid one in company; "they generally have pretty ſtout ones."

Your *ſenſible* eyes have not long, I know, been dry from the tale of Chatterton. Even now a pearly drop peeps over the brim of each; and now they drop, drop, upon his mangled

mangled memory, like the Samaritan's balm upon the traveller's wounds.—And, perhaps, what I had heard and told you about him, may not be half.

That I may make you ſome amends for teazing you with my bad poetry the other day, I will to-day ſend you ſome very good. It is the compoſition of a clergyman, an Engliſhman, ſettled near Dublin. It got the prize at Oxford not long ſince, and was ſpoken in the Theatre at ſuch a public buſineſs, as one at which I think that I remember to have heard you ſay you were preſent. Perhaps you were there this very time.

When you have read the lines, you will think that I need not add a word about the author's abilities. He has begun to diſplay them here; and will ſoon, I doubt not, riſe to high honours.

On the Love of our Country.

YE ſouls illuſtrious, who, in days of yore,
With peerleſs might the Britiſh target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-ſkin, from the ſcythed car,
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed War,
And dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppoſe
To Chalybean ſteel, and Roman foes!

And

And ye of later age, though not leſs fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardieſt ſport,
To claim the faireſt guerdon of the Court;
Say, holy ſhades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your faithful ſons in nobler flood,
Than * late, when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided ſword of Liberty?
Say, when the high-born Druids' magic ſtrain
Rous'd on old Mona's top a female train
To madneſs, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them like furies in the fight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her briſtling hair,
And ſhook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild deſpair;
Or when on Creſſy's field the ſable might
Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy ſhades, did patriotic heat,
In your big hearts, with quicker tranſports beat,
Than in your ſons, when forth like ſtorms they pour'd,
In freedom's cauſe, the fury of the ſword?
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With *Hawke* who conquer'd, or with *Wolfe* who bled?

Poor is his triumph, and diſgrac'd his name,
Who draws the ſword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though fame announce him mightieſt of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue diſowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans ſung,
No bleſſings chaunted from a nation's tongue:

Blood

* Theſe lines were written in 1772, ſoon after the inſtallation at Windſor. The author is the preſent Dean of Waterford (1786).

Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curſe of orphans, and the widow's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his head;
Alive, deſerted; and accurſt, when dead.
Indignant of his deeds, the Muſe, who ſings
Undaunted truth, and ſcorns to flatter kings,
Shall ſhow the monſter in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a ſtorm.

Not ſo the Patriot Chief, who dar'd withſtand
The baſe invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his nobleſt, only end,
Rul'd but to ſerve her, fought but to defend,
Her voice in council, and in war her ſword,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd;
Who firmly virtuous, and ſeverely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not ſave.
On worth like his, the Muſe delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph and defeat,
Crowns with true glory and with ſpotleſs fame,
And honours *Paoli*'s more than *Frederick*'s name.

Here let the Muſe withdraw the blood-ſtain'd veil,
And ſhow the boldeſt ſon of public zeal.
Lo, Sidney leaning o'er the block! His mien,
His voice, his hand, unſhaken, clear, ſerene.
Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No ſpecious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death deferring, as afraid to die:
But ſternly ſilent, down he bows—to prove
How firm his virtuous, though miſtaken love.
Unconquer'd Patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to reſtore,

Who

Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And ſeal'd by death the leſſon that he taught.

Dear is the tie that links the anxious ſire
To the fond babe that prattles round his ſire;
Dear is the love that prompts the gen'rous youth
His ſire's fond cares and drooping age to ſooth;
Dear is the brother, ſiſter, huſband, wife;
Dear all the charities of ſocial life:
Nor wants firm friendſhip holy wreaths to bind
In mutual ſympathy the faithful mind:
But not th' endearing ſprings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love,
Nor all the ties that kindred boſoms bind,
Nor all in friendſhip's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half ſo dear, ſo potent to control
The gen'rous workings of the patriot ſoul,
As is that holy voice that cancels all
Thoſe ties, that bids him for his country fall;
At this high ſummons, with undaunted zeal,
He bares his breaſt, invites th' impending ſteel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one ſigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aſpect radiant, and her treſſes gold,
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war:
She ne'er diſdains the gentle vale of peace,
Or olive ſhades of philoſophic eaſe,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muſe reſort,
Create in colours, or with ſounds tranſport;
More pleas'd on Iſis' ſilent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the ſpoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the ſtarry ſky,
And God the ſame in all his orbs deſcry;
To lead forth Merit from her humble ſhade;
Extend to riſing arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice ſtructure of the gen'rous law,
That holds the free-born mind in willing awe;
To ſwell the ſail of trade; the barren plain
To bid with fruitage bluſh, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious ſigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
Theſe, theſe are deeds Britannia muſt approve,
Muſt nurſe their growth with all a parent's love;
Theſe are the deeds that Public Virtue owns,
And, juſt to Public Virtue, Glory crowns.

LETTER XXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 3d May, 1776.

My laſt, I hope, did not offend you. The Bank-note I was obliged to return; although I thank you for it, more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, becauſe you will not load me with your debts, increaſe thoſe debts; at leaſt prevent you from diminiſhing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I ſhould be unworthy your love. But be not offended

ſended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of ſuch paltry ſilver paper ſhould have accompanied it, had Heaven made me ſo rich.

Be not anxious about me. Talk not of the poſtage which your dear letters coſt me. Will you refuſe to make your H. happy? And think you that I can pay too dear for happineſs?

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich—as rich as a Jew: and without taking into the calculation the treaſure which I poſſeſs in your love. Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor ſoul! That does not ſwallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Goſport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means beſides, I dare ſay, could I but recollect them.—Go to—I tell you I *am* rich. So, let me know that you got the ſilver paper ſafe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich! To be ſure I am—Why, I can afford to go to plays. I ſaw Catley laſt night, in your favourite character.—By the way, I'll tell you a ſtory of her, when ſhe was on your ſide the water.

Names

Names do not immortaliſe praiſe-worthy anecdotes; they immortaliſe names.—Some difference had ariſen between Miſs Catley and the Managers, concerning the terms upon which ſhe was to be engaged for the ſeaſon. One of the theatrical Emperors called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury-Lane, to ſettle it. The maid was going to uſher the monarch of trap-doors into the beſt apartment, and to call her miſtreſs. "No, no," cries the Actreſs, who was in the kitchen, and knew him by his voice, "there is no occaſion to ſhow the "Gentleman to a room.—I am buſy below" (to the Manager), "making apple-dum-"plings for my brats. You know whether "you have a mind to give me the money I "aſk, or not. I am none of your fine "Ladies, who get a cold or the tooth-"ach, and can't ſing. If you chooſe to "give me the money, ſay ſo; my mouth "ſha'n't open for a farthing leſs. So, good "morning to you—and don't keep the girl "there in the paſſage; for I want her to "put the dumplings in the pot, while I "nurſe the child."

Are not Nan Catley's apple-dumplings worthy to be ſerved up on the ſame day with the

the turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel's cold leg of mutton, which I once mentioned to you in a letter?

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk of other people, and write, thus gaily. Nothing can make me truly unhappy, but a change in your ſentiments of me. By all that is dear to me, I know my own feelings ſo thoroughly, that I do not think I could ſurvive ſuch a change!

As you love me, ſcold me not about the poplin which you'll receive next week. It coſt me nothing—I may ſurely give what was given to me. It was forced upon me, for the ſlender ſervices I mentioned, by that fine fellow R. O. who, you know, is ſo much valued by H. C. and who, I know, ſo much values him. R.O. has more capabilities about him than any young man I know.

LETTER XXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 29th May, 1776.

Do you think, that to make ſuch propoſals, as your laſt contained, is the way to reconcile me to this worſe than baniſhment? You refuſed to come into my ſcheme of marriage—

marriage—Nothing ſhall tempt me to come into your ſcheme. Perſiſt in your idea of going on the Stage; and, as I live, I'll come over and make a party to damn you the firſt night of your appearance. Since you will not ſhare my fortunes, I will not ſhare your earnings.

The ſtory which you mention at Flamborough, of that fellow Boardingham, who was murdered by his wife and her lover, is moſt ſhocking. The reflections which you draw from it are moſt juſt; and what you ſay of our ſituation is moſt true.—The woman muſt have been beyond a wild beaſt ſavage. Yet their feelings, when ſhe and Aikney were at the gallows together (ſuppoſing any thing like love remained), muſt have been exquiſite.—I proteſt, I would willingly embrace with Martha the cruelceſt death which Torture could invent (provided ſhe were on a bed of roſes) than lead the happieſt life without her.——Gallows, torture, death! What viſions have I conjured up!—My pen drops from my hand.

Your catch upon a bumper I like much. It beats, both in words and muſic, "A Bumper, 'Squire Jones." By the way, what

an odd word it is! Let me make a linguiſt of you to-day.

The learned Johnſon deriveth *bumper* ("a cup filled till the liquor ſwells over the brims") from *bump*, which cometh, he ſaith, from *bum*, perhaps, as being prominent; the which *bum* cometh, we are told, from *bomme* (Dutch), and ſignifieth "the part on which we ſit."——The word *bumper* is by ſome derived from *bon-père*, the uſual familiar phraſe for prieſts, who were ſuppoſed not to diſlike *bumpers*.—This I may ſay—if "a cup filled till the liquor ſwells over the brims" comes from "the part on which we ſit," it muſt be granted, as a French poet ſays of *Alfana*'s coming from *equus*,

Qu' en venant de là, juſqu' ici,
Il a bien changé ſur la route.

And now I have ended in good ſpirits, as well as you. I remember the time when Hamlet might have ſaid to me, as he does to Horatio,

"Thou haſt no revenue but thy good ſpirits
"To feed and clothe thee."

Now, I have got a little revenue, which Martha will not ſhare with me; and God knows who has got my good ſpirits.—Well, I muſt not think.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 18 June, 76.

My Laura is not angry with me, I hope, for the three or four *tender* letters which I have written to her ſince the beginning of this month: and yet, yours of yeſterday ſeems to ſay you are. If I bear my ſituation like a man, will you not allow me to feel it like a man?

> Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
> But riſes in demand for her delay:
> She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,
> To ſting me more, and double my diſtreſs.

But you ſay that I muſt not write thus. If I can help it, I will not.

Shall I write about the weather or politics? The ſun ſhines to-day; yeſterday it rained. If you wiſh to appear learned, tell the next company you go into, that the diſtreſſes of this country will ſoon oblige England to grant her a free trade, or ſomething very much like it: and add, that her grievances are more real now, than when, in 1601, ſhe complained to Elizabeth of the introduction of trials by jury.

Another ſlice of politics. Aſſert boldly, that Junius was written by Mr. H——n.

Is this the ſtyle of letter-writing which you allow me?—Try again, then.

The favours that I have received from the worthy man whom I mentioned in a letter or two ago, are by his goodneſs every day increaſed. Some ſuperior ſouls have affected to hate mankind. Here is one, who, with an underſtanding and an experience inferior to none, never loſes an opportunity of befriending a fellow-creature. I am afraid ſometimes, that Misfortune will one day or another play him ſome confounded dog's-trick, he takes ſuch pleaſure in thwarting every ſcheme which ſhe lays for any one's ruin.

Yet, even this amiable character is not without his defects. The following lines I ſent him this morning, after playing at Vingt-un in company with him laſt night.

To H—— ſays a certain friend
(Both idle, rhyming bards),
"——, with good manners and beſt ſenſe,
"Can't bear to loſe at cards.

"With ſuch a head"—"And ſuch a heart,"
Adds H——, "tis high treaſon:
"But I," who know that heart ſo well,
"Have found, I think, the reaſon:

"Friend

" Friend to the poor, his purſe their box,
" He always would be winner;
" For then they win: but, ſhould he loſe,
" The poor too loſe a dinner."

This country's facetious Dean ſaid that his friend Arbuthnot could do every thing but walk. My friend can do every thing but loſe at cards.

Feeling, and all the commanding powers of the mind, were never perhaps before ſo mixed up together. A tale of ſorrow will make his little eyes wink, wink, wink, like a green girl's. Before the company came laſt night, I ſhowed him " Auld Robin Gray;" and, though he had ſeen it before, he could not get over " My mother could na ſpeak," without winking. For the credit of your ſide of the water, he is an Engliſhman. His agreeable wife, by her beauty and accompliſhments, does credit to this country. She is remarkable alſo for her feeling, though in a different way. You ſhall relate an anecdote of diſtreſs, or read a ſtory of ill uſage; and, while his eyes are winking for the object of the ill uſage or the diſtreſs, hers ſhall be ſtriking fire with rage againſt the author of it. " Good

God!" ſhe exclaims, "if that villain were but in my power!"—And I ſometimes think ſhe is going to ring for her hat and cloak, that ſhe may ſally forth, and pull his houſe about his ears. Bound up together (as they are, and as I hope they will long continue), they form a complete ſyſtem of humanity.

It would have gratified me much to have been with you when Garrick took his farewell of the Stage. Do you remember the laſt paper in the *Idler*, upon its being the *laſt*? The reflection that it was the *laſt* time Garrick would ever play, was, in itſelf, painful. How, my Laura, my Martha, my life, ſhall I bear it, if I ever ſhould be doomed to take my laſt leave, my laſt look of you!—

—In what I wrote this morning I mentioned the *Idler*. A curious letter was ſhown me the other day by a clergyman, which he aſſures me is authentic, and was written by the late Lord Gower to a friend of Dean Swift. As I know how you admire the eminent perſon whom it concerns, I ſend it to you.

"Dear Sir,

"Mr. Samuel Johnſon (author of *London*, a ſatire, and ſome other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much

much reſpected by ſome worthy Gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are truſtees of a charity-ſchool now vacant, the certain ſalary of which is ſixty pounds per annum, of which they are deſirous to make him maſter; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being Maſter of Arts, which by the ſtatutes of this ſchool the maſter of it muſt be. Now theſe Gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have intereſt enough in you to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift to perſuade the Univerſity of Dublin to ſend a diploma to me, conſtituting this poor man Maſter of Arts in their Univerſity. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be perſuaded that the Univerſity will make any difficulty of conferring ſuch a favour upon a ſtranger, if he is recommended by the Dean.——They ſay he is not afraid of the ſtricteſt examination, though he is of ſo long a journey; but will venture it if the Dean thinks it neceſſary, chooſing rather to die upon the road, than to be ſtarved to death in tranſlating for bookſellers, which has been his only ſubſiſtence for ſome time paſt. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than theſe good-natured Gentlemen apprehend; eſpecially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 10th of next month. If you ſee this matter in the ſame light it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you ſo much trouble about an impracticable thing: but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour aſked, I am ſure your humanity and propenſity to relieve merit in diſtreſs, will incline you to ſerve the poor man, without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than aſſuring you

I am, with great truth, &c."

Trentham, Aug. 1, 1737.

One other ſubject for your reflection, and I have done.

What muſt have been Johnſon's feelings, when, in his wonderful work, the Engliſh Dictionary, he cited the following paſſage from Aſcham, as an inſtance of the uſe of the word *Men?* "Wits live obſcurely, men care not how; or die obſcurely, men mark not when."

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

England, 25 June, 1776.

LET me give you joy of having found ſuch kind and agreeable friends in a ſtrange land. The account which you ſent of the Gentleman and Lady, eſpecially of the latter, quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A Lady, from whom I have received particular favours, is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your ſide of the water, ſhe is an Iriſh woman. Her agreeable huſband, by his beauty and accompliſhments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable alſo for his feelings.*

Adieu!

Adieu! This will affect you, I dare ſay, in about the ſame manner your account affected me.

LETTER XXXII.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Ireland, 1 July, 76.

YOUR little billet, of the 25th of laſt month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. Till I ſaw the joke, I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the ſame packet, I ſhould have been miſerable. Yet, I wiſh you happy, *moſt* happy; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happineſs from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elſewhere, the wife of my *friend*, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two maſters, Love and Honour. If I did not conſider you as my wife, I would add, you know that I have but *one* miſtreſs.

A friend of mine is going to England (happy fellow I ſhall think him, to be but

in the ſame country with you). He will call at the Cannon coffee-houſe for me. Do ſend me, thither, the French book you mention, *Werther*. If you don't, I poſitively never will forgive you. Nonſenſe, to ſay that it will make me unhappy, or that I ſhan't be able to read it! Muſt I piſtol myſelf, becauſe a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to ſet the example, or becauſe a German noveliſt has feigned ſuch a ſtory? If you don't lend it me, I will moſt aſſuredly procure it ſome time or another; ſo, you may as well have the merit of obliging me.

My friend will ſend a ſmall parcel for you to Dover-ſtreet. The books I ſend you, becauſe I know you have not got them, and becauſe they are ſo much cheaper here. If you feel afraid of emptying my purſe (which by the way is almoſt worn out), you ſhall be my debtor for them. So, ſend me a note of hand, *value received*. The other things are ſurely not worth mentioning. Tell me how the children like their parcel. The cuts out of Ogilby's Æſop, I ſuſpect, will be particularly acceptable.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs R. to Mr. H.

England, 20 Aug. 76.

In the name of love, where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?

Are you ill? God forbid, and I not with you to nurſe you! If ill, why don't you let ſomebody elſe write to me? Better that all ſhould be diſcovered, than ſuffer what I ſuffer. It's more than a month ſince I heard from you. A month uſed to bring me eight or ten letters.

When I grew uneaſy, it was in vain, as I ſaid in my laſt, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I would certainly have ſeen him, and aſked him about you).

What is become of all my letters for this laſt month?

Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purſe? The book which you mentioned, is juſt the only book *you* ſhould never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never to read it! Perhaps you

have read it—Perhaps!—I am diſtracted.—Heaven only knows for whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir!

If you are a woman, I think you will—if you are a man, and ever loved, I am ſure you will—oblige me with one line to ſay what is come of Mr. James H. of the —— regiment. Direct to Mrs. ———, Dover-ſtreet, London.—Any perſon whoſe hands my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they ſend me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if poſſible, too well, will thank them.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Ireland, 10 Sept. 1776.

As I am no ſportſman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning in September to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myſelf happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at eaſe about me. My health, upon my honour! upon our

our love! is almoſt re-eſtabliſhed.—Were I not determined to keep on *this* ſide the truth, I would ſay *quite*. The four letters which I have written to you, ſince I received your frantic ſheet of paper, have, I hope, explained and made up every thing. How can I ſufficiently thank you for all your letters; eſpecially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know any body employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he ſhould inſert it in your own words.

Excuſe me; I am unwillingly called away.—

What I ſaid this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection ſomething of that ſort, Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirſt, in the year 1711, lived ſervant with the Honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, that, in re-delivering a parcel of letters to his maſter, he gave him by miſtake one which he had written to his ſweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He ſoon diſcovered the miſtake, and hurried back to his maſter; but, unfortunately (or rather, fortunately) for poor James, it happened to be the firſt that preſented itſelf to Mr. Wortley; and, before James returned, he had given

given way to a curioſity which led him to open it and read the love-told ſtory of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," ſays Mr. Wortley, "James, you ſhall be a great man; "this letter ſhall appear in the Spectator."

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Steele. It was accordingly publiſhed in James's own words; and is that letter, Nr 71, in the firſt volume of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindneſs of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wiſhes were completed, a ſpeedy end was put to a paſſion which would not diſcredit far ſuperior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the ſiſter. He died, not many years ſince, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds, in Yorkſhire.

To marry you is the utmoſt of my wiſhes; but, remember, *your* James don't engage to marry your ſiſter, in caſe of your death.—Death! How can I think of ſuch a thing, though it be but in joke!

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 15 Sept. 1776.

THE commands of your laſt letter, for the reaſons which you give, I immediately obeyed. My inquiries about the young Engliſhman you mention, amount to this. He is liked tolerably well here. He would be liked more, if he took more pains to be liked. His contempt for ſome people in the world, whom others deſpiſe perhaps as well as he, is ſometimes too conſpicuous. Accident has given me an opportunity to ſee and know a great deal of him; and with certainty. His heart is certainly not bad. His abilities are as certainly not equal to what he once confeſſes to have thought them; perhaps they are ſuperior to the opinion he now entertains of them. He has ambition and emulation enough to have almoſt ſupplied any want of genius, and to have made him almoſt any thing, had he fallen into proper hands. But his ſchoolmaſters knew nothing of the human heart, nor over much of the head. Though at times indolent to a degree, a keen

keen eye might have diſcovered, may ſtill diſcover, induſtry at the bottom; a good cultivator might have turned it, may ſtill turn it, to good account. He will write his name on ſome great work, if he live to ſee his 50th year. His friendſhips are warm, ſincere, decided: his enmities the ſame. He complains, now and then, that ſome of his friends will pretend to know him better than they know themſelves, and better than they know any thing elſe. "They would "play upon him; they would ſeem to know "his ſtops; they pretend to be able to ſound "him from his loweſt note, to the top of "his compaſs; and there is much muſic, "excellent voice, in a little pipe; yet can-"not they make it ſpeak. Do they think," he demands, "that he is eaſier to be "play'd than a pipe?" Why, really, I do not think this is the caſe at preſent, whatever it may have been. Secrecy is not brought into the world; it is acquired in the world. An honeſt heart can only acquire it by experience. The character which he had certainly gotten ſomehow among ſome of his intimates, has been of ſervice both to them and to himſelf.

They

They made a point of ſecrecy, after they choſe to diſcover a want of it in him; and now he has made a point of it himſelf. My deareſt ſecret (*you* know what that is) ſhould now ſooner be truſted to him than to any of his former accuſers. The loudeſt of them, to my knowledge, was little calculated to judge of this man; for, though he might not abſolutely think him a coward, he certainly did not ſuſpect his friend of courage, till ſufficient proof of it was given under his own eye. Now, in my opinion, true courage and reſolution are this Gentleman's marking characteriſtics. This is no great compliment; for, without them, what is any man worth?

Such, in my judgement, is the young gentleman about whom you wiſhed me to inquire, and with whom I happen to have lived a good deal. His principal merit is, that my amiable friend the mention of whoſe wife juſt jogged your jealouſy) ſincerely loves him. That worthy man ſeldom throws away his attachment where it is not deſerved. Nor do I know any thing in the gentleman, whoſe character I have been ſketching, which gives me more pleaſure, or which it would

would give him more pleaſure to have noticed, than the love and reſpect which I am ſure he feels for my friend.

So much for buſineſs. Now for an article of news. The latter end of laſt month, a lady and her ſervant, as they were riding in Phœnix Park, were ſtopped by a man on foot, very genteelly dreſſed in white clothes, and a gold-laced hat. He demanded the lady's money, which ſhe gave him, amounting to twenty-ſix guineas. The perſon put the caſh into one of his pockets, and took from the other a ſmall diamond hoop ring, which he preſented to the lady, deſiring her to wear it for the ſake of an extraordinary robber, who made it a point of honour to take no more from a beautiful lady, than he could make a return for in value. He then, with great agility, vaulted over the wall, and diſappear'd.

This you may perhaps call an Iriſh way of robbing. There certainly was ſomething original in it. The Gentleman ſeems clearly to imagine, that an exchange is no robbery.

As to your threat, I will anſwer it in the ſame ſtyle—"I *will* love you—and if—!" But neither my anſwer, nor your threat, is original.

original. Reading, this morning, a hiſtory of this country, I found the following anecdote. In 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulſter, between the Chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tirconnel. This war had nothing more conſiderable for its immediate cauſe, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy ſhould recogniſe his authority by paying tribute. The laconic ſtyle in which the demand was made and rejected, would not have diſgraced a nobler conteſt. "Send me tribute—or elſe!"—was the meſſage of O'Neal. To which was returned, with the ſame princely brevity,—"I owe you "none—and if—!"

But I talk nonſenſe. This does not prove your threat to have been borrowed; for I dare ſay, you never heard of O'Neal till this moment. It only proves that two people may expreſs themſelves alike.

Should any man who loved like me (if any man ever did love like me) have ſpoken of his love in terms like thoſe which I uſe to ſpeak of mine, follows it therefore that I have borrowed either his paſſion or his language? Were it poſſible for you to think ſo, I never would

would forgive you.—Pray copy the muſic, which you mention, in your next.

It gave me pleaſure to read, in your laſt, that you have begun cheſs, though I could not perſuade you. Now, you will believe me, about a thing's being eaſy. Not long ago, I taught it to a ſchool-boy here in two evenings.

Come, to begin a game with you; I move my queen's pawn two moves.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 18 Sept. 1776.

How happens it that I have not ſooner noticed what you ſay, in a letter the beginning of laſt month, about the new puniſhment of working upon the Thames? Politicians may write more learnedly upon the matter; but I will defy Beccaria to write more feelingly or humanely. There certainly is much truth in what you ſay. Experience however will be the beſt teſt. Suppoſe the convicts were indeed ever to be ſent, as you ſay Commodore ** propoſed,

to

to Omiah's Country, or to any of the neighbouring iſlands. What a new method this would be of civiliſing mankind! What friendſhip it would have been in the Romans, on the diſcovery of our iſland, to have ſentenced hither all the raſcals they had among them who deſerved hanging! What a precious race we ſhould now be! Yet, as it is, what ſort of a race are we? Beſides, Rome itſelf, you remember, had no better origin.

Perhaps my true reaſon for noticing your ſenſible letter thus late, is to introduce you to a ſcene which paſſed in the quickſilver mine of Idra, in Friuli, a ſtill more unpleaſant abode than Mr. Campbell's academy. This uſed to be Colonel G's method, you remember, of introducing his home-made jokes. Not that my ſtory is home-made. I take it from ſome Italian letters which a brother officer lent me, written by Mr. Everard to a friend; and I give you the ſtory almoſt in his own words—except in one or two paſſages, where I think he has loſt an opportunity of ſurpriſing the reader.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleaſure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in ſome meaſure diſpels my preſent

preſent uneaſineſs; an uneaſineſs cauſed at once by the diſagreeable aſpect of every thing around me, and the more diſagreeable ſcene to which I have been witneſs.

Something too I have to tell you of Count Alberti. You remember him one of the gayeſt, moſt agreeable perſons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair ſex. I often heard you repeat his name with eſteem, as one of the few that did honour to the preſent age; as poſſeſſed of generoſity and pity in the higheſt degree; as one who made no other uſe of fortune, but to alleviate the diſtreſſes of mankind. But firſt of all, the ſcene I mentioned.

After paſſing ſeveral parts of the Alps, and having viſited Germany, I thought I could not well return home, without viſiting the quickſilver mines at Idria, and ſeeing thoſe dreadful ſubterranean caverns, where thouſands are condemn'd to reſide, ſhut out from all hopes of ever again beholding the cheerful light of the ſun, and obliged to toil out a miſerable life under the whips of imperious taſk-maſters. Imagine to yourſelf an hole in the ſide of a mountain, of about five yards over. Down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than an hundred fathom; the proſpect growing ſtill more gloomy, yet ſtill widening, as you deſcend. At length, after ſwinging in terrible ſuſpenſe for ſome time in this precarious ſituation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which by its hollow ſounds under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, ſeems thundering at every ſtep you take. In this gloomy and frightful ſolitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there diſpoſed, ſo that the wretched inhabitants of theſe manſions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me aſſure you, that though they, by cuſtom, could ſee objects very diſtinctly by theſe lights, I could ſcarce diſcern, for

ſome

ſome time, any thing; not even the perſon who came with me to ſhow me theſe ſcenes of horror.

From this deſcription, I ſuppoſe, you have but a diſagreeable idea of the place; yet let me aſſure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches mine eyes never yet beheld. The blackneſs of their viſages only ſerves to cover an horrid paleneſs, cauſed by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed to procure. As they in general conſiſt of malefactors condemned for life to this taſk, they are fed at the public expence; but they ſeldom conſume much proviſion.—They loſe their appetites in a ſhort time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid manſion I walked after my guide for ſome time, pondering on the ſtrange tyranny and avarice of mankind, and thinking how the humane Alberti would rejoice in procuring light, liberty, and life, to the wretches who glided by me; when I was accoſted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and inquiring after my health with the moſt cordial affection. I turned and ſaw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, with a moſt piteous accent, demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me?" Good God! what was my ſurpriſe, when, through the veil of his wretchedneſs, I diſcovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti himſelf; the gallant, gay Alberti! I flew to him with affection; and, after a tear of condolence, aſked how he came there? To this the wretched Count replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Auſtrian infantry againſt the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the foreſts of Iſtria, where he was firſt taken, and afterwards ſheltered, by ſome banditti, who had long

infeſted

infeſted that quarter. With theſe he had lived for nine months, till, by a cloſe inveſtiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obſtinate reſiſtance, in which the greateſt part of them fell, he was ſecured and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive on the wheel. When he arrived at the capital, he was quickly known, and, ſeveral of the aſſociates of his accuſation and danger witneſſing his innocence, his puniſhment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria. A ſentence, in my opinion, a thouſand times worſe than death.

As Count Alberti was giving me this hiſtory, a young woman came up to him, who, at once I ſaw, had been born for better fortune. The dreadful ſituation of the place was not able to deſtroy her beauty; and even in this ſcene of wretchedneſs ſhe ſeemed to have charms to grace the moſt brilliant aſſembly.

This Lady was daughter to one of the firſt families in Germany, and, having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at laſt reſolved to ſhare his miſeries, as ſhe could not relieve them. With him ſhe accordingly deſcended into theſe manſions, from which few ever return; and with him ſhe is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, deſpiſing the ſplendours of opulence, and contented with the conſciouſneſs of her own conſtancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

Now can I tell all the feelings of your dear heart. Now ſee I your Fancy buſy with her magic pencil; and affecting is the picture ſhe has begun. Begun—for your weeping

eyes

eyes will not ſuffer you to finiſh it. Can not you, through all your tears, diſtinguiſh Alberti and his wife dying in each other's arms after about half a year? What a ſcene!

Is there any ſum of money you would not give to have this tragedy end happily?

That, of courſe, is impoſſible. But Mr. Everard ſpeaks of the poor ſouls in his next letter, which I may perhaps ſend you in *my next.*—

Come—be a good girl, and you ſhall have it now, though it will not give you *much* conſolation.

DEAR SIR,

"My laſt to you was expreſſive, and perhaps too much ſo, of the gloomy ſituation of my mind. I own, the deplorable condition of the worthy man deſcribed in it, was enough to add double ſeverity to the hideous manſions. At preſent, however, I have the happineſs to inform you, that I was ſpectator of the moſt affecting ſcene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my laſt, a perſon came poſt from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater ſhaft. He was ſoon after followed by a ſecond, and he by a third. The firſt inquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the beſt information. Two of theſe were the brother and couſin of the lady; the third was an intimate friend and fellow-ſoldier of the Count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the

General with whom the duel had been fought, who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened up his grief-worn countenance; nor was the Young Lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom: some hours were employed in mending the appearances of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock; to another his working clothes; to a third his little household utensils, necessary in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine; and he once again revisited the light of the sun, which he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, whither, I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The Empress has taken them into favour; his fortune and rank are restored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, because they once knew what it was to be miserable."*

* Since the 4th edition of this book appeared, the pathetic story introduced in the above letter has been chosen for the subject of a dramatic poem called "The Mine," by John Sargent, Esq. 4to. London, Cadell, 1785. These two letters, as originally written by Mr. Everard, are prefixed to the poem. The persons of the drama are Count Maurice and Leopold, Hungarian noblemen; Conrad, Frederic, Juliana, prisoners in the mine; and Gnomes and subterraneous spirits. The reader may perhaps have curiosity

riosity to examine which merits greater praise, the artificial tale of the poet, or the natural relation of the traveller. At any rate, he will learn from the poem, not only much about the mineral kingdom, but that it is by no means (as the author well corrects Mr. Aikin for pronouncing) "steril, and unaccommodated to description."

Something more of this kind might have been caught by the poet from some curious "Voyages and Discoveries," to which it will, at a future time, be shown that the great author of "The Seasons" had his obligations.

"They assured us," says the writer, "that horrible "noises were heard in it, from time to time; which is a "certain sign that this mountain (Penagara, in South "America) contains stones of a great value in its entrails." A poetical ear can plainly distinguish Milton's "Goblins and "swart Fairies of the mine" at work here.

One circumstance is singular in Mr. Sargent's "Mine," that, either by the fault of the Poet or of his art, we do not behold (what drew tears from the Traveller) the farewell of the liberated Count to the late Companions of his wretchedness. Maurice departs, with

——— Come, let us now ascend—
For we have much to say, and my glad heart
Swells with such raptures as it ne'er can utter.

The reader cannot so soon have forgotten Alberti, in spite of all his joy, taking leave of his fellows in distress—"To one he left his mattock; to another his working "clothes; to a third his little household utensils, necessary "in that situation." This is neither rhyme, nor blank verse; but is it not as good as either, if not better?

Alberti, for departing thus, deserved to be pardoned at least a month sooner than Maurice.

Writes not a friend of yours, that the circumſtance of his being at Rennes at the very time the Marquis reclaimed his forfeited nobility and his ſword, was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one?—I believe it: and every other incident of good fortune befall all ſuch travellers!

Did not I ſay that this ſecond part of the ſtory would not afford you *much* conſolation? Forgive me for ſuch a falſity. That was only to ſurpriſe you. Well I knew what would be my Martha's feelings.——Let me conclude with ſomething leſs ſentimental.

Are you as deep in aſtrology as when you wrote laſt to me? On the page I have to ſpare I will ſend you ſome haſty lines which I ſcribbled the other day to ridicule the weakneſs of a Dr. W. who is as great a—fool at leaſt as Dryden, and never fails to caſt the nativity of his children.

Kind heaven has heard the parent's prayer,
Each goſſip hails the ſon and heir.
"Pray let the Doctor ſee."—
"My maſter, ma'am? Your labour paſt,
"He's got among the ſtars, to caſt
"His ſon's nativity."

Three

Three hours elaps'd, our ſage deſcends,
With "well, and how's the child, my friends?"
"He's happy, Sir, ere this."—
"Happy! why, yonder ſtars ne'er ſhed
"Benigner influence on the head
"Of happier, I gueſs.

"Worth, virtue, wiſdom, honour, wealth,
"Man's beſt and only riches, health,
"Aſſuredly await
"Heaven's favour'd child——or never more
"Say I have knowledge to explore
"The ſecret page of fate.

"'Twas there I read, my happy boy
"Full ſeventy ſummers ſhould enjoy,
"Ere"——when nurſe ſobb'd and ſaid
"Good lack!——The babe to whom kind heaven
"So many bounteous gifts hath given,
"Theſe two hours hath been dead."

LETTER XXXVII.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 26 January, 1777.

ONE of Lord Harcourt's ſuite will carry this to England. His Lordſhip was relieved from guard yeſterday by the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant. As politics have not much to do with love, I ſhall not

trouble you with a hiſtory of the late reign, or with a prophecy of what will be the preſent. Only let our great actors take care that they do not play the farce of America in Ireland.

My ſpirits, I thank you, are now tolerably well. But you know that I am, at leaſt I know that I have been, ever ſince you have known me, a ſtrange, comical fellow: neither one thing nor t'other: ſometimes in the garret, but much oftener down in the cellar. If Salvator Roſa, or Rouſſeau, wanted to draw a particular character, I am their man. But you and I ſhall yet be happy together, I know; and then my ſpirits and paſſions will return into their uſual channels.

Why do you complain of the language and tenderneſs of my letters? Suppoſe they were not tender. What would you ſay, what would you think, then? Muſt not Love ſpeak the language of Love? Nay, do we not ſee every day that Love and Religion have mutual obligations, and continually borrow phraſes from each other? Put Jamie or Jenny, inſtead of Chriſt, and ſee what you will make of ſome of Mrs. Rowe's

Rowe's moſt ſolemn poems, or many of Dr. Watts's hymns.

Beſides, let me tranſcribe you a letter written by another perſon to a lady.

" Sir Benjamin, telling me you were not come to town " at three o'clock, makes me in pain to know how your " ſon does; and I can't help inquiring after him and dear " Mrs. Freeman. The Biſhop of Worceſter was with " me this morning, before I was dreſſed. I gave him " my letter to the Queen; and he has promiſed to ſecond " it, and ſeemed to undertake it very willingly: though, " by all the diſcourſe I had with him (of which I will " give you a particular account when I ſee you) I find him " very partial to her. The laſt time he was here, I told " him you had ſeveral times deſired you might go from " me; and I have repeated the ſame thing again to him; " for you may eaſily imagine I would not neglect doing " you right, on all occaſions. But I beg it again, for " Chriſt Jeſus's ſake, that you would never name it any " more to me; for be aſſured, if you ſhould ever do ſo " cruel a thing as to leave me, from that moment I ſhall " never enjoy one quiet hour: and, ſhould you do it " without aſking my conſent (which if I ever give you, " may I never ſee the face of heaven!), I will ſhut myſelf " up, and never ſee the world more, but live where I " may be forgotten by human kind."

What think you of this letter? If it ſhould have been written by a woman to a woman, ſurely you will allow H. to write a

little tenderly to his own Martha. This was really the caſe. It is tranſcribed from "An account of the conduct of the Dowager Ducheſs of Marlborough," printed for W. Smith in Dame Street, Dublin, 1742, which I bought at Wilſon's in Dame Street yeſterday. The pamphlet contains others as loving. This I find page 40. It was written to Lady Marlborough by her Miſtreſs (one would have thought the word *miſtreſs* in one ſenſe did belong to one of the parties) when ſhe was only Princeſs of Denmark. It refers to the quarrel between the Princeſs and her royal ſiſter and brother-in-law, becauſe ſhe would not part with her favourite upon Lord Marlborough's having diſpleaſed the King.

Theſe two female lovers always correſponded, under the names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, at the particular deſire of the Princeſs, who fixed upon the names: and this, after ſhe was Queen Anne.

Be aſſured, my Martha, that, although I write to you with the ſame madneſs of affection, I will never imitate her example, for all its royalty, and exchange you for a muſhroom of your own raiſing (Mrs. Maſham).

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 6 Feb. 1777.

My laſt was merry, you know. I can't ſay as much for your laſt. To-day you muſt ſuffer me to indulge my preſent turn of mind in tranſcribing ſomething which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poiſoned herſelf not long ſince at Inniſkilling. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after dinner yeſterday, who is come hither about buſineſs, and lives in the neighbourhood of Inniſkilling.

The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married about two years, and lived with her huſband all that time with ſeeming eaſe and cheerfulneſs.

She was remarkably cheerful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them, in the evening ſet them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arſenic.

She left a writing on her table, in which is obſcurely hinted the ſad circumſtance which urged her impatience to this deſperate act.

Incloſed is an exact copy, even to the ſpelling.

" This is to let all the word know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occaſions this my untimly end; but diſpair of ever being happy in this world, as I have ſufficient reaſons to think ſo. I own 'tis a finful remedy, and very uncertain to ſeek happineſs: but I hope that God will forgive my poor ſoul; Lord have mercy on it! But all I beg, is to let none reproach my friends with it, or ſuſpect my virtue or my honour in the leaſt, though I am to be no more.

Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and ſiſters; and let all mothers take care, and never force a child, as mine did me. But I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe ſhe meant my good by my marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilſt my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my former peace and tranquility of mind, which I wanted for a long time. But oh! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity; and the Lord ſave me from eternal damnation! Let no one blame Martin Dixon*, for he is in no fault of it.

I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than any thing elſe that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned) ——and I have ſome well-wiſhers that I think proper to give them to.

Firſt, to Betty Balfour, my ſilver buckles; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring; to Betty Mulligan, my laced ſuit,

* Her Huſband.

ſuit, cap, handkerchief, and ruffles; to Peggy Delap, a new muſlin handkerchief, not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer; and hope for my ſake thoſe perſons will accept of theſe trifles, as a teſtimony of my regard for them.

I would adviſe *Jack Watſon to behave himſelf in an honeſt and obedient manner in reſpect to his mother and family, as he is all ſhe has to depend upon now.

I now go in God's name, though againſt his commands, without wrath or ſpleen to any one upon earth. The very perſon I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happineſs than he ever had; and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember ſuch a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, ſome perſons pleaſed to talk ſomething againſt my reputation, as to a man in this town: but now, when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed—If ever I knew him, or any other but my huſband, may I never enter into glory.—And them I forgive who ſaid ſo.—But let that man's wife take care of them that told her ſo; for they meant her no good by it.

With love to one, friendſhip to a few, and good-will to all the world, I die, ſaying, Lord have mercy on my ſoul! with *an advice to all people never to ſuffer a paſſion of any ſort to command them, as mine did, in ſpite of me.* I pray God bleſs all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having ſuch a child as I, who is aſhamed to ſubſcribe myſelf an unworthy and diſgraceful member of the church of Scotland,

Jane Watſon,
'otherwiſe, Dixon."

* Her Brother.

My pen ſhall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by making reflexions. We both of us have made, I dare ſay, too many on it.—She too was *Jenny*, and had her Jamie, and her Robin Gray. Neither did ſhe quit her priſon, without, like Alberti (whoſe ſtory you ſay affected you ſo), diſpoſing of her miſerable wealth to thoſe ſhe left behind her.

Alas! dull as the priſon of this world is (eſpecially now that I am ſeparated thus from you), why could not you and I have known this woman, and have perſuaded her to live?

LETTER XXXIX.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 27 March, 1777.

If you write as you wrote laſt week, I cannot bear this diſtance. Poſitively you muſt think of what I propoſed laſt month.

That I may not diſobey your commands this morning by writing too tenderly, I will tranſcribe you ſomething in return for the contents of your laſt. It is in a different ſtyle,

ſtyle, but full as capital. Tell me whether you don't think my French *Robin Gray* a tolerable companion to your Engliſh one. The young Abbé who gave it me, aſſured me that it is almoſt totally unknown, even in France. Louis Petit (a friend of Corneille) wrote it, who died in 1693. Do let me ſet you the taſk of tranſlating it, when you will of courſe give Jeremiah leave to go and mind his own affairs.

Dès que *Robin* eut vu partir *Toinette*,
Il quitta là le ſoin de ſon troupeau,
Il jetta loin panetiere et houlette,
Et ne garda rien que ſon chalumeau.
Il lamenta plus fort qu'un *Jérémie*;
Il ſouhaita mille fois le treſpas;
Et, dans ſon mal, il n'a d'autre ſoulas
Que d'entonner, ſur ſa flûte jolie,
Triſte chanſon, qui finit par,——hélas!
C'eſt grand' pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

Ces derniers mots, ſans ceſſer, il répète,
Tantôt aſſis ſur le bord d'un ruiſſeau,
Tantôt couché deſſus la tendre herbette,
Tantôt le dos appuyé d'un ormeau.
Onc ne mena Berger ſi triſte vie.
Du doux ſommeil il ne fait plus de cas;
Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maiſgres repas;
Dances et jeux ne lui plaiſent plus mie,
Et dans ſa bouche il n'a rien qu'un——hélas!
C'eſt grand' pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

Il n'eſt berger qui ſon mal ne regrette;
Et près de lui bergeres du hameau
Viennent chanter, filant leur quenouillette,
Pour conſoler ce triſte paſtoureau.
Mais leur doux chant point ne le ſolatie,
Tant la douleur le tient dedans ſes lacs!
Pour ne les voir, les yeux tient toujours bas;
Et, ſi leur dit, "laiſſez-moi, je vous prie;"
Puis auſſitôt revient à ſon——hélas!
C'eſt grand' pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

ENVOI.

Fils de *Cypris*, plus malin qu'une pie,
A conſoler *Robin* l'on perd ſes pas:
Toinette ſeule, avec ſes doux appas,
Le peut tirer de ſa mélancholie:
Rends-la lui donc; car, après tout——hélas!
C'eſt grand' pitié d'eſtre loin de s'amie.

Ah, ma chère Martha, c'eſt très-grande pitié d'étre loin de s'amie.

LETTER XL.

The Same to the Same.

Ireland, 20 April, 1777.

"I had your letter; and expect, before "you read this, to receive another from "you with the moſt fatal news that can "ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put "to death for ſome ignominious crime."

So

So begins this country's laughing Dean to Dr. Sheridan, Letter 26, Auguſt 29, 1727. So begins unhappy H. to his much-loved Martha; both becauſe I dipped on the paſſage juſt now (not ominouſly I hope), and becauſe I feel its force.

Now you ſee that there is ſomething in dreams. But why is not your alarming letter more particular about your complaint? Do they nurſe you as tenderly as I would? Are they careful about your medicines? For my ſake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the Chief Juſtice.

Sir William was grievouſly afflicted with the ſtone. In his ſevere fits he uſed to take a certain quantity of laudanum-drops. On calling for his uſual remedy, during the moſt racking pains of his diſtemper, the drops could not be found. The ſervant was diſpatched to his apothecary; but, inſtead of laudanum-drops, he aſked for laudanum. A quantity of laudanum was accordingly ſent, with ſpecial charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his maſter's hand, who, in his agony,

agony, drank up the whole contents, and expired in leſs than an hour.

Why, my deareſt love, did you conceal your illneſs from me ſo long? Now, you may have revealed the ſituation of your health to me too late. What a thought was that!—If I write more, I ſhall write like a madman. A gentleman takes this who ſails for England to-day. To-morrow or next day * * * will be here. If Lord S. as I have reaſon to expect, influence him to refuſe me leave of abſence, I will moſt certainly ſell out directly, which I have an opportunity to do. At any rate I will be with you in a few days. If I come without a commiſſion, you muſt not be angry. To find you both diſpleaſed and ill, will be too much for your poor H. For my ſake, be careful. Dr. —— I inſiſt upon your not having any longer. His experience and humanity are upon a par. Poſitively you muſt contrive ſome method for me to ſee you. How can love like mine ſupport exiſtence, if you ſhould be ill, and I ſhould not be permitted to ſee you!—But I can neither think nor write any more.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

The Same to the Same.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
Charing-Croſs, 4 May, 1777.

DID you get the incoherent ſcrawls which I wrote you yeſterday and the day before? Yours I have this inſtant read and wept over. Your feeble writing ſpeaks you weaker than you own. Heavens! am I come hither only to find that I muſt not ſee you! Better I had ſtaid in Ireland. Yet, now I do breathe the ſame air with you. Nothing but your note laſt night could have prevented me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bedſide. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gather information from the paſſing lights whether you were better or worſe. If you love me, ſend me an anſwer to this.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. H.

Admiralty, 4 May, 1777,
3 o'clock.

MY dear miſtreſs bids me write this from her mouth—"Theſe are the laſt words I ſpeak.

ſpeak. My laſt thoughts will be on you, my deareſt dear H. Live, and cheriſh my memory. Accept the contents of this little box. Be a friend to my children. My little girl"——

LETTER XLIII.

To the Same.

Admiralty, 4 May, 1777, 5 o'clock.

My dear Soul,

AT the hazard of my life I write this to tell you that I am alive and yours. The unfiniſhed note, which my haſty maid—I can't go on.

Sir,

My dear miſtreſs bids me ſay, Sir, that her diſorder has taken a turn within this hour, and the doctors ſay ſhe will recover. Honoured Sir, I humbly crave your pardon for ſending away my ſcribble juſt now, which I am afraid has made you uneaſy: but indeed, Honoured Sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear miſtreſs; and then,

then, I am ſure I ſhould have broke my heart; for, to be ſure, no ſervant ever had a better, nor a kinder miſtreſs. Sir, I preſumes to ſee your Honour to-morrow. My miſtreſs fainted away as ſhe began this, but is now better.

6 o'clock.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. H. to Miſs R.

Cannon Coffee-houſe,
27 June, 1777,
5 o'clock.

THE late delightful weather has quite finiſhed your recovery, I hope.

As I want both appetite and ſpirits to touch my dinner, which has been ſtanding before me theſe ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleaſure in your delightful ſituation on the banks of the Thames, which no ſituation, no thing upon earth, can in your abſence afford me!

Do you aſk me what has lowered my ſpirits to-day? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to ſee the laſt of poor Dodd. Yes, "poor Dodd!" notwithſtanding his life was juſtly forfeited to the laws of his country.

country. The ſcene was affecting: it was the firſt of the kind that I had ever ſeen; and ſhall certainly be the laſt. Though, had I been in England when Toloſa was deſervedly executed in February, I think, for killing a young French woman (I forget her name) with whom he lived, I believe I ſhould have attended the laſt moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deſerve the name of *man?*) was a Spaniard.

Do not think that I want tenderneſs, becauſe I was preſent this morning. Will you allow yourſelf to want tenderneſs, becauſe you have been preſent at Lear's madneſs, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am ſure)—I do not make a profeſſion of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiſte* nor *amateur* (you remember the anecdote of the Pariſian Monſieur Ketch); nor do I, like Paoli's friend and hiſtorian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Graſs-market at Edinburgh.

Raynall's book you have read, and admire. For its humanity it merits admiration. The Abbé does not countenance an attendance on ſcenes of this ſort by his writings; but

but he does by his conduct: and I would ſooner take Practice's word than Theory's. Upon my honour, Raynall and Charles Fox, notwithſtanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfiniſhed houſe, cloſe by the ſtand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing the blame of his application to the Chancellor on his Wife, he certainly died with reſolution. More than once to-day I have heard that reſolution aſcribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the humane ſociety, would be able to reſtore him to life. But I give him more credit. Beſides, Voltaire obſerves that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of thoſe who are preſent; and St. Evremond, the friend of the French Martha (Ninon), diſcovered that *les Anglois ſurpaſſent toutes les nations à mourir*. Let me ſurpaſs all mankind in happineſs, by poſſeſſing my *Ninon* for life, and I care not how I die, ſo it be not like poor Dodd.

Some little circumſtances ſtruck me this morning, which, however you may refuſe to forgive me for ſo ſpending my morning, I am ſure you would not forgive me were I to omit.

Before

Before the melancholy proceſſion arrived, a ſow was driven into the ſpace left for the ſad ceremony; nor could the idea of the approaching ſcene, which had brought the ſpectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and ſhouting, and enjoying the poor animal's diſtreſs, as if they had only come to Tyburn to ſee a ſow baited.

After the arrival of the proceſſion, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed ſomething diſagreeably ludicrous with the ſolemnity. The tendereſt could not but feel it, though they might be ſorry that they did feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off; and the night-cap of death, brought for the purpoſe, was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets-de-chambre are the greateſt enemies even to heroes. Think of ſuch a valet-de-chambre as Jack Ketch, before ſuch company, and at ſuch a time as this! Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At laſt arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noiſe which beſt explained the feelings of the ſpectators for the ſufferer. Did you never

never obſerve, at the ſight or the relation of any thing ſhocking, that you cloſed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, ſo as to make a ſort of hiſſing ſound? This was done ſo univerſally at the fatal moment, that I am perſuaded the noiſe might have been heard at a conſiderable diſtance. For my own part, I detected myſelf, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have ſeen people writhing and twiſting and biaſſing themſelves, after a bowl which they have juſt delivered.

Not all the reſuſcitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was ſo long before the mob would ſuffer the hearſe to drive away with his body.

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How ſhocking, that a man with whom you and I have eaten and drunk, ſhould leave the world in ſuch a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almoſt ceaſed to ſhock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd.

How many men, how many women, how many young, and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their ſenſibilities about them, hear the ſounds, by which at this moment

moment I am diſturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the ſtreets!

The laſt dying ſpeech and confeſſion, birth, parentage, and education.

Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow-being, ſometimes of half a dozen, or even more.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day: and her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying ſpeech, with more indifference than ſhe regards the honeſt tar hugging his ſweetheart at the top of "Black-eyed Suſan." All that ſtrikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-ſinger chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are ſmiling at the voice of the charmer, (charm ſhe never ſo wiſely), wives or huſbands, children, parents, or friends, perhaps all theſe and more than theſe, as pure from crimes as we, and purer ſtill perhaps, are weeping over the crime and puniſhment of the darling and ſupport of their lives. Still leſs do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the ſtart of the hangman, and many

many a man has bought his own dying-ſpeech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve), ſtill leſs do we aſk ourſelves, whether the wretch, who at the moment we hear this (which ought to ſtrike us as an) awful ſound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horſes whipped and encouraged to draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet—whether this wretch really deſerved to die more than we. Alas! were no ſpectators to attend executions but thoſe who deſerve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

Still Cannon Coffee-houſe.

Well—I have made an uncomfortable ſort of a meal on tea, and now I will continue my converſation with you. *Converſation*—a plague on words, they will bring along with them ideas! This is all the converſation we muſt have together for ſome days. Have I deſerved the miſery of being abſent from my Martha? To bring proofs of my

love, would be to bring proofs of my exiſtence. They muſt end together. Oh Martha, does the chaſte reſolution which I have ſo religiouſly obſerved ever ſince I offered you marriage, deſerve no ſmiles from Fortune? Is then my evil genius never to relent? Had I not determined to deſerve that ſucceſs which it is not for mortals to command, I ſhould never have ſtruggled with my paſſions as I did the firſt time we met after your recovery. What a ſtruggle! The time of year, the time of day, the ſituation, the danger from which you were hardly recovered, the number of months ſince we had met, the languor of your mind and body, the every thing—Ye cold-blooded, white-livered ſons and daughters of Chaſtity, have ye no praiſes to beſtow on ſuch a forbearance as that?

Yet, when your ſtrength failed you, and Grief and Tenderneſs diſſolved you in my arms; when you reclined your cheek upon my ſhoulder, and your warm tears dropt into my boſom; then—who could refrain?—then—

What then, ye clay-cold hyper-critics in morality?

Then—

Then—even then—" I took but one kiſs, and I tore myſelf away."

Oh that I could take only one look, at this moment!

Your laſt ſays *the ſun will ſhine.* Alas! I ſee no ſigns of it. Our proſpects ſeem ſhut up for ever.

With regard to the ſtage—we will talk of it. My objections are not becauſe I doubt your ſucceſs. They are of a different kind; the objections of Love and Delicacy. Be not uneaſy about my ſelling out. The ſtep was not ſo imprudent. What think you of orders? More than once you know you have told me that I have too much religion for a ſoldier. Will you condeſcend to be a poor parſon's wife?

But I ſhall write till to-morrow, at this rate.

LETTER XLV.

The Same to the Same.

7 July, 77.

SINCE laſt night I have changed my mind —totally changed it. I charge you not to ſee Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word that

your mind is changed. Never will I conſent to be ſupported by your labours. Never, never ſhall your face, your perſon, your accompliſhments be expoſed for ſo much an hour. By all the powers of love, I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thoughts of any ſuch thing.

LETTER XLVI.

The Same to the Same.

Croydon, 20 Sept. 77.

THAT you have taken to drawing, gives me particular pleaſure. Depend upon it you will find it ſuit your genius. But, in truth, your genius ſeizes every thing. While your old friend is eating his corn, I ſit down to tell you this; which I would not ſay to your face, leſt you ſhould call it flattery; though you well know flattery is a thing in which you and I never deal. My opinion of the great man's ſtyle of painting, who condeſcends to improve you in drawing, is exactly yours. Poſterity will agree with us. The ſubjects you recommended to his pencil are ſuch as I ſhould have expected from my

my Martha's fancy. While I walked my horſe hither this morning, two or three ſubjects of different ſorts occurred to me. All of them would not ſuit his ſtyle. But I know that one or two of them would not diſpleaſe you, if well executed. Some of them I will ſend you.

Louis XIV. when a boy, viewing the battle of St. Anthony from the top of Charonne. In 1650, I think.

Ambition and Content: or Richard Cromwell, when the Prince de Conti, Condé's brother, told him in converſation, at Montpelier, without knowing him, that Oliver was a great man; but that Oliver's ſon was a miſcreant, for not knowing how to profit by his father's crimes.

Milton, when the idea firſt ſtruck him of changing his myſtery into an epic poem.

Demoſthenes declaiming in a ſtorm.

William the Conqueror, and his rebellious ſon Robert, diſcovering each other in a battle, after they had encountered hand to hand for ſome time.

Charles XII. tearing the Vizir's robe with his ſpur; and again, after lying in bed ten months at Demotica.

" ——Though my mother could na ſpeak,
" She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break."*

The predeceſſor of Abra, in the illuſtriouſly-wretched boſom of Prior's Solomon (2. 197);

" When ſhe, with modeſt ſcorn, the wreath return'd,
" Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd."

Our Elizabeth, when ſhe gave her Eſſex a box on the ear.

Chatterton's Sir Charles Bawdin, parting from his wife;

" Then tired out with raving loud,
" She fell upon the floor;
" Sir Charles exerted all his might,
" And *march'd* from out the door."

The Conference of Auguſtus, Anthony, and Lepidus (you are deep in Goldſmith, I know). Do you remember the ſcene? Equally ſuſpicious of treachery, they agreed to meet on a little iſland near Mutina. Lepidus firſt paſs'd over. Finding every thing ſafe, he made the ſignal.

Behold them, yonder, ſeated on the ground, upon the higheſt part of a deſolate iſland,

* Since this ſubject was here pointed out, more than one pencil has been exerciſed on it. The original Mr. Bunbury has left his competitors as far behind him in this inſtance, as in many others.

iſland, unattended, fearful of one another, alternately marking out cities, and each in his turn proſcribing nations, dividing the whole world between them, and mutually reſigning to deſtruction, agreeably to liſts which each preſented, their deareſt friends and neareſt relations.

Salvator Roſa would not make me quarrel with him for doing the back ground. Your friend, if any one living, could execute the figures.

Let me ſuggeſt one more ſubject. Monmouth's decapitation, in the time of James II. Hiſtory ſpeaks well of his face and perſon. The circumſtances of his death are theſe. He deſired the executioner to diſpatch him with more ſkill than he had diſpatched Ruſſel. This only added to the poor fellow's confuſion, who ſtruck an ineffectual blow. Monmouth raiſed his face from the block, and with a look (which I cannot deſcribe, but the painter muſt give) reproached his failure. By the turn of the head, the effect of the blow might be concealed, and left to Fancy; who might collect it from the faces of the neareſt ſpectators. The remainder of the ſcene is too

ſhocking for the eye to behold, almoſt to read. But, I know not how, when I am away from you, nothing is too ſhocking for *me*.

Monmouth again laid down his head. The executioner ſtruck again *and again*, to as little purpoſe; and, at laſt, threw down the axe. The ſheriff obliged the man, whoſe feelings all muſt pity and reſpect, to renew his attempt. Two ſtrokes more finiſhed the butchery.

Were it poſſible to tear off this laſt ſubject without deſtroying half my letter, I really would. It will make you ſhudder too much. But, you ſee, it is not poſſible; and you prefer ſuch a letter as this, I know, to none.

The paper only affords me room to ſay, that my horſe is ready. Every ſtep he carries me from you, will be a ſtep from Happineſs. My Imagination *would* buſy herſelf juſt now, about the manner in which I ſhould behave, if I were to die as ignominiouſly as Monmouth. But, ſince I feel no inclination for rebellion, Fancy threw away her pains.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

The Same to the Same.

5 February, 1778.

Oh! my deareſt Martha, what I have gone through ſince I wrote to you laſt night it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe. Thank Heaven, you were not in town! Suffice it that my honour and life are both as you wiſh them. Now, mine of laſt night is more intelligible. How ſtrange, that almoſt the kindeſt letter which you ever wrote me, ſhould come to me preciſely at the time I was obliged to make up my mind to quit the world, or, what is more, much more, to quit you! Yet, ſo it was.

The ſtory which my letter mentioned, of a friend who had received ſuch an affront as no human being could away with, was my own. Your feelings agreed with me, I am ſure. Duelling is not what I defend. In general, almoſt always, it may be avoided. But caſes may perhaps be put, in which it can be avoided only by worſe than death,

by everlaſting diſgrace and infamy. Had I fallen, I know where my laſt thoughts would have lingered; and you and your children would have had ſome tokens of my regard. Be aſſured the matter is for ever at an end, and at an end as properly as even you can wiſh. How happy ſhall we be in 79, or 80 (for before that time we ſhall ſurely be bleſt with each other!), to have thoſe friends about us who were privy to this day; and to talk over the poſſibility of it!

H. in all thy future life ſacred be every fifth of February!

My mind is too much agitated to write any more this evening. To-morrow I will be more particular. My laſt I am ſure could not alarm you; though, had any thing happened, it would have prepared you. Don't be alarmed by this. Upon my honour! (with which you know I never preface a falſity) I am not hurt; nor, as it ſince turns out, is the other gentleman---at leaſt, not materially.

One trifling circumſtance I muſt mention. As I was perfectly determined about the buſineſs, ſince it was unavoidable, I did not ſee why I ſhould not recruit my ſtrength as

as much as poſſible. So, about three o'clock, I took ſome cold ſaddle of mutton and brandy and water at my friend's. After which I went home to ſeal up ſome things for you, where my friend was to call for me. When I ſaw him coming to my door between 4 and 5, I had juſt wrung the affectionate hand of one of the men I moſt value, and committed to his care you and your dear little girl, and my dear ſiſter, &c. &c. Love, Honour, Revenge, and all my various feelings, would, in ſpite of myſelf, parch my tongue. As I took my hat out of my dreſſing-room, I filled a wine-glaſs of water, and drank half of it, to moiſten my mouth.

When I ſaw that glaſs again, about an hour ago, on returning to that home which I never again thought to ſee, in order to write to her of whom I thought I had taken my laſt leave; when I took that glaſs again into my hand, recollected my feelings on ſetting it down, and emptied the remainder of its contents, a libation of gratitude—— Oh Martha, no pen, not even yours, can paint my feelings!

Only remember---in all our future life, each fifth of February be ever ſacred!

LETTER XLVIII.

The Same to the Same.

—— ſtreet,
2 March, 1778.

YOUR going out of town ſo ſuddenly has not ſerved to mend my ſpirits. But I will be as merry as I can. Were I to be *very* miſerable after my late adventure, I ſhould be guilty of *ſullenneſs* againſt Fortune. The minute account I gave you of it laſt week, was, I aſſure you, dictated to my pen by my feelings, before they had forgotten the affecting circumſtances. Your obſervations are truly juſt and ſtriking. Unpardonable as the affront which I had received appears to mortal eyes, I ſhould not readily, I fear, have found an anſwer to the queſtion of the inquiring angel, on entering the world of ſpirits, "What brings you hither?"

Did I tell you o'Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who ſuffered this day ſe'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are ſingular.

He was an Italian, I underſtand. Such a thing is not credible, but of an Italian.

Mrs.

Mrs. Knightly's account was, that on the 18th of January, Ceppi came into her room, ſhe being in bed, locked the door, ſet himſelf in a chair; and told her he was come to do her buſineſs. She, not underſtanding this, aſked him to let her get out of bed; which he did. He then took from his pocket two piſtols. She went towards the door in order to get out; but he ſet his back againſt it. She, to appeaſe him, told him he might ſtay breakfaſt. He anſwered he would have none, but would give her a good one. She then called out to alarm the houſe, ran towards the bed, and ſaid, "Pray, don't ſhoot me!" and drew up cloſe to the curtains. He followed, and diſcharged the piſtol; after which he threw himſelf acroſs the bed, and fired the other piſtol at himſelf, which did not take effect. During this, a waſherwoman ran up ſtairs, and with a poker broke the bottom pannel of the door, through which Mrs. Knightly was drawn half-naked, and Ceppi, following, ran down ſtairs; but was purſued, and taken. In his defence, he ſaid, he had propoſed honourable terms of marriage to her, but that ſhe had refuſed, and deſerted him; that he was overcome with

grief

grief and love; and that his deſign was not to hurt her, but to ſhoot himſelf in her preſence.

It appears, I am afraid, from all the circumſtances, that, whatever his deſpair meant with regard to his own life, he certainly was determined to take away hers. How unaccountably muſt Nature have mixed him up! Beſides the criminality and brutality of the buſineſs, the folly of it ſtrikes me. What---becauſe the perſon, on whom I have fixed my affections, has robbed me of happineſs by withdrawing hers, ſhall I let her add to the injury, by depriving me of exiſtence alſo in this world, and of every thing in the next? In my opinion, to run the chance of being murdered by the new object of her affections, or of murdering him, is as little reconcileable to common ſenſe as to common religion. How much leſs ſo to commit complicated murder, which muſt cut off all hopes in all worlds!

Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this caſe), that the idea of deſtroying her never ſtruck him till his finger was at the trigger; that his only intention was to lay the breathleſs body of

an

an injured lover at her feet—had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly ſhould have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it. But, as nothing appears to have paſt which could at all make him change his plan, I muſt (impoſſible as it ſeems) ſuppoſe him to have deliberately formed ſo diabolical a plan; and muſt rejoice that he was not of the ſame country, while I lament that he was of the ſame order of beings, as myſelf.

If the favour which I mentioned to you o'Saturday be at all out of courſe, pray don't aſk it. Yet the worthy veteran whom I want to ſerve, has now and then ſeen things happen not altogether *in* courſe. When he called this morning to learn how I had ſucceeded, I obſerved to him, while we were talking, that he got bald. "Yes," ſaid he, ſhaking his grey hairs, "it will happen ſo by people's continually ſtepping over one's head."

He little ſuſpected the channel of my application; but he aſked me this morning, whether

whether 50l. if he could ſcrape it together, properly ſlid into Miſs R's hand, might not forward his views. My anſwer was, that I had no acquaintance with the lady; but I knew *for certain* that ſhe had never in her life ſoiled her fingers with the ſmalleſt preſent of this ſort.

Happy, bleſt, to know you, to love you, and be loved by you!

LETTER XLIX.

The Same to the Same.

Hockerill,
5 Sept. 1778.

HERE did I ſit, more than two years ago, in this very room, perhaps in this very chair, thanking you for bliſs, for paradiſe; all claim to which I ſoon after voluntarily reſigned, becauſe I hoped that they would ſoon be mine by claims more juſt, if poſſible, than thoſe of Love. Two years—how have I born exiſtence all the while! But Delicacy and Reſpect for you, enjoined forbearance; and Hope led me on from day to day, deceiving time with diſtant proſpects which I thought at

at hand. When will the tedious journey end? When will my weary feet find reſt? When ſhall I ſleep away my fatigues on the down-ſoft pillow of the boſom of Love?

Should Hope continue to deceive me, never ſhall you make me happy, till you make me your huſband. Yet, as we ſat upon the graſs, under the trees near the water, yeſterday, juſt before you returned me my ſtick, becauſe you thought the gentleman coming along the path by the mill, was a certain perſon—

Sally Harris, you know, arrived only at the dignity of Pomona at Hockerill. Had my Martha her due, mankind at large would admit her double claim to the titles of Minerva and of Venus.

To-night I ſhall go to our friend's houſe, whence I wrote to you laſt week. He is as fond of his children as ever; and now he has got a little Elizabeth to fondle. At any rate I ſhall ſleep there to-night.

To ſleep *here* is impoſſible. As well expect the miſer to ſleep in the place where he once hung in raptures over a hidden treaſure which is now loſt. This letter I have an opportunity

to

to ſend to our old friend, for you, without taking it to town. Let me fill up the remainder of my paper with an almoſt incredible anecdote, which I learned from a gentleman who joined me on the road this morning, and travelled ſome miles with me. It happened laſt week, I think. Ceppi you remember. Surely that Providence which prevents the propagation of monſters, does not ſuffer ſuch *monſtrous* examples as theſe to propagate.

One Empſon, a footman to Dr. Bolt, having in vain courted for ſome time a ſervant belonging to Lord Spencer, at laſt cauſed the bans to be put up in church, without her conſent; which ſhe forbad. Being thus diſappointed, he meditated revenge; and having got a perſon to write a letter to her, appointing a meeting, he contrived to waylay her, and ſurpriſe her in Lord Spencer's park. On her ſcreaming, he diſcharged a piſtol at her, and made his eſcape. The ball wounded her, though not mortally.—But why is it that I dwell on ſuch ſcenes?

Oh Love, Love, canſt thou not be content to make fools of thy ſlaves, to make them

them miſerable, to make them what thou pleaſeſt! Muſt thou alſo goad them on to crimes! muſt thou convert them into devils, hell-hounds!

LETTER L.

The Same to the Same.

——— ſtreet,
28 Jan. 1779.

THE ſhort note which I wrote to you laſt night, immediately on my reaching town, you received, I hope. But why no anſwer to it? Why do you not ſay when we ſhall meet? I have ten thouſand things to tell you. My ſituation in Norfolk is lovely; exactly what you like. The parſonage-houſe may be made very comfortable at a trifling expence. How happily ſhall we ſpend our time there! How glad am I that I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B. to Mr. H. and Dr. V.! Now, my happineſs can be deferred no longer. My character and profeſſion are, now, additional weights in the ſcale. Oh then,

conſent

conſent to marry me directly. The day on which I lead you to the altar, will be the happieſt day of my exiſtence.

Thanks, a thouſand thanks, for your tender and affectionate letters while I was in Norfolk. Be aſſured, Galli could mean nothing by what ſhe ſaid. She is our firm friend, I am perſuaded. About an hour ago I called there; but ſhe was out. Preſently I ſhall go again with this, in the hope of hearing ſomething about you.

Oh Martha, every day of my life, I do but diſcover more and more how impoſſible it is for me to live without you.

Don't forget the 5th of next month. We *muſt* keep that day ſacred together.

LETTER LI.

The Same to the Same.

—— ſtreet,
7 Feb. 1779.

WHILE I live I will never forget your behaviour yeſterday. Were I to live an hundred years, I could never thank you enough. But, you ſhall govern.

The

The taſk which you have ſet me about Chatterton, is only a further proof of your regard for me. You know the warmth of my paſſions; and you think that if I do not employ myſelf, they may flame out, and conſume me. Well, then, I will ſpend a morning or two in arranging what I have collected reſpecting the Author of Rowley's poems. Every ſyllable which you will read, I aſſure you, ſhall be *authentic*.

Did you ſtart at "The *author* of Rowley's Poems?" My mind does not now harbour a doubt that Chatterton wrote the whole, whatever I thought when we read them together at Hinchinbrook. The internal evidence of the matter ſhall not puzzle you: but you ſhall tell me whether you don't think it eaſier for Chatterton to have imitated the ſtyle of Rowley's age (which he has not done exactly, if you believe thoſe who think as I think), than for Rowley to write in a ſtyle which did not exiſt till ſo many ages after his time. To ſuppoſe him to have found half, and to have added to them; or to conſider him as a cat's paw in the buſineſs to ſome contemporary Rowley, in order to extricate a fictitious Rowley from oblivion,

oblivion, would in my humble opinion be nonſenſe. For my own part, though he might find ſome old manuſcripts, I cannot believe that he found a ſyllable which he has attributed to Rowley. Who will engage to prove, from internal evidence, the antiquity of *any one* of Rowley's compoſitions? What he did find, certainly ſuggeſted to him the idea of pretending to have found more; but how ſhall we perſuade Credulity to believe, that all Rowley's poems were copied from old manuſcripts, when the only manuſcripts produced in confirmation of the ſtory are indiſputably proved to be modern? Is any one fool enough to believe, that Chatterton was only the blind ſubterraneous channel, through which theſe things were to emerge to day, and float for ever down the ſtream of fame? This (without mentioning other objections to ſuch a ridiculous belief) were to ſuppoſe two people to determine on the ſame ſtrange conduct, and two people (the real and the foſter father) to keep with equal fidelity the ſame ſecret: and would the foſter-father have been as fond and careful of another's ſecret, as of the offſpring of his own invention?

It is not clear to me that Chatterton's life (if ſuch a ſcrap of exiſtence can be called a life) does not exhibit circumſtances ſtill more extraordinary, if poſſible, than his being the author of Rowley's poems. But I poſſeſs not the abilities which Johnſon diſplayed in his famous Life of Savage: nor is this a formal life of Chatterton; though ſuch a thing might well employ even the pen of Johnſon. This is only an idle letter to my dear Martha. —Oh, my Martha, you, who contributed ſo liberally, laſt year, to extricate from diſtreſs the abilities of a ——; what would you not have done for a Chatterton!

Thomas Chatterton, deſtined to puzzle at leaſt, if not to impoſe upon, ſome of the ableſt critics and antiquarians which the moſt poliſhed age of England has produced, was born at Briſtol, Nov. 20, 1752. His father had been maſter of the free-ſchool in Pile-ſtreet in that city, and was ſexton of St. Mary Redcliffe church. Hiſtory condeſcends not to relate any thing more of ſuch an ignoble family, than that they had been ſextons of the ſame church for near a century and a half.

It ſeems to have been determined by Fortune,

tune, that this poor lad, I ought rather to ſay, this extraordinary human being, ſhould have no obligation but to genius and to himſelf. His father, as he was a ſchoolmaſter, and is reported to have been a tolerable poet for a ſexton, might perhaps have given his ſon a free ſchool education, had he lived to ſee him old enough for inſtruction. But the ſexton died very ſoon after, if not before, the birth of his ſon; who indiſputably received no other education than what he picked up at a charity-ſchool at a place called St. Auguſtine's Back in Briſtol. Reading, writing, and accounts, compoſed the whole circle of ſciences which were taught at this univerſity of our Briſtol Shakeſpear.

On the 1ſt of July, 1767, he was articled clerk to an attorney of Briſtol, whom I have not been able to find out. From him, I underſtand, has been procured a ſtrange, mad manuſcript of Chatterton, which he called his *will*.

When the new bridge at Briſtol was finiſhed, there appeared, in Farly's Briſtol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge (the piece is prefixed to the volume of Chatterton's Miſcellanies), preceded

preceded by theſe words:——"To the "Printer. Oct. 1, 1768. The following "deſcription of the fryars' firſt paſſing over "the old bridge, taken from an old MS. "may not at this time be unacceptable to "the generality of your readers. Your's, "Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis." Curioſity at laſt traced the inſertion of this curious memoir to Chatterton. To the threats of thoſe who treated him (agreeably to his age and appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtineſs, and a refuſal to give any account. To milder uſage and many promiſes the boy, after ſome time, confeſſed that he had received that and other MSS. from his father, which he had found in an iron cheſt placed by William Cannynge (the founder of the church of which C's family had ſo long been ſextons) in a muniment room over the northern portico of St. Mary Redcliffe. Warton (in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry) ſays, that when this appeared, he was about ſeventeen. Days are more material in C's life than years in the lives of others. He wanted, you ſee, ſomething of ſixteen. One fact is curious, that, though it was not poſſible for him to have picked

up Latin at a charity-ſchool where Latin was not taught, his note to the printer has, for no apparent reaſon, a Latin ſignature, Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis. This Latin certainly was not Rowley's. It muſt have been C's. The memoir procured C. the acquaintance of ſome gentlemen of Briſtol, who, becauſe they condeſcended to receive from him the compoſitions which he brought them, without giving him much, if any thing, in return, fondly imagined themſelves the patrons of genius. Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, a pewterer and a ſurgeon, of his obligations to whom you will ſee him ſpeak in his letters, were his principal, if not his only patrons. To theſe gentlemen he produced, between Oct. 1768, and April 1770 (beſides many things which he confeſſed to be his own, and many which, in the interval, appeared in the Town and Country Magazine), all Rowley's poems, except the "ballad of Charitie." Of theſe only two, I think, and thoſe the ſhorteſt, he pretended to be the original MSS. The reſt were tranſcripts, in his own hand; of ſome of which he acknowledged himſelf the author. Concerning theſe curioſities no diſtinct or ſatisfactory

factory account, by friend or enemy, by threat or promiſe, could ever be drawn from him. For theſe curioſities how much he received from his Briſtol patrons does not appear. His patrons do not boaſt of their generoſity to him. They (Catcott at leaſt) received no inconſiderable ſum for Rowley's poems; nor has the ſale of them turned out badly. In conſequence of the money got by poems which Chatterton certainly brought to light, which I firmly believe C. to have written, his mother acknowledges to have received the immenſe ſum of five guineas, by the hands of Mr. Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, without fee or reward, cured the whitlowed finger of the ſiſter. Talk no more of the neglect of genius in any age or country, when, in this age and country, Rowley's poems have produced ſuch fortunes to the author and his family. Should I ever appear in print on this ſubject, I would publickly call upon the gentlemen concerned in this tranſaction, to ſtate their accounts.

Has not the world a right to know what Catcott fairly bought of Chatterton (he does not pretend to have bought all), and what was the fair purchaſe-money of theſe

ineſtimable treaſures? Let us know what the editors of Rowley's poems gave and received for them, and what the ſale of them has produced. Is the ſon to be declared guilty of forgery? Are his forgeries to be converted into (I believe, no inconſiderable ſums of) money? And is the mother and ſiſter's ſhare to be five guineas?

Either mean envy of C's extraordinary genius, or manly abhorrence of his deteſtable death, leads almoſt every perſon, who talks or writes about this boy, to tell you of his ſhocking profligacy and his total want of principle. One antiquarian of Cambridge has gone ſo far as to tell thoſe of whom he has made inquiries concerning him, that his death was of little conſequence, ſince he could not long have eſcaped hanging. C. never did any thing which merited hanging, ſo much as it is merited by him who can dare to advance ſuch an uncharitable aſſertion without a ſhadow of *probability*. Who knows but this venerable ſeer, in his next viſion, may chooſe to diſcover that I ſhall live to be hanged; may ſee your H. gibbeted in perſpective; becauſe my indignation reſcues

cues ſuch a *villain* as poor Chatterton from his monkiſh bigotry?

When C. left this world, in Auguſt 1770, he wanted as many months as intervene between Auguſt and November to complete his 18th year. If into ſo ſmall a ſpace he had contrived to crowd much profligacy and much want of principle, ſome perhaps may be aſcribed to his youth, and ſome to want of friends. Johnſon, I remember, defends even the life of Savage, which differed from Chatterton's in more circumſtances than its length, by ſome ſuch obſervation as this; that the ſons of Affluence are improper judges of his conduct, and that few wiſe men will venture to affirm they ſhould have lived better than Savage in Savage's ſituation. Do *profligate* and *unprincipled*, ſome of the tendereſt epithets vouchſafed poor Chatterton, mean diſhoneſt or undutiful, an unkind brother or an unfeeling child? The dulleſt enemies of his genius can produce no proofs of any ſuch crime. Some papers, which I ſhall ſend you, will contain the fulleſt proof of the contrary. Do they mean that, being a young man, he was addicted to women; that, being a youth of ſuch an imagination, he

he was addicted to women, like all youths of ſtrong imaginations? Do the epithets mean that he exhibited thoſe damnable proofs of his crimes which the civiliſing Bougainville exported into the country of Omiah? The proofs (if there were any, which his bedfellow at his firſt lodging in town denies) only ſhow that he was unlucky. The crimes muſt be admitted. Do they mean that, writing to procure bread for himſelf, his mother and his ſiſter, he wrote on any ſide, and on any ſubject, which would afford bread? The crime muſt perhaps be admitted. Yet, let not older men, who may poſſibly themſelves, in this ſenſe of the words, be a little unprincipled, a little profligate, head the advanced guard of veterans who are to attack this infant Hercules in his cradle. And let it be remembered, that, in the "Memoirs of a Sad Dog," ſigned Harry Wildfire, inſerted in the Town and Country Magazine, where Chatterton evidently ſat to his own pencil for two or three features, there is this paſſage:

"As I know the art of *Curliſm* pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, he late proſecution againſt the bookſellers having frightened them all out

of

of their patriotiſm, I am neceſſitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the miniſtry. As I have ſome little remains of conſcience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing of either ſide is of little ſervice to the entertainment or inſtruction of the reader. Abuſe and ſcurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of thoſe authors, who deem every man in place a raſcal, and every man out of place a patriot."

In the preface to Chatterton's Miſcellanies, we are even aſſured that "his profligacy was *at leaſt* as conſpicuous as his abilities," p. 18. Indeed! Then do I believe he was the moſt profligate mortal of his age (I had almoſt ſaid, of any age) that ever exiſted. *The Admirable Crichton* (Adventurer, N°. 81) bears no compariſon with C. either as to the forwardneſs or the greatneſs of his abilities; ſtill leſs in point of education, for he ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland till he was above three years older than C. was at the time of his death.

The inſinuations thrown out by the editor of Chatterton's Miſcellanies, and even by Mr. Warton perhaps againſt the elegant writer at Strawberry-hill, are certainly not founded. To impute Chatterton's death, in 1770, to the perſon, who, in 1768, refuſed

to believe that ſome of his compoſitions had been written 300 years before, were to treat others ſtill more uncharitably, if it be poſſible, than Chatterton has been treated. Mr. Walpole is by no means blameable for the life or the death of Chatterton*.

Has

* Yet even Mr. Walpole cannot help regretting that he was not better acquainted with Chatterton's "fierce and "untameable ſpirit, his conſciouſneſs of ſuperior abilities, "his inattention to wordly diſcretion, his ſcorn of owing "ſubſiſtence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions "of his own genius." ("A letter to the editor of Chatter-"ton's Miſcellanies," printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779) Even he cannot help lamenting that he did not "contri-"bute to reſcue ſuch a ſpirit from itſelf, its worſt enemy." How happens it that, after this, ſuch a writer, no leſs humane than elegant, joins the general cry againſt the morals of Chatterton?

But were, or were not, all the crimes which can be proved againſt this poor boy, any thing more than the univerſal foibles of youth? To perſiſt therefore to charge him with thoſe crimes, is it any thing more than to accuſe him of his youth? And pure ſhould be that mouth of age which ventures ſuch an accuſation; for it may be remembered (the editor proteſts he means not the moſt diſtant application in the preſent day) that when, in the year 1740, on the ſeamen's bill, Mr. Horace Walpole reflected upon the youth of Pitt, that great man replied, he would not undertake to determine whether youth might juſtly be imputed as a reproach; but this he would affirm, that the wretch, whoſe age has only added obſtinacy to

ſtupidity,

Has the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton any thing to urge againſt the vanity or the preſumption of this poor boy? He ſhould ſurely

ſtupidity, is ſurely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deſerves not that his grey hairs ſhould protect him from inſults: that, much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with leſs temptation.—Still, this patron of Oſſian, and rejector of Chatterton, does not heſitate to affirm, *rather harſhly*, that "all of the houſe "of forgery are relations; and that, though it be juſt to "Chatterton's memory to ſay his poverty never made him "claim kindred with the richeſt or the moſt enriching "branches, yet, that his ingenuity in counterfeiting ſtyles, "and, he (W.) *believes*, hands, might eaſily have led him "to thoſe more facile imitations of proſe, promiſſory "notes." But ſurely it ſhould have been remembered, that, in the preface to the firſt edition of the *Caſtle of Otranto*, not a *boy*'s production, we are ſolemnly told it was found in the "library of an ancient catholic family in the "north of England, and was printed at Naples, in the "black letter, in the year 1529;" that we are told, in the preface to the ſecond edition, "the honourable author "flatters himſelf he ſhall appear *excuſable* for having offered "his work to the world under the borrowed perſonage of "a tranſlator." He ſhould not ſo very uncharitably condemn the forgery, whoſe reſpectable example gave a ſanction to it, and might poſſibly ſuggeſt the original idea of it; for, when Chatterton ridicules Mr. W. in the ſtory of "Harry

ſurely have remembered what the Reverend Dr. Joſeph Warton thought proper to tell the world of almoſt all his brother's writings, and even of his own "Ode to Fancy."*

Let me now make you acquainted with the indiſputable hiſtory of this boy till he left Briſtol. As he ſays, in his "ſtory of "Canynge,"

"In all his ſheepen gambols, and child's play,
"At every merry-making, fair, or wake,
"I kenn a purpled light of wiſdom's ray.
"He ate down learning with the waſtle cake.
"As wiſe as any of the aldermen,
"He'd wit enough to make a mayor at ten."

Beattie has hardly been able to invent a more ſtrikingpicture of his minſtrel, than is exhibited of Chatterton in a letter written by his ſiſter, laſt year, to a gentleman who deſired her to recollect every circumſtance con-

"Wildfire," he calls him Baron *Otranto*: and, in the February before Chatterton's deceit began, Mr. W. publiſhed "Hiſtoric doubts on the life and reign of Richard III.", which Chatterton perhaps conſidered as a *bolder* attempt than the creation of Rowley.

The Editor.

* Warton's "Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of "Pope." Cooper. 1756. P. 33, 243, &c.

concerning him, however trifling it might ſeem to her. The letter is lent to me, with many charges of care. Pray be careful of it. In tranſcribing it, you will naturally preſerve the falſe ſpellings and ſtops. Let Chatterton's ſiſter tell her own ſtory in her own way. Sir Horace Warpool, for Mr. H. Walpole, &c. ſtamps authenticity on her artleſs tale. The anxiety ſhown in this letter, to prove that "he was a lover of truth from "the earlieſt dawn of reaſon," is owing to what theſe two poor women (the mother and ſiſter) have heard about deceit, impoſtor, and *forgery*. For Chatterton's ſake, the Engliſh language ſhould add another word to its dictionary; and ſhould not ſuffer the ſame term to ſignify a crime for which a man ſuffers the moſt ignominious puniſhment, and the deception of aſcribing a falſe antiquity of two or three centuries to compoſitions for which the author's name deſerves to live for ever. Suffer me to aſk, what the prudery of our critics would have ſaid, had the ſong to Ælla, or the chorus to Godwin, been produced by Mr. Warton's nephew, or by a relation of Mr. Walpole? Should we then have been ſtunned in this manner

with

with repetitions of impoſtor and forgery? The ſins of the forgery and the impoſtor would then have been boaſted by the child's moſt diſtant relations. Is Lady A. L. accuſed of *forgery* for her "Auld Robin Gray?" Is Macpherſon's name mentioned in the ſame ſentence with this unfeeling word *forgery*, even by thoſe who believe Macpherſon and Oſſian to be the ſame? "When a rich "man ſpeaketh," ſays the ſon of Sirach, "every man holdeth his tongue: and lo! "what he ſays is extolled to the clouds: "but if a poor man ſpeak, they ſay, *What "fellow is this?*"—For the ſame reaſon the letter is careful to mention the copy-book-covers, which Chatterton told Catcott, &c. were, many of them, Rowley's manuſcripts. But you will recollect that the father, by whom theſe manuſcripts are ſaid to have been *cut up* for this purpoſe, was himſelf a bit of a *poet*.

A gentleman, who ſaw theſe two women laſt year, declares that he will not be ſure they might not eaſily have been made to believe that injured Juſtice demanded their lives at Tyburn, for being the mother and ſiſter of him who was ſuſpected to have

forged

forged the poems of Rowley. Such terror had the humanity of certain curious inquirers impreſſed upon their minds, by worrying them to declare the truth, and nothing but the truth, about the *forgery*. Strange-fated Chatterton! Hadſt thou poſſeſſed fewer and leſs eminent abilities, the world would now give thee credit for more and for greater abilities.

With regard to the fact, the mother and ſiſter either believe, or pretend to believe, with the pewterer, that all Rowley's poems came out of the old cheſt in the church. The caſe is, none of the three knows any thing of the matter. Moſt readily I admit that, if Chatterton be an impoſtor (i. e. the wonderful human being I firmly believe him), he impoſed upon every ſoul who knew him. This, with me, is one trait of his greatneſs.

It has been thought that murders and other crimes are pointed out to diſcovery by the finger of Providence. But "God's "revenge againſt murder" is, in fact, only the ſociableneſs of man's diſpoſition. That we may have been wiſely made thus for this purpoſe, among others, I do not deny. But

Tyburn

Tyburn would ſee fewer executions were man a leſs ſociable animal. It is not good for him to be alone. Joy or ſorrow, villainy or otherwiſe; *we muſt have ſociety, we muſt communicate it.* Man, in ſpite of grammar, is a noun adjective. Does any one admire Junius for ſaying that his ſecret ſhould die with him, and for hitherto keeping his word? But this was only ſaying, he would not enlarge the circle of thoſe to whom his ſecret was already known; for, that he was, as he ſays, "the ſole depoſitary of his own ſecret," I cannot think. The original letters were clearly written in a female hand.

Let any man, at any time of life, make an experiment of not communicating to a ſingle individual, during twelve months, a ſingle ſcheme, a ſingle proſpect, a ſingle circumſtance reſpecting himſelf. Let him try how it is to lock up every thing, trifling or ſerious, ſad or merry, within his own ſolitary breaſt. There are eaſier taſks.—This boy did it during his whole life.

Very few ſuch men as John the Painter* have

* Don't ſmile at my lugging in John the Painter, till you conſider how it applies. His ſecrecy was wonderful; yet leſs

have appeared in the world, from whom his ſecret was only ſtolen by the *traiterous* hand of Friendſhip. No ſuch human being as this boy, at any period of life, has ever been known, or poſſibly ever will be known. The Spartan lad was far inferior, and that was the effect of education. Pſalmanaazar and D'Eon are not to be compared with him. That, at his timid and ſociable age, when other children are almoſt afraid to be left alone, Chatterton ſhould wrap his arms round him, ſtand aloof from the whole world, and never lean upon a ſingle individual for ſociety in his ſchemes, is with me almoſt more wonderful than the ſchemes which I firmly believe him, without any aſſiſtance, to have planned and executed. It ſhall make a trait in the character of a general, if he have ſtrength

leſs wonderful than Chatterton's, in exact proportion as his ſecret was more criminal, and went more to his life.—But you will not deny to be *odd* what I know for a fact, that, among his papers, were ſome obſervations on Rowley's poems. If they have not been deſtroyed, they might ſurely be publiſhed. They could not endanger our dock-yards, though written by John the Painter—Can't you give a hint of this kind, ſome day, at your houſe? Moſt probably *he* has them.

ſtrength of mind enough not to communicate his plans to his firſt favourite, till the communication be no longer dangerous. Shall not a boy of eighteen, of ſeventeen, of *ſixteen*, have merit for ſecrecy much more ſingular?

In this letter, from which I will detain you no longer, you will find his ſiſter mentions ſome books which ſhe ſent him to London. She told me that many of them were in languages and in hands (*types* ſhe meant), which ſhe did not underſtand — that they were numerous—and that with them ſhe ſent a catalogue of the books he had read, to the amount of many hundreds.

To this I ſhould add, that, when Chatterton tells the ſtory of *Aſtrea Brokage*, in a letter to the Town and Country Magazine, dated "Briſtol, Jan. 3, 1770,"—at the concluſion, *Aſtrea* writes thus:—"Having told "you I do not like this *uncivilized* Briſto- "lian, you may imagine a *tendreſſe* for ſome "other has made his faults more conſpi- "cuous. You will not be far from the "truth. *A young Author who has read more* "*than Magliabechi*, and wrote more love-

"letters

" letters than Ovid, is continually invo-
" king the Nine to deſcribe me."

In one part of the ſiſter's letter, you will not fail to recollect Dryden, who ſpeaks of the alliance between underſtanding and madneſs.—I am ſure that love and madneſs are near relations.

" Concious, of my own inabilitys to write to a man of letters. And reluctant to engage in the painfull recollection of the particulars of the life of my dear deceaſed brother. together with the ill ſtate of health I've enjoyed ſince it has been required of me, are, Sir, the real cauſes of my not writing ſooner. But I am invited to write as to a friend, inſpired with the ſacred name, I will forget the incorrectneſs of my epiſtel and proceed.

My brother very early diſcover'd a thurſt for prehemi-nence I remember before he was 5 years old he would always preſide over his playmates as their maſter and they his hired ſervants. He was dull in learning not knowing many letters at 4 years old and always objected to read in a ſmall book. He learnt the Alphabet from an old Folio muſick book of father's my mother was then tearing up for waſt paper, the capitals at the beginning of the verſes. I aſſiſted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the ſchool, which was in his 8th year. Except his promiſeing my mother and me a deal of finery when he grew up as a reward of her care. About his 10th year he began (with the trifle my mother allowed him for pocket money) to hire books from the circulating library and we were informed by the uſher made rapid progreſs in arithmatick. Between his 11th and 12th year he

wro'

wrote a caterlogue of the books he had read to the number of 70. Hiſtory and divinity were the chief ſubjects, his ſchool mates informed us he retired to read at the hours allotted for play. At 12 years old he was confirmed by the Biſhop, he made very ſenciable ſerious remarks on the awfullneſs of the ceremony and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this in the week he was door-keeper he made ſome verſes on the laſt day, I think about 18 lines, paraphraſed the 9 chapter of Job and not long after ſome chapters in Iſaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remark'd he was more chearfull after he began to write poetry. Some ſaterical peicis we ſaw ſoon after. His intimates in the ſchool were but few and they ſolid lads and except the next neighbour's ſons I know of none acquaintance he had out. He was 14 the 20th of Novr. and bound apprentice the 1ſt of July following. Soon after his apprenticeſhip he correſponded with one of his ſchool mates that had been his bedfellow, and was I believe bound to a merchhant at New-York. He read a letter at home that he wrote to his friend, a collection of all the hard words in the Engliſh language, and requeſted him to anſwer it. He was a lover of truth from the earlyeſt dawn of reaſon, and nothing would move him ſo much as being bely'd. When in the ſchool we were informed by the uſher, his maſter depended on his verafity on all occations. Till this time he was remarkably indifferent to females. one day he was remarking to me the tendency ſever ſtudy had to ſour the temper and declared he had always ſeen all the ſex with equal indifference but thoſe that nature made dear, he thought of makeing an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood, ſuppoſeing it might ſoften the auſterity of temper ſtudy had ocationd, he wrote a poem to her and they commenced corriſponding acquaintance. About this

time

time the parchments belonging to my father that was left of covering his boys books, my brother carried to the office. He would often ſpeak in great raptures of the undoubted ſucceſs of his plan for future life. He was introduced to Mr. Barret, Mr. Catcot, his ambition increas'd dayly. His ſpirits was rather uneven. ſome times ſo gloom'd that for many days together he would ſay very little and that by conſtraint. At other times exceeding chearfull. When in ſpirits he would injoy his riſing fame. confident of advancement he would promiſe my mother and me ſhould be partakers of his ſucceſs. Mr. Barret lent him many books on ſurgery and I beleive he bought many more as I remember to have packt them up to ſend to him when in London and no demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote ſeveral ſaterical poems. one in the papers on Mr. Catcot's putting the pewter plates in St. Nicholas tower. He began to be univerſally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintance but I am confident but few intimates. At about 17, he became acquainted with Mr. Clayfield, diſtiller in Caſtle-ſtreet, who lent, him many books on aſtronomy. Mr. Cator, likewiſe aſſiſted him with books on that ſubject. from thence he applyd himſelf to that ſtudy. His hours in the office was from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening. He had little of his maſters buſineſs to do. ſometimes not two hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to purſue his genius. He boarded at Mr. Lamberts, but we ſaw him moſt evenings before 9 o'clock and would in general ſtay to the limits of his time which was 10. o'clock. He was ſeldom 2 evenings together without ſeeing us. I had almoſt forgot to add, we had heard him frequently ſay that he found he ſtudied beſt toward the full of the moon and

would

would often ſit up all night and write by moon light.* A few months before he left Briſtol he wrote letters to ſeveral bookſellers in London I believe to learn if there was any probility of his getting an employment there but that I can't affirm as the ſubject was a ſecret at home. He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warpool, and except his corriſpondence with Miſs Rumſey, the girl I before mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the Colledge green with the young girls that ſtatedly paraded there to ſhew their finery. But I realy beleive he was no debauchee (tho ſome have reported it). the dear unhappy boy had faults enough I ſaw with concern. he was proud and exceedingly impetious but that of venality he could not be juſtly accuſed with. Mrs. Lambert informed me not 2 months before he left Briſtol, he had never been once found out of the office in the ſtated hours as they frequently ſent the footman and other ſervants there to ſee Nor but once ſtayd out till 11 o'clock; then he had leave, as we entertained ſome friends at our houſe at Chriſtmas.

Thus Sir have I given you, as before the great ſearcher of hearts the whole truth as far as my memory have been faithfull the particulars of my dear brother. The taſk have been painfull, and for want of earlyer recollection much have been nay the greateſt part have been loſt. My Mother joins with me in beſt reſpects which conclude me,

Sir

Briſtol. Your very humble ſervant,

Somerſetſhire ſquare. Mary Newton."

Sept. 22, 1778.

To

* Bacon (Nat. Hiſt. cent. IX. 894) ſays that "it is "like, the brain of man waxeth moiſter and fuller upon "the full of the moon." The Editor.

To proceed with ſome ſort of regularity, you will next read the earlieſt production of Chatterton which I have been able to find. It is tranſcribed from an old pocket-book in his mother's poſſeſſion. It appears to be his firſt, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven * years and almoſt five months old. It is not the moſt extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the

* Tickell, in the preface to Addiſon's works, ſpeaks of his "account of the greateſt Engliſh poets," printed in the miſcellanies *while he was young*. In the works this poem is dated April, 1694. A friend aſſured me, that he has ſeen it in a miſcellany, with this recommendation, "written by "Mr. Addiſon, *when he was only twenty-ſeven*." Some recommendation is required by a poem which concludes with theſe four lines; (Addiſon's works, 4to. Tonſon, 1721, vol. 1. p. 41.)

I leave the arts of poeſy and verſe
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And ſo, at once, dear friend and muſe, farewell.

Chaulieu, a French poet, aſks indulgence for a little rondeau, becauſe, at the time he wrote it, he was *Poëte* NAISSANT *&* FORT *jeune* (œuvre de Chaulieu, à la Haye, 1777). The apology will hold, if a man be exceedingly young, and a ſucking poet at *forty*, which was Chaulieu's age when he wrote the rondeau in queſtion.

the circumſtance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impoſſible, that he ſhould have met with any aſſiſtance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to ſuſpect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable diſhoneſty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we ſhould be guilty. Suſpicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at leaſt no parent who could correct or aſſiſt him.

This poem appears to have been aimed at ſomebody, who had formerly been a Methodiſt, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the ſexton's ſon) in the eſtabliſhed church. Satire was his fort, if any thing can be called his fort, who excelled in every thing he undertook. Catcott has another later poem of Chatterton's, called, I think, "The Exhibition." The church here alſo ſupplied his indignation with a ſubject. But, as the ſatire is rather ſevere, and the characters are living, Catcott does not permit it to be copied. He has

ſuffered

ſuffered it to be read, and the three following couplets are in different parts of it. At the ſame time that the lines are ſurely not bad, they ſhow that muſic was one of the many things which Chatterton found means to acquire during the few months he lived. He is known to have been muſical. A fact we have upon poetical record only of him and Milton, I believe. They are not lowered in *your* eſtimation on this account.

Chatterton's father had a remarkable turn for muſic. An old female relation ſays that he talked little, was very abſent in company, and uſed very often to walk by the river ſide, talking to himſelf, and flouriſhing his arms about.

The firſt and ſecond couplets which I juſt now mentioned, are in ridicule, the laſt in praiſe, of ſome organiſt.

Sacred to ſleep, in his inverted key,
Dull doleful diapaſons die away.

Whoſe jarring humdrum ſymphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.

He keeps the paſſions with the ſounds in play,
And the ſoul trembles with the trembling key.

The

The *e* in key is, I believe, in the Somerſetſhire pronunciation, *a*.

Now, for the poem.

APOSTATE WILL, BY T. C.

In days of old, when Weſley's power
Gather'd new ſtrength by every hour;
Apoſtate Will, juſt ſunk in trade,
Reſolv'd his bargain ſhould be made:
Then ſtrait to Weſley he repairs,
And puts on grave and ſolemn airs;
Then thus the pious man addreſs'd.
Good Sir, I think your doctrine beſt;
Your ſervant will a Weſley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then inſtruction gave,
How he in this world ſhould behave:
He hears, aſſents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his diſſembling eyes,
How bleſſed is the ſect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this ſect retreat.
He then his circumſtance declar'd,
How hardly with him matters far'd,
Begg'd him next morning for to make
A ſmall collection for his ſake.
The preacher ſaid, Do not repine,
The whole collection ſhall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his buſineſs ſtrait he goes.

His

His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodiſt appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an Apoſtate's ſtill.
He'd oft profeſs an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Weſley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profeſs, with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then——to the Methodiſts, adieu.
A Methodiſt no more he'll be,
The Proteſtants ſerve beſt for *he*.
Then to the curate ſtrait he ran,
And thus addreſs'd the rev'rend man:
I was a Methodiſt, 'tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With juſtice I'd myſelf acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate ſtraitway gave conſent——
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with diſſembled grace.

April 14th, 1764.

Though it may not be the next in order of compoſition, for I ſhall ſend you nothing which is already printed, I ſhall now tranſcribe for you a poem dated 1769; of which Catcott tells, that, talking one day with Chatterton about happineſs, Chatterton ſaid, he had never yet thought on the ſubject, but that he would. The *next day* he brought Catcott theſe lines, and told him they contained his creed of happineſs. There can in this be no deceit; for the pewterer produces the poem, and, in the ſimplicity of his vanity, imagines it to contain a *panegyric* on himſelf.

HAPPINESS. 1769.

Since Happineſs is not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourſelves as happy as we can;
Poſſeſt with fame or fortune, friend or whore,
But think it Happineſs——we want no more.
Hail Revelation! ſphere-envelop'd dame,
To ſome divinity, to moſt a name,
Reaſon's dark-lantern, ſuperſtition's ſun,
Whoſe cauſe myſterious and effect are one——
From thee, ideal bliſs we only trace,
Fair as Ambition's dream, or Bounty's face,
But, in reality, as ſhadowy found
As ſeeming truth in twiſted myſteries bound.

What

What little reſt from over-anxious care
The Lords of Nature are deſign'd to ſhare,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taſte.
The narrow way the prieſt-rid mortals tread,
By ſuperſtitious prejudice miſled.——
This paſſage leads to Heaven—yet, ſtrange to tell!
Another's conſcience finds it leads to Hell.
Conſcience, the ſoul-Camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.——
The bloody ſon of Jeſſe, when he ſaw
That myſtic prieſthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himſelf an ephod to his mind,
And ſought the Lord, and always found him kind.
In murder, * *, cruelty, and luſt,
The Lord was with him, and his actions juſt.

Prieſtcraft, thou univerſal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whoſe feet whole nations fall,
Father of miſery, origin of ſin,
Whoſe firſt exiſtence did with fear begin;
Still ſparing deal thy ſeeming bleſſings out,
Veil thy Elyſium with a cloud of doubt——
Since preſent bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy——
Or, if thy ſons the airy phantoms ſlight,
And dawning Reaſon would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring ſpangle gold,
And, madded in the ſearch of coins and toys,
Eager purſue the momentary joys.

* Catcott is very fond of talk and fame;
His wiſh a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To bear his name, and ſignify his trade,
In pomp burleſqu'd the riſing ſpire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, ſtill purſue
The ſeeming Happineſs thou haſt in view:
Unfiniſh'd chimnies, gaping ſpires compleat,
Eternal fame on oval diſhes beat;
† Ride four-inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnoticed this in proſe or ****,
He left his dinner to aſcend the tower.

Then,

* This pewterer is famous for producing to the world thoſe poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous alſo for aſcending by a rope, with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top ſtone of St. Nicholas church ſpire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this ſingular event. Nor is he leſs famous for paſſing the ſtream, by means of ſome narrow boards (on horſeback, I believe), before the new bridge was completed; that it might be ſaid (with how much propriety Fame muſt decide) that he firſt paſſed the bridge.

† The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains that the foul fiend has "made him proud of heart, to ride "on a high-trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges."—— Shakeſpeare's poor Tom, as well as ours, diſcovered "rea-"ſon in madneſs."

Then, what avails thy anxious ſpitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter ſet thy hand;
Hammer with ev'ry power thou canſt command;
Stamp thy whole ſoul, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimſies, name and phyz——
Then, when the tottering ſpires or chimnies fall,
A Catcott ſhall remain, admir'd by all.

Endo, who has ſome trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Thinks I've more judgement than the whole Reviews,
Becauſe I always compliment his Muſe.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-ſicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his beſt-beloved friend,
Reads me aſleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, ſages—if not ſleep-charm'd by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exerciſe his ſting,
And not inſinuating Flattery ſing?
Is it more natural to torment than pleaſe?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And ſpeak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undiſtinguiſh'd ſnore,
Nor laſh his generoſity to Hoare;
Praiſe him for ſermons of his curate bought,
His eaſy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active ſpirit, ever in diſplay,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;

His ſainted ſoul diſtinguiſhably ſeen,
With all the virtues of a modern Dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taſte,
His miſery in his happineſs has plac'd;
When in ſoft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempeſt of reflection ſtorms the ſoul:
But what would make another man diſtreſt,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtleſs reſt:
No diſappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not ſelf-made——
This character let grey Oxonians ſcan,
* And tell me of what ſpecies he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good Engliſh, if not Latinized; †
In Ariſtotle's ſcale the Muſe he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays;
Vers'd in the myſtic learning of the ſchools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whoſe knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees:
Bleſt with a buſhy wig and ſolemn pace,
Catcott admires him for a foſſile face.

When

* To hold to every man a faithful glaſs,
And ſhow him of what ſpecies he's an aſs.
Prologue to Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife."

† If Rowley did not imitate C. either C. imitated R. or R. and C. are the ſame; for, in the Epiſtle on *Ælla* to Canynge, is this line——

"The Engliſh, him to pleaſe, muſt firſt be Latinized."

When firſt his face of countenance began,
Ere the ſoft down had mark'd him almoſt man,
A ſolemn dullneſs occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wond'rous wiſe:
—But little had ſhe read in Nature's book,
For fools aſſume a philoſophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curſes of mankind belong;
Thou firſt great author of our future ſtate,
Chief ſource of our religion, paſſions, fate:
On every atom of the Doctor's frame
Nature has ſtampt the pedant with his name;
But thou haſt made him (ever waſt thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in duſt the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our Doctor clos'd her ſparkling eyes.
O all ye Powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the uſeleſs bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say, ſhall this leaden ſword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep ſtrike him dead!

But to return—in this wide ſea of thought,
How ſhall we ſteer our notions as we ought?
Content is happineſs, as ſages ſay——
But what's content? The trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy ſuperſtition led aſide*.

* As this Poem is the undoubted production of Chatterton, written upon a ſet ſubject, and probably within the

ſpace of four-and-twenty hours, may the Editor be pardoned for hazarding upon it a few obſervations? The ſubject, worthy as it may yet be of inquiry, is as trite as poſſible; but it was given to him. Now, what ought to have been expected from ſuch a boy? The ſailor wiſhes to be a ſoldier, the ſoldier wiſhes to be a merchant, the merchant wiſhes to be a lawyer, &c. &c. Each of theſe inſtances in three or four couplets, and then three or four more by way of moral, to let us know that all theſe wiſhes are very wrong; even thus much has Horace twice ſhown in his firſt Ode and firſt Satire. On the contrary, how does our lad ſet about his work? The fifty opening lines contain an abſtract propoſition, that want of happineſs is to be attributed to religious terror, and to conſequent prieſtcraft; a falſe, no doubt, but ſurely not a boyiſh idea! And how has he explained it? In verſes as conciſe, as proper, as pointed, and as animated, as have ever graced an Engliſh pen. To quote every ſtriking paſſage, would be to repeat the whole: but though the addreſs to Revelation may have more admirers than approvers, ſurely the two next lines,

"Reaſon's dark-lantern, Superſtition's ſun,
"Whoſe cauſe myſterious and effect are one"——

have a ſtrength and propriety of imagery almoſt unequalled.

"Fair as Ambition's dream, or Bounty's face,"

I quote only for the beauty of the line.

"Conſcience, the ſoul-camelion's varying hue,
"Reflects all notions, to no notion true,"

and the following exemplification, are equal to Dryden's happieſt manner, and, found as an anonymous quotation by a judicious reader, would be thought a part of the

"Abſalom

"Abſalom and Achitophel." Indeed, this whole exordium, without containing a line or thought of imitation, is the very poetry of Dryden revived; the ſame ſtrength of expreſſion, the ſame harmony and majeſty of verſification, and, which is very unuſual with Chatterton, the ſame inaccuracies; ſeveral of which might be pointed out: and this is an additional argument that the poem was written in one day; for all Rowley's works are as free from expletives, weak words, and bad rhymes, as were thoſe of Boileau.

We are now to conſider, that the taſk was ſet by a Pewterer; Chatterton of courſe was to draw his inſtances from the common acquaintance of that Pewterer. With the Pewterer he begins; and the reader will be at no loſs to obſerve how much he has made of ſo contemptible a ſubject: yet Chatterton was aware of the filth in which he groveled, and his ſtyle inſenſibly dropped from the majeſtic careleſſneſs of Dryden to the concinnous accuracy of Pope. The laſt lines, "On matrimonial pewter," &c. are as truly Pope's, as "The bloody ſon of Jeſſe" can be Dryden's.

The next inſtance, of a rhymer's vanity, which has been the common laughing-ſtock of every ſatiriſt, has yet a turn at the concluſion as perfectly new as it is unequalled for elegance and ſprightlineſs;

"To me he flies, his beſt-beloved friend,
"Reads me aſleep, then wakes me to commend."

This idea, like the egg of Columbus, lay in the way of Horace, Juvenal, Perſius, Boileau, Dryden, Pope, and Churchill: yet none as yet had ſtumbled over it. The other inſtances are good, but not ſo ſtriking; and it would be tedious to go through each: the character of Varo muſt alone be mentioned; a man hurried by ſuch a whirlwind

of paſſions, that he is ſerene only in an outward ſtorm; at all other times preys upon and conſumes himſelf. Theſe are the features of Achitophel; and Dryden's lines are known to every body. Let the two characters be compared, or let them be put together, and compoſe one; and then ſee whether Dryden's be weakened by the addition. The concluſion is artfully wound up, and the doctrine drawn from the whole is preciſely that of Lucretius; whom, by the bye, Chatterton ſeems wonderfully to have reſembled, not leſs in poetry, than in that turn of mind which led them both to the ſame ſhocking and culpable cataſtrophe.

It remains only to add, that the Editor, who, without vanity, may avow ſome reading, cannot call to mind a ſingle paſſage in this poem upon ſo hackneyed a ſubject, of which either the thought or expreſſion appears to be borrowed. Beſide the ſtuff contained in the firſt Satire, of which an abſtract has been given, Horace has treated the ſubject in a worthier manner in his Epiſtle to Numicius, which Pope has tranſlated, and Boileau (Epiſt. 5) imitated; but theirs is the happineſs of an old man, the repoſe of the mind, and abſtinence from deſire; Chatterton, though his inſtances be ludicrous, aims to deſcribe the happineſs of activity. For propriety and boldneſs of argument, perſpicuity and animation of ſtyle, I ſhould not ſcruple to compare this poem to either of the three; it falls below them only in the *limæ labor*, and as the production of ſuch a boy, as the production of one day, is not ſo much an event whereon to reaſon, as a miracle.

It is poſſible, I truſt, to admire the lines, without approving the doctrine which they lay

lay down. Wiſer men than Chatterton, and older men than he was in 1769, have been ſufficiently loſt to conviction to maintain ſuch doctrine: and which, I would aſk, is more culpable; he who goes aſtray when he has been directed right, or he who loſes his way when none has had the charity to point it out to him? Again—This boy's religious principles were abominable. Agreed. Whence did he get them? Did nature implant them with the ſeeds of life? Certainly not. They muſt have been ingrafted, tranſplanted. Go, then, to the authors of thoſe books from which he muſt have tranſplanted thoſe poiſonous weeds. There the axe will fall with juſtice.

His ſacred Muſe (for this *profligate* boy had one) ſometimes took leſs exceptionable flights. The original of what follows is in his mother's poſſeſſion.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whoſe thunder ſhakes the ſky;
Whoſe eye this atom globe ſurveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy juſtice praiſe.

The myſtic mazes of thy will,
The ſhadows of celeſtial light,
Are paſt the pow'r of human ſkill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguiſh ſwells the dewy tear,
To ſtill my ſorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodneſs love, thy juſtice fear.

If in this boſom aught but Thee
Incroaching ſought a boundleſs ſway,
Omniſcience could the danger ſee,
And Mercy look the cauſe away.

Then why, my ſoul, doſt thou complain?
Why drooping ſeek the dark receſs?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bleſs.

But ah! my breaſt is human ſtill;
The riſing ſigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The ſickneſs of my ſoul declare.

But yet, with fortitude reſign'd,
Ill thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the ſigh, compoſe my mind,
Nor let the guſh of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my ſinking ſpirit ſteals,
Will vaniſh at the morning light,
Which God, my Eaſt, my Sun, reveals.

Chatterton

Chatterton remained in the attorney's office, at Briſtol, till April, 1770. The life he led there, you may collect from Mrs. Newton's letter. In addition to that, ſhe and her mother relate, that his Sundays were generally ſpent in walking alone, into the country round Briſtol, as far as the day would allow him time to return before night. From theſe excurſions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of ſomething which had ſtruck him. That he had a turn for drawing, you will ſee by the figure of a warrior (perhaps Ælla) preſenting a church on his knee, which ſhall accompany this letter (and you are now a judge of drawing, you know): it was one of his firſt attempts. There are, I believe, better ſpecimens of his ingenuity in this art. That he improved, is evident from his ſketch for Beckford's ſtatue, after he came to town, of which an engraving is prefixed to his Miſcellanies; and which was thought worthy to be engraved for the Town and Country Magazine of the month in which he died.

But any ſingle, ſelf-acquired accompliſhment ceaſes to ſurpriſe, when we recollect his

his other acquiſitions of heraldry, architecture, muſic, aſtronomy, ſurgery, &c. Our ſurpriſe has been long ſince called forth. Had Chatterton, without any inſtruction but reading, writing, and accounts, *before he was* 18, arrived at the ability of *only* putting together, in proſe or in verſe, ſomething which was deemed worth inſertion in the moſt worthleſs Magazine, it would have been ſurpriſing. What maſter would not be aſtoniſhed to diſcover ſuch a talent in a ſervant (grown grey in the acquiſition of it) who had only learnt to read and write? Stephen Duck and others have been lifted to independence, to wealth, for little more. Yet, even the threſher had a friend and inſtructor—without whom, ſays Polymetis Spence, "Stephen muſt have been placed "in the ſame claſs with *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*, "and the young *Hermes* in *Ramſay*'s *Cyrus*; "*the ſtory of whoſe improvements, without any "aſſiſtance, agrees only with romances.*"—— Spence did not live to know Chatterton. But, we may infer, from his lives of *Magliabechi* and *Hill*, that he lived to change his opinion about romances. The author of our exiſtence

exiſtence can alone determine to what he has made his creatures equal.

That Chatterton ſhould acquire particular things, without inſtruction, is not ſingular, ſince it was with him a favourite maxim, that man was equal to *any thing*, and that *every thing* might be acquired by diligence and *abſtinence*. Was a ſtory of this ſort mentioned in his hearing? All boy as he was, he would only obſerve, that the perſon in queſtion merited praiſe; but that "God had ſent his creatures into the world "with arms long enough to reach any "thing, if they would be at the trouble of "extending them." This idea he could not but feel confirmed by what he knew of a Mr. Burgum (I think), Mr. Catcott's partner, who taught himſelf Latin and Greek.

Yet this very Catcott tells us (Monthly Review, May, 1777) that, "*to his certain* "*knowledge, Chatterton*" (who, you remember, in 1768, uſed a *Latin* ſignature to the newspaper) "*underſtood no language but his mother* "*tongue.*" On what was this *certain knowledge* founded? It muſt reſt, ultimately, upon this, that Chatterton had never told him

him he did, had perhaps told him he did not, underſtand any other language. With as much *certainty of knowledge* the ſame aſſertion might have been advanced of Mr. Burgum, before his acquiſitions in languages were known to Mr. Catcott. With as much *certainty of knowledge*, and more appearance of truth, a pewterer of Schwabach might have aſſured the world, that Barretier (*Fugitive Pieces*, printed for Davies, vol. i. 141.) was not, at *nine* years of age, maſter of five languages, and did not, in his *eleventh* year, publiſh a learned letter in Latin, and a tranſlation of a Hebrew book into French; nor add to it, *in one month*, notes that contain, it is ſaid, ſo many curious remarks and inquiries out of the common road of learning, and afford ſo many inſtances of penetration, judgement, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page ſome reaſon to perſuade him they cannot poſſibly be the work of a child; but of a man long accuſtomed to theſe ſtudies, enlightened by reflexion, and dextrous by long practice in the uſe of books. Greater men than Catcott might profit by the juſt obſervations of Barretier's biographer, that "incredulity may

"perhaps

" perhaps be the product rather of preju-
" dice than reaſon—that *envy may beget a*
" *diſinclination to admit immenſe ſuperiority*
" —that an account is not to be imme-
" diately cenſured as falſe, merely becauſe
" it is wonderful."

How qualified Catcott is to ſeparate wonderful from falſe, we may judge from his own mouth. In the Monthly Review for May, 1777, he formally tells the world, that Chatterton *could be little more than* 15 when he gave him the Briſtow Tragedy, the Ode to Ælla, and the two or three little pieces which he firſt produced. A few lines further of this account, he tells us how abſurd it would be, to ſuppoſe that *a lad of* 15 could forge Rowley. In the Gentleman's Magazine for Auguſt, 1778, this conſcientious pewterer ſigns his name to a letter, which thus attacks Warton's ſecond volume of Engliſh Poetry.

" Page 141, He (W.) ſays Chatterton was 17 years old when he firſt produced the poems to me. He was *but juſt turned of* 15. He was born November 20th, 1752, and he *gave* me the poems *in the beginning of the year* 1768. He had then the tonſure on his head, being juſt come from Mr. Colſton's charity-ſchool. By thus miſrepreſenting the

year

year of his age, in which he mentions moſt of the poems which have ſince appeared as being then in his poſſeſſion, two years are gained; *an interval of time which might give colour of probability to the (I muſt ſay) otherwiſe very improbable ſuppoſition of Chatterton's being the author of the works aſcribed to Rowley.*"

In the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1778, Mr. Catcott writes thus to the Printer, and talks rather differently about this *interval of time*, and its conſequence.

"I lately received a letter from London, charging me with an inconſiſtency in my account of the time in which I *firſt* became acquainted with young Chatterton. In mine of laſt month, I ſaid it commenced the *beginning of the year*: I now recollect it was about three weeks, or *perhaps a month*, ſubſequent to the publication in Felix Farley's Briſtol Journal, dated the 1ſt of October, 1768, reſpecting the ceremonies uſed in opening the old bridge; conſequently, *it could not have been till the latter end of the year: but, in my opinion, it is matter of little moment as to the preciſe time in which we became acquainted*, as it will not add a ſingle minute to his life, and, of courſe, *not the leaſt degree of credibility to the ſuppoſition of his being the author of the poems attributed to Rowley.*"

So that, ſuppoſing Catcott to tell the truth at laſt (and his "*perhaps a month*" may be *perhaps* two months; and probably "*about*

"*about three weeks, or perhaps a month,*" intervened between the *firſt* acquaintance, and the communication of the poems), Chatterton, inſtead of being a lad of 15 when he produced the firſt of Rowley's poems, was, on the 20th of the month ſubſequent to the publication in Farley's Journal, 16; for he was born in November, 1752. They, at leaſt, who tell us of Chatterton's ſhocking impoſitions, ſhould not themſelves impoſe upon us about Chatterton. It is pleaſant enough that every thing like argument in Catcott reſts on Rowley's own evidence of his own exiſtence. Theſe are Rowley's poems, becauſe Rowley, "*in a manuſcript of* "*his own writing,*" produced by Chatterton, ſays that he depoſited poems in the cheſt, out of which Chatterton ſaid that he had theſe poems. Theſe poems were written three hundred years ago, becauſe the ode to Ælla, produced by Chatterton, is written in long lines like a proſe compoſition, as was uſual three hundred years ago, when parchment was ſcarce. (Monthly Review, May, 1777.)

But if Chatterton invented Rowley's poems, he invented alſo the other manuſcripts in which thoſe poems are mentioned.

If

If Chatterton compoſed the ode to Ælla, it was ſurely leſs difficult to write it on parchment, "in lines not kept diſtinct, in "the manner of proſe," as was uſual in Rowley's age, than to be the author of it! But, ſays Mr. Catcott——

"With reſpect to the antiquity of theſe poems, it "needs only to be obſerved, that Mr. Canynge, the "great friend and patron of Rowley, died in the year "1474; and by his *will*, directed that *theſe, together "with a vaſt collection of other writings, ſufficient to fill "three or four large cheſts, ſhould be depoſited in Redcliſt "church*, in the room before mentioned; *requeſting that "the mayor and chief magiſtrates of the city, attended by the "town-clerk, together with the miniſter and churchwardens "of the pariſh*, would annually inſpect the ſame, and ſee "that every thing was carefully preſerved: ordering, "moreover, that

"An ENTERTAINMENT (Catcott himſelf gives this paſſage in Capitals) SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD." (Monthly Review, May, 1777.)

If this be ſo, it is, to be ſure, tolerably concluſive. But how ſtands the matter, if there ſhould not be *a ſingle ſyllable of truth in the whole paſſage?—Every word*, except perhaps the date of his death, is falſe. Rowley's name is not once mentioned in the will. It makes juſt as much mention of "three or

"four

"four large cheſts" of Rowley, as of Oſſian; or of three or four large cheſts of Catcott's pewter. See Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, Vol. II. 159.

Whence did Mr. Catcott get this *formal* ſtory? Certainly, either from Chatterton, or from ſome of Chatterton's friend Rowley's manuſcripts. But, ſays Mr. Catcott (Gentleman's Magazine, Auguſt, 1778), it is true that what I told the world is *not true*—all this is *not mentioned in Canynge's will.* It is however mentioned "in "a deed in Mr. Barrett's hand" (produced by Chatterton); "and, *what is more*, men-"tion is there made of a particular portion "of Mr. Canynge's eſtates ſet apart to de-"fray the expences of an entertainment on "that occaſion, and the cheſt itſelf is moſt "particularly deſcribed." Catcott adds, "if Chatterton had ſeen this deed, he could "not have read it, it being written in "Latin, of which he was, *to my knowledge*, "*totally ignorant.*" To cut the matter ſhort at once, he had better tell us that, to *his knowledge*, Chatterton did not write a ſyllable of Rowley; and there would be an end of the buſineſs—with thoſe at leaſt who believe

believe in Catcott's infallibility. But, unluckily, next to Chatterton, Catcott is the man leaſt to be believed. What a proper perſon did Chatterton's judgement ſelect for his deception! Yet, this is he with whom we are told (Monthly Review, May, 77) Mr. Hale, the late Lord Lyttelton, Lord Camden, Mr. Harris, the Dean of Clogher, and Dr. Mills, have all agreed in opinion. If it be ſo, is not this the blind leading the *blind?

But, to return from Catcott's *contradictions*. How very ſtrongly the idea, that a human being may accompliſh any thing, had taken poſſeſſion of Chatterton, one of his letters will convince you. He deſires, you

* *All* that has hitherto (to the date of this letter by Mr. H. to Miſs R.) appeared in print on the ſubject of Rowley, or of Chatterton, is contained in the Monthly Reviews for April, May, and June, 1777 (the Critical gives extracts, but no opinion); in the Gentleman's Magazines for May, June, July, Auguſt, and September, 1777; and Auguſt and September, 1778; in the 2d Vol. of Warton, Section viii. and the additions to pages 148, 153, 156, and 164, at the end of the volume; in Mr. Walpole's letter; and, of courſe, in Rowley's poems, and Chatterton's miſcellanies.

you will ſee, his ſiſter to improve herſelf in copying muſic, drawing, and *every thing which requires genius*; as if genius were no leſs common to man and woman, than a pair of eyes or a noſe. He gave all his fellow creatures credit for what he felt ſo plainly himſelf.

When Voltaire tells us, in his hiſtory of Charles XII. that, on ſuch a day, Charles quitted Stockholm, *to which he never returned*, we are intereſted enough, even in ſuch a ſavage, to feel ſomething like concern. In April, 1770, Chatterton for ever quitted Briſtol (from which place he never had before been abſent further than he could walk in half a Sunday, and to which place he never returned), to try his fortune in London.—Hear him now tell his own ſtory; and mark how regularly, but how rapidly, his method improves.

LETTER I.

Dear Mother, London, April 26, 1770.

Here I am, ſafe, and in high ſpirits—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unneceſſary. After riding in the baſket to Briſſington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid eaſy; and agreeably entertained with the converſation

converſation of a quaker *in dreſs*, but little ſo in perſonal and behaviour. This laughing friend, who is a carver, lamented his having ſent his tools to Worceſter, as otherwiſe he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty faſt, I entered an inſide paſſenger to Speenhamland, the half-way ſtage, paying ſeven ſhillings. 'Twas lucky I did ſo, for it ſnowed all night, and on Marlborough downs the ſnow was near a foot high.

At ſeven in the morning I breakfaſted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honeſt gee-ho complimented me with aſſuring me, that I ſat bolder and tighter than any perſon who ever rid with him—Dined at Stroud moſt luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had ſlept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whoſe ſchool-boy ſon had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windſor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

Got into London about 5 o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodſley. Great encouragment from them; all approved of my deſign;—ſhall ſoon be ſettled.——Call upon Mr. Lambert; ſhew him this, or tell him, if I deſerve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one--if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me.* Seen all

* An anecdote, leſs authentic and leſs ſtriking than this, in the courſe of a long life, ſhall confer immortality, and afford ſubject for eternal panegyrics. Recollect the age and the ſituation of Chatterton at this time.

The

all aunts, couſins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wenſley is alive, and coming home.—Siſter, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember.—I remain,

Your dutiful ſon,

T. Chatterton.

The Editor takes the liberty of adding to this note of Mr. H. by obſerving, that, when Mr. Walpole wrote Chatterton word he wanted faith about the ancient poems he had received, Chatterton maintained their genuineneſs, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman; when Mr. W. went to France without returning them, the ſame ſpirit which led him to write thus to his mother, led him to demand his poems in a haughtier ſtyle of Mr. W. on his return to England, and to write him word, that "he would not have "*dared* to uſe him ſo ill, if he had not acquainted him with "the narrowneſs of his circumſtances." This Mr. W. calls "*ſingularly impertinent*."

Let me aſk what treatment Mr. W. would expect from an equal to whom he ſhould tacitly refuſe to return ſomething which had been lent? Let me aſk again, what elſe could be expected from the foreneſs which always accompanies (eſpecially when in want) "that conſciouſneſs of "ſuperior abilities," to which even Mr. W. cannot refuſe applauſe?

LETTER II.

Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

Dear Mother,

I am ſurpriſed that no letter has been ſent in anſwer to my laſt. I am ſettled, and in ſuch a ſettlement as I would deſire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: ſhall engage to write a Hiſtory of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that ſum. Occaſional eſſays for the daily papers would more than ſupport me. What a glorious proſpect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings ſince I firſt correſponded with the bookſellers here. I ſhall viſit him next week, and by his intereſt will inſure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-Houſe. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expreſſed a deſire to know the author. By the means of another bookſeller I ſhall be introduced to Townſhend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unneceſſary; an author carries his character in his pen. My ſiſter will improve herſelf in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Briſtol's mercenary walls were never deſtined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how ſuperior is London to that deſpicable place Briſtol!—Here is none of your little meanneſſes, none of your mercenary ſecurities, which diſgrace that miſerable hamlet.—Dreſs, which is in Briſtol an eternal fund of ſcandal, is here only introduced as a ſubject of praiſe: if a man dreſſes well, he has taſte; if careleſs, he has his own reaſons for ſo doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contraſt? The poverty of authors is a common obſervation,

ſervation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who underſtands the arts of bookſellers—Without this neceſſary knowledge, the greateſt genius may ſtarve; and, with it, the greateſt dunce live in ſplendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant man of war, in which T. Wenſley went out, is at Portſmouth; but no news of him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmſley's beſt rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other ſide, and give them to the perſons for whom they are deſigned, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, yours, &c.

T. Chatterton.

P. S. I have ſome trifling preſents for my mother, ſiſter Thorne, &c.

Sunday morning.

For Mr. T. CARY.

I have ſent you a taſk. I hope no unpleaſing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's Magazine. When you have any thing for publication, ſend it to me, and it ſhall moſt certainly appear in ſome periodical compilation. Your laſt piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the conſiderations in the acknowledgements. But I reſcued it, and inſiſted on its appearance.

Your friend,

T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row.

Mr. Henry Kator.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row—ſhall find a place in ſome Magazine, or other; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,

T. Chatterton.

Mr. William Smith.

When you have any poetry for publication, ſend it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row, and it ſhall moſt certainly appear.

Your friend,

T. C.

Mrs. Baker.

The ſooner I ſee you the better—ſend me as ſoon as poſſible Rymſdyk's Addreſs.

(Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-ſtreet.)

Mr. Mason.

Give me a ſhort proſe deſcription of the ſituation of Naſh—and the poetic addition ſhall appear in ſome Magazine. Send me alſo whatever you would have publiſhed, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-houſe, Pater-noſter-row.

Your friend,

T. Chatterton.

Mr.

Mr. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Meaſe's pardon for making public uſe of his name lately——I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magaine for the future.

T. Chatterton.

TELL——

Mr. Thaire	Mr. Rudhall	Mr. Ward
Mr. Gaſter	Mr. Thomas	Mr. Kalo
Mr. A. Broughton	Mr. Carty	Mr. Smith, &c. &c.
Mr. J. Broughton	Mr. Hanmor	
Mr. Williams	Mr. Vaughan	

to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

LETTER III.

King's Bench, for the preſent, May 14, 1770.

Dear Madam,

Don't be ſurpriſed at the name of the place. I am not here as a priſoner. Matters go on ſwimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain perſons, they have ſet his creditors upon him, and he is ſafe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: His ſucceſſors in the Freeholder's Magazine, knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the Houſe of Lords, ſentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little ſervice. Laſt week, being in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard taſk to me) with a young

gentleman in Cheapſide; partner in a muſic ſhop, the greateſt in the city. Hearing I could write, he deſired me to write a few ſongs for him: this I did the ſame night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. Theſe he ſhowed to a Doctor in Muſic, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a compoſer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!*—Beſides the advantage of viſiting theſe expenſive and polite places, gratis; my vanity will be fed with the ſight of my name in copper-plate, and my ſiſter will receive a bundle of printed ſongs, the words by her brother. Theſe are not all my acquiſitions: a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I ſpeak no tongue but my own!——But to return once more to a place I am ſickened to write of, Briſtol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of ſervitude killed me: now I have that for my labour, I always reckoned the firſt of my pleaſures, and have ſtill, my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I underſtand ſo little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert muſt draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mention. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my couſin does very well.

I will get ſome patterns worth your acceptance; and wiſh you and my ſiſter would improve yourſelves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquiſition.——My box ſhall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, ſend them; and particularly * Catcott's Hutchinſonian jargon on the Deluge, and the M.S. Gloſſary, compoſed of

* The pewterer's brother, a clergyman in Briſtol.

of one ſmall book, annexed to a larger.——My ſiſter will remember me to Miſs Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are ſo many pretty milleners, &c. that I have almoſt forgot myſelf.——Carty will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly ſtarve by it; but he muſt have luck indeed, who can live by it.——Miſs Rumſey, if ſhe comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to ſend me her addreſs.——London is not Briſtol—We may patrole the town for a day, without raiſing one whiſper, or nod of ſcandal.—If ſhe refuſes, the curſe of all antiquated virgins light on her: may ſhe be refuſed, when ſhe ſhall requeſt! Miſs Rumſey will tell Miſs Baker, and Miſs Baker will tell Miſs Porter, that Miſs Porter's favoured humble ſervant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet ſays, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young huſband, ſhe muſt put up with an old bedfellow. I left Miſs Singer, I am ſorry to ſay it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.——But mum—Aſk Miſs Sukey Webb the reſt; if ſhe knows, ſhe'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the ſecret; but when the knot is faſtened, ſhe ſhall know how I came by it.—Miſs Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody elſe: I hope ſhe is well; and if that whining, ſighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finiſhed his languiſhing lectures, I hope ſhe will ſee her amoroſo next Sunday.—If Miſs Love has no objection to having a crambo ſong on her name publiſhed, it ſhall be done.—Begging pardon of Miſs Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can aſſure her it has happened without my conſent. I did not give her this aſſurance when in Briſtol, leſt it ſhould ſeem like an attempt to avoid

the anger of her *furious* brother*. Inquire, when you can, how Miſs Broughton received her billet. Let my ſiſter ſend me a journal of all the tranſactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miſs Watkins know, that the letter ſhe made herſelf ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the ſame name. I promiſed, before my departure, to write to ſome hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diverſion, which is as abſolutely neceſſary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you. As to † Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber ſo low, that I believe an author, in their eſtimation, muſt

* Excuſe my impertinence in pointing out to you this unaffected trait of courage.

† Yet are we continually peſtered with the obligations of the literary world to Mr. Barrett. Every publication which ſpeaks of Chatterton, even Mr. Warton's quarto Hiſtory, is made a hand-bill to advertiſe the public, that Mr. Barret "is engaged in writing the Antiquities of Briſtol."—Nay, in the Preface to Rowley's Poems, printed by Payne, though the very paſſage to which this note refers be inſerted, p. ix. but *without the names*; we are told afterwards, p. xi. that this *low rater of literary lumber* "intends "to publiſh, in his Hiſtory of Briſtol, which the editor "has the ſatisfaction to inform the public is very far advanced, *a Diſcourſe on Briſtowe*, with ſuch remarks as he "*of all men living is beſt qualified to make.*" We are told before (p. vi.) that to "the *very laudable zeal* of Mr. "Catcott" (another of theſe low raters of literary lumber) "the public is indebted for the moſt conſiderable part of "the following collection."——Precious dictators of public gratitude!

muſt be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwiſe; had Rowley been a Londoner, inſtead of a Briſtowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.——In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any perſons in Briſtol: one, indeed, has obliged me; but, as moſt do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation*.—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I ſhall: but, as I had the happy art of pleaſing in converſation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correſpondence under ſuch circumſtances, would be ridiculous. Let my ſiſter improve in copying muſic, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Briſtol's mercantile ſtyle thoſe things may be uſeleſs, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.——Inform Mr. Rhiſe that nothing ſhall be wanting, on my part, in the buſineſs he was ſo kind as to employ me in; ſhould be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or ſpend the reſt of his days, ſafe, on dry ground.——Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford, relative to the Trinity-Houſe; but his Grace is dangerouſly ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the ſtate of health I left her in. I am Miſs Webb's humble ſervant. Thorne ſhall not be forgot, when I remit the ſmall trifles to you. Notwithſtanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garſed's addreſs, through the cloſeneſs of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily ſtumbled upon it this morning.

I remain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Monday Evening. Thomas Chatterton.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmſley's, at Shoreditch—only.)

* Will any one ſtill talk of the *very laudable zeal* of any Briſtol gentleman?

LETTER IV.

Tom's Coffee-houſe, London, May 30, 1770.

Dear Siſter,

There is ſuch a noiſe of buſineſs and politicks in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excuſable. My preſent profeſſion obliges me to frequent places of the beſt reſort. To begin with, what every female converſation begins with, dreſs: I employ my money now in fitting myſelf faſhionably, and getting into good company; this laſt article always brings me in intereſt. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed), who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookſelling branches: I ſhall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worſe accommodations, would be 50l. per annum. I ſhall have, likewiſe, no inconſiderable premium; and aſſure yourſelf every month ſhall end to your advantage: I will ſend you two ſilks this ſummer; and expect, in anſwer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother ſhall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous Hiſtory of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political eſſays, oblige me to go to the Coffee-houſe, I ſhall be able to ſerve you the more by it: but it will neceſſitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all diſagreeable journeys, and not to me expenſive. The Manuſcript Gloſſary, I mentioned in my laſt, muſt not be omitted. If money flowed as faſt upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5000l. You have, doubtleſs, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonſtrating and addreſſing the King: but it will be a piece of news, to inform you

that

that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occaſion. Having addreſſed an eſſay to his Lordſhip, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deſerved; and I waited on his Lordſhip, to have his approbation, to addreſs a ſecond letter to him, on the ſubject of the remonſtrance, and its reception. His Lordſhip received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The reſt is a ſecret——But the devil of the matter is, there's no money to be got of this ſide the queſtion. Intereſt is of the other ſide. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both ſides. I believe I may be introduced (and, if I am not, I'll introduce myſelf) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an Eaſt-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways deſpicable; but I ſhall not take a ſtep to the ſea, whilſt I can continue on land. I went yeſterday to Woolwich, to ſee Mr. Wenſley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleaſing ſight, if we bar reflection, and do not conſider how much miſchief it may do. Greenwich Hoſpital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only ſtructures which could reconcile me to any thing out of the Gothic*. Mr. Carty will hear from me ſoon: multiplicity of literary buſineſs muſt be my excuſe.—I condole with him, and my dear Miſs Sandford, in the misfortune of Mrs. Carty: my phyſical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as poſſible. Nor is this laſt preſcription the whim of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the ſun is in the ſummer ſigns, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this ſympathetic effect, that the head-ach is general in ſummer. But, above all,

* Is this a letter of Chatterton or *Rowley*?

talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of ſervice. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday laſt, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and adviſing the corporation, or veſtry of Redcliſt, to procure a more compleat view of Redcliſt church? My compliments to Miſs Thatcher: if I am in love, I am; though the devil take me, if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may addreſs her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt ſhe reveres; "If you had not ploughed with my heifer" (or bullock rather), "you had not found out my riddle." Humbly thanking Miſs Rumſey for her complimentary expreſſion, I cannot think it ſatisfactory. Does ſhe, or does ſhe not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the leaſt doubt but ſhe will in a little time.

Eſſay-writing has this advantage, you are ſure of conſtant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author inquired after, you may bring the bookſellers to your own terms. Eſſays on the patriotic ſide fetch no more than what the copy is ſold for. As the patriots themſelves are ſearching for a place, they have no gratuities to ſpare. So ſays one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name, but no pelf:
Till, ſtarv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myſelf.
Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to ſet them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

On

—On the other hand, unpopular eſſays will not even be accepted; and you muſt pay to have them printed: but then you ſeldom loſe by it. Courtiers are ſo ſenſible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it. To return to private affairs---Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publiſh the Goſpel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any ſent to Briſtol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodiſtical, and unmeaning. With the uſual ceremonies to my mother, and grandmother; and ſincerely, without ceremony, wiſhing them both happy; when it is my power to make them ſo, they ſhall be ſo; and with my kind remembrance to Miſs Webb, and Miſs Thorne; I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

Thomas Chatterton.

P. S. I am this minute pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a Hackney-coach. ———I am quite in love: if my love laſts till that time, you ſhall hear of it in my next.

LETTER V.

June 19, 1770.

Dear Siſter,

I have an horrid cold——The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleaſure than the circumſtance itſelf. As I wrote very late Sunday night (or

(or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have gone to bed pretty ſoon laſt night: when, being half undreſſed, I heard a very doleful voice, ſinging Miſs Hill's favorite bedlamite ſong. The hum-drum of the voice ſo ſtruck me, that though I was obliged to liſten a long while before I could hear the words, I found the ſimilitude in the ſound. After hearing her with pleaſure drawl for above half an hour, ſhe jumped into a briſker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous ſong, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been ſatyrized.——"I put "my hand into a buſh: I prick'd my finger to the bone: "I ſaw a ſhip ſailing along: I thought the ſweeteſt "flowers to find:" and other pretty flowery expreſſions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray.——I now ran to the window, and threw up the ſaſh; reſolved to be ſatisfied, whether or no it was the identical Miſs Hill, *in propria perſona*.——But, alas! it was a perſon whoſe twang is very well known, when ſhe is awake, but who had drank ſo much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know), that ſhe was now ſinging herſelf aſleep. This ſomnifying liquor had made her voice ſo like the ſweet echo of Miſs Hill's, that if I had not conſidered that ſhe could not ſee her way up to London, I ſhould abſolutely have imagined it hers——There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more buſy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

This part of the letter, for ſome lines, is not legible.

. . . . . the morning) from Marybone gardens; I ſaw the fellow in the cage at the watch-houſe, in the pariſh of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one

one of Cupid's inns of Court.——There was one ſimilitude it would be injuſtice to let ſlip. A drunken fiſhman, who ſells ſouſe mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all twopenny ordinaries; as his beſt commodity, his ſalmon, goes off at three halfpence the piece: this itinerant merchant, this moveable fiſh-ſtall, having likewiſe had his doſe of bob-royal, ſtood ſtill for a while; and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, faſt aſleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's ſong of

"Says Plato, who oy oy oy ſhould man be vain?"

However, my entertainment, though ſweet enough in itſelf, has a diſh of ſour ſauce ſerved up in it; for I have a moſt horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are ſo many noſtrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a diſtemper, he can be cured ſo cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind ſome ſcenes of laughter, you have loſt your ideas of riſibility.

LETTER VI.

Dear Mother,

I ſend you in the box—

Six cups and ſaucers, with two baſons, for my ſiſter. If a china tea-pot and cream-pot is, in your opinion, neceſſary, I will ſend them; but I am informed they are unfaſhionable,

faſhionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in uſe.

A cargo of patterns for yourſelf, with a ſnuff-box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the ſilver one is more grave than the other, which would ſuit my ſiſter beſt. But that I leave to you both.

Some Britiſh-herb ſnuff in the box:—be careful how you open it. (This I omit, leſt it injure the other matters.) Some Britiſh-herb tobacco for my grandmother, with a pipe. Some trifles for Thorne. Be aſſured, whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to teſtify, that I remember you.

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 8, 1770.

N. B. I ſhall foreſtall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Chriſtmas.

I could have wiſhed you had ſent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twiſted pipes* for my grandmother; but, both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, leſt

* It has been the frequent complaint of poets, that their eyes, "in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to "earth, from earth to heaven," muſt be ſometimes fixed on worldly matters; muſt now and then ſubmit to ſettle an account, or to caſt up a waſherwoman's bill. What ſhall we ſay of this *unprincipled*, *profligate* boy, who could paſs ſo regularly from the beauties of the head, to the beauties of the

leſt they ſhould break in the box, and, being looſe, injure the china. Have you heard any thing further of the clearance? Direct for me, at Mrs. Angel's, ſack maker, Brook-ſtreet, Holborn.

LETTER VII.

Dear Siſter,

I have ſent you ſome china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am ſurpriſed that you choſe purple and gold. I went into the ſhop to buy it: but it is the moſt diſagreeable colour I ever ſaw—dead, lifeleſs, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your anſwer in this affair will oblige me. Be aſſured, that I ſhall ever make your wants, my

the heart; from the muſe of fire, to the domeſtic deity; from the chorus to Godwin or Ælla, to a tea-pot for his mother and a tobacco-pipe for his grand-mother? Pſalmanaazar, with all his methodiſm, does not even pretend to have ever inquired after his parents; though he might, without danger of diſcovery, have relieved their neceſſities. Chatterton's affection more than kept pace with his villainy (that's the charitable word, I think): nor does he ever mention a new proſpect, without accompanying it with a new promiſe of what his mother and ſiſter might expect from it. Who can read theſe letters without reflecting, that this profligate and unprincipled villain might have reſiſted a little longer, might, perhaps, have conquered, want and hunger, had he ſent fewer unneceſſary preſents to his mother, ſiſter, and grandmother!

my wants; and ſtretch to the utmoſt to ſerve you. Remember me to Miſs Sandford, Miſs Rumſey, Miſs Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As to the ſongs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the ſeaſon's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces laſt month in the following Magazines:

Goſpel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.

Maria Friendleſs.
Falſe Step.
Hunter of Oddities.
To Miſs Buſh, &c.

Court and City. London. Political Regiſter, &c. &c.

The Chriſtian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying——I remain,

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 11, 1770.

LETTER VIII.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finiſhed, will purchaſe you a gown. You may be certain of ſeeing me before the 1ſt of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almoſt all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an univerſal acquaintance:—my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myſelf to go into a compter, could

could have had twenty places before now:—but I muſt be among the great; ſtate matters ſuit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of buſineſs now, and muſt therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me ſoon——and more to the purpoſe.*

Yours,

T. C.

20th July, 1770.

During the period in which theſe letters were written, Chatterton produced many of the things printed in the volume of his Miſcellanies. One paſſage I will be at the trouble of copying, becauſe it ſhows the acuteneſs of his mental ſight, which could plainly diſtinguiſh each varying ray of excellence, and ſee blots even in the ſun from which his genius ſprung, and which it worſhipped.

"But,

* The publick may be *aſſured* of the authenticity of theſe letters, and of *every thing* which is related of this boy. All the originals of his letters here printed, except the original of this *laſt*, are in the poſſeſſion of his mother, or ſiſter, who, I believe, are ſtill living in Briſtol, and keep little day-ſchools. The original of this (they received no more, he died on the 24th of the next month), his mother ſuffered to be retained as a curioſity.

The Editor.

"But, alas! happineſs is of ſhort duration; or, to ſpeak in the language of the high-ſounding Oſſian, Behold! thou art happy; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be miſerable. Thou art as eaſy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be tumbled and toſſed by misfortunes, like the ſtream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the Cathedral of Canterbury; but ſoon wilt thou be deformed like Chineſe palace-paling. So the ſun, riſing in the Eaſt, gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rock dance, and all nature joins in the ſong. But ſee! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noiſy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour; and the dripping ſwain flies over the mountains, ſwift as Bickerſtaff, the ſon of ſong, when the monſter *Bumbaiiano*, keeper of the dark and black cave, purſued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men.——O, Oſſian! immortal genius! what an invocation could I make now! But I ſhall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff*, and ſpin out the thread of my adventures." Town and Country Magazine, July, 1770. p. 375.

* This alludes, I conclude, to "Critical Obſervations" by W. Duff, A. M. 8vo. 5s. Becket—publiſhed in June, 1770. Mr. D. admits but three original geniuſes in poetry, Homer, Oſſian, and Shakeſpeare.—Would not Chatterton complete the triumvirate better than Oſſian?

Of

Of courſe I have been a little curious after the ſhort part of his life which he ſpent in town. By his letters you ſee that he lodged firſt in Shoreditch; afterwards (when his employments made it neceſſary for him to frequent public places, I ſuppoſe) in Brook-ſtreet, Holborn. The man and woman where he firſt lodged are ſtill living in the ſame houſe. He is a plaiſterer. They, and their nephew and niece (the latter about as old as Chatterton would be now, the former three years younger), and Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the houſe, and deſired them to let Chatterton (her relation) lodge there alſo, have been ſeen. The little collected from them you ſhall have in their own words. But the life he led did not afford them many opportunities to obſerve him, could they have imagined that ſuch a being was under the ſame roof with them, or that they would be aſked for their obſervations upon him, after an interval of ſo many years.

Mrs. Ballance ſays he was as proud as Lucifer. He very ſoon quarrelled with her for calling him "Couſin *Tommy*," and aſked her if ſhe ever heard of a poet's being called *Tommy*: But ſhe aſſured him that ſhe knew

knew nothing of poets, and only wiſhed he would not ſet up for a gentleman. Upon her recommending it to him to get into ſome office, when he had been in town two or three weeks, he ſtormed about the room like a madman, and frightened her not a little, by telling her, that he hoped, with the bleſſing of God, very ſoon to be ſent priſoner to the Tower; which would make his fortune.

He would often look ſtedfaſtly in a perſon's face, without ſpeaking, or ſeeming to ſee the perſon, for a quarter of an hour or more, till it was quite frightful; during all which time (ſhe ſuppoſes, from what ſhe has ſince heard), his thoughts were gone about ſomething elſe. When Beckford died, he was perfectly frantic, and out of his mind; and ſaid that he was ruined. He frequently declared, that he ſhould ſettle the nation before he had done: but how could ſhe think that her poor couſin Tommy was ſo great a man as ſhe now finds he was? His mother ſhould have written word of his greatneſs, and then, to be ſure, ſhe would have humoured the gentleman accordingly.

Mr.

Mr. Walmſley obſerved little in him, but that there was ſomething manly and pleaſing about him, and that he did not diſlike the wenches.

Mrs. W.'s account is, that ſhe never ſaw any harm of him—that he never *miſliſted* her; but was always very civil, whenever they met in the houſe by accident—that he would never ſuffer the room, in which he uſed to read and write, to be ſwept, becauſe, he ſaid, poets hated brooms—that ſhe told him ſhe did not know any thing *poet folks* were good for, but to ſit in a dirty cap and gown in a garret, and at laſt to be ſtarved—that, during the nine weeks he was at her houſe, he never ſtaid out after the family hours, except once, when he did not come home all night, and had been, ſhe heard, *poeting* a ſong about the ſtreets.—This night, Mrs. Ballance ſays, ſhe knows he lodged at a relation's, becauſe Mr. Walmſley's houſe was ſhut up when he came home.

The niece ſays, for her part, ſhe always took him more for a mad boy than any thing elſe, he would have ſuch flights and *vagaries* —that, but for his face, and her knowledge of his age, ſhe ſhould never have thought him

a boy,

a boy, he was ſo manly, and *ſo much himſelf* —that no women came after him, nor did ſhe know of any connexion; but ſtill, that he was a ſad rake, and terribly fond of women, and would ſometimes be ſaucy to her—that he ate, what he choſe to have, with his relation (Mrs. Ballance), who lodged in the houſe; but that he never touched meat, and drank only water, and ſeemed to live on the air.

Did not I ſend you ſome beautiful French lines laſt year from Ireland? Chatterton's muſe had the ſame effect as Robin's miſtreſs—

Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maiſgres repas.

The niece adds, that he was good-tempered, and agreeable, and obliging, but ſadly proud and haughty: nothing was too good for him; nor was any thing to be too good for his grandmother, mother, and ſiſter, hereafter—that he had *ſuch a proud ſpirit* as to ſend the china, &c. (mentioned in his laſt letter but two) to his grandmother, &c. at a time when ſhe (the niece) knew he was almoſt in want—that he uſed to ſit up almoſt all night, reading and writing; and that her brother ſaid he was afraid to lie with him,

him; for, to be ſure, he was a *ſpirit*, and never ſlept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he ſaw, never cloſed his eyes.

The nephew (C.'s bedfellow, during the firſt ſix weeks he lodged there) ſays, that, notwithſtanding his pride and haughtineſs, it was impoſſible to help liking him—that he lived chiefly upon a bit of bread, or a tart, and ſome water: but he once or twice ſaw him take a ſheep's tongue out of his pocket—that Chatterton, to his knowledge, never ſlept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, ſometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) waked; and got up at the ſame time, about five or ſix—that almoſt every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper not ſo big as ſixpences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed. In ſhort, they all agree, that no one would have taken him, from his behaviour, &c. to have been a poor boy of 17, and a ſexton's ſon—they never ſaw ſuch another perſon before nor ſince—he appeared to have ſomething wonderful about him. They ſay, he gave no reaſon

for quitting their houſe. They found the floor of his room covered with little pieces of paper, the remains of his *poetings*, as they term it.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
Deep thought oft ſeem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one ſhort pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy.
Silent, when glad; affectionate, though ſhy:
And now his look was moſt demurely ſad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours ſtared and ſigh'd, yet bleſs'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wiſe, and ſome believ'd him mad.

Mrs. Angel, to whoſe houſe he removed from Shoreditch, I have in vain endeavoured repeatedly to find out. A perſon in diſtreſſed circumſtances, as I underſtand her to be, is ſlow to believe that an inquiry after her hiding-place is only ſet on foot by the curioſity of honeſt Enthuſiaſm. Little verſed in the hiſtory of mankind, ſhe cannot imagine how any one can be curious or concerned about a perſon, ſo many years after his death, for whom in his life-time no one cared a farthing. Every ſtranger is to herimagination a bailiff in diſguiſe. In every haſty tread ſhe hears "the monſter Bumbailiano, keeper of the "dark

"dark and black cave."—Poor hunted animal! If you were kind to Chatterton; if, by your charitable means, his young hairs were brought down with ſomewhat leſs of ſorrow to the grave, never may the monſter lay his cruel paw upon your ſhoulder!

Could Mrs. Angel be found, much might not be learnt from her ſhort knowledge of Chatterton; for he remained nine weeks in Shoreditch—at leaſt, not much more, perhaps, than has been gotten from Mrs. Walmſley and her family.

Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the houſe in which Mrs. Angel lived, remembers him, and remembers his death. She ſpeaks alſo of his proud and haughty ſpirit, and adds, that he appeared both to her and Mrs. Angel, as if born for ſomething great. Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that, as ſhe knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, ſhe begged he would take ſome dinner with her on the 24th of Auguſt; but he was offended at her expreſſions, which ſeemed to hint that he was in want, and aſſured her (though his looks ſhowed him to be three parts ſtarved) that he was not hungry.

The Firſt Book of Beattie's beautiful *Minſtrel* appeared in 1771. While he was employed in painting an ideal Edwin; Briſtol, without knowing it, poſſeſſed the original. Edwin was certainly the child of Percy's "Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry:" perhaps Chatterton is deſcended from the ſame parents. We too may lament, with Beattie, over our *Minſtrel*—

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The ſteep where Fame's proud temple ſhines afar!
Ah! who can tell how many a ſoul ſublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant ſtar,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the ſcoff of Pride, and Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

Such was the ſhort and incredible life of Thomas Chatterton. Over his death, for the ſake of the world (he is out of the reach of our pity or concern), I would willingly draw a veil. But this muſt not be. They who are in a condition to patroniſe merit, and they who feel a conſciouſneſs of merit which is not patroniſed, may form their own reſolutions from the cataſtrophe of his tale; thoſe, to loſe no opportunity of befriending genius;

genius; theſe, to ſeize every opportunity of befriending themſelves; and, upon no account, to harbour the moſt diſtant idea of quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, leſt Deſpondency ſhould at laſt deceive them into ſo unpardonable a ſtep.

Let the reader learn, and remember too, that ſuicide is always holden up to ſhame.

Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inqueſt, ſwallowed arſenick, in water, on the 24th of Auguſt, 1770; and died, in conſequence thereof, the next day. He was buried in a ſhell, in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane work-houſe. His taking of ſuch a raſh and unjuſtifiable ſtep, is almoſt as ſtrange as his fathering of his poems upon Rowley. That he ſhould have been driven to it by *abſolute* want, though I don't ſay it was *not* ſo, is not very poſſible; ſince he never indulged himſelf in meat, and drank nothing but water*. The Coroner has no minutes of the melancholy buſineſs, and is unable to call

* In the Preface to Rowley's Poems, p. x. we are told "he was reduced to real indigence, from which he was "relieved by death; in what manner, is not certainly "known." Now the manner is certainly known; the cauſe (*real* indigence) is not. Can any one be ſure he was not determined to ſeal his ſecret with his death?

call any of the circumſtances, at this diſtance of time, to his memory. The witneſſes before the Inqueſt, as appears by his memorandum, were Frederick Angell, Mary Foſter, William Hamſley: none of whom I have been able to find out. That Chatterton's Deſpair ſhould fix on Auguſt, that it ſhould not have ſtaid, at leaſt, till the gloomier months of winter, muſt ſurpriſe thoſe who are ſenſible of the influence of ſuch a climate as ours.

Recollecting what Mrs. Newton ſays of the effect the moon had upon her brother, I ſearched for the moon's changes in Auguſt 1770. Much cannot be preſumed from them. The moon was at the full on the 6th, and in the laſt quarter the 14th. The 20th, at 11 at night, there was a new moon. The fatal day was the 24th.

But who can bear to dwell upon, or argue about, the ſelf-deſtruction of ſuch a being as Chatterton? The motives for every thing he did are paſt finding out.

His room, when they broke it open, after his death, was found, like the room he quitted at Mr. Walmſley's, covered with little ſcraps of paper.

What a picture would he have made, with the fatal phial by his bedſide, deſtroying plans

plans of future *Ællas* and *Godwins*, and unfiniſhed books of *the Battle of Haſtings?* Martha, I have had the—(call it what you will)—to ſpend half an hour in this room. It was half an hour of moſt exquiſite ſenſations. My viſit of devotion was paid in the morning, I remember; but I was not myſelf again all day.

To look round the room; to ſay to myſelf, Here ſtood his bed; there the poiſon was ſet; in that window he loitered for ſome hours before he retired to his laſt reſt, envying the meaneſt paſſenger, and wiſhing that he could exchange his own feelings, and intellects, for their profeſſional or manual powers and inſenſibility! Then, abhorrence of his death, abhorrence of the world, and I know not how many different and contradictory, but all diſtracting ideas! All theſe things I imaged for him on the ſpot, and nothing ſhould tempt me to undergo ſuch another half-hour.

Briſtol, ſtand forth! Too juſt are even theſe rhymes
Without a trial to condemn thy crimes.
Come forward, anſwer to thy curſed name!
Stand, if thou dare, before the bar of Fame.
Briſtol, hold up thine hand, that damned hand
Which ſcatters miſery over half a land,
The land of Genius!———

But my Indignation cannot ſtay for rhyme; yet it muſt vent itſelf.

Tell me, Briſtol, where is Savage*? Whither didſt thou drive Hume†? Where haſt thou hid the body of murdered Chatterton? Where are his mother and his ſiſter? Could not the female hand of oſtentatious Charity‡ ſpare one mite to the ſtarving child of

* See Johnſon's Life of Savage.

† "In 1734," ſays Hume, in his Life, "I went to "Briſtol, with ſome recommendations to eminent mer- "chants; but, in a few months, I found that ſcene totally "unſuitable to me." In his Hiſtory, ſpeaking of Naylor the mad quaker, who fancied himſelf transformed into Chriſt, we are told, "he entered Briſtol mounted on a "horſe;—I ſuppoſe," adds Hume, "from the difficulty "in that place of finding an aſs." 4to. edition, 1770. vol. 7. p. 360.

‡ The following is a liſt of the late Mrs. Peloquin's public donations, who died at Briſtol.

	£.	s.	d.
To the Chamber of the City of Briſtol, for the benefit of the poor not receiving alms - - - -	19500	0	0
To the Briſtol Infirmary - -	5000	0	0
To the Bath Hoſpital - -	500	0	0
To St. Stephen's Church - -	400	0	0
For the Propagation of the Goſpel -	500	0	0
For promoting Chriſtian Knowledge -	500	0	0
£.	26400	0	0

of Genius! *Miſerable Hamlet* !* as Chatterton calls thee. Unworthy ſuch a treaſure! Much more unworthy his guardian care! For, canſt thou be ſure, ungrateful city, that the ſpirit of neglected Chatterton does not ſtill beſt delight to haunt the place which gave him birth? Canſt thou be certain that his watchful providence did not lately extinguiſh the threatening flames of treaſon†? Perhaps, while I write, his ſpirit protects thy commerce;

Or, in black armour, ſtalks around
Embattled Briſtol, once his ground,
And glows, ardurous, on the caſtle ſtairs;
Or, fiery, round the mynſter glares.
Perhaps for Briſtol ſtill he cares;
Guards it from foemen and conſuming fire;
Like Avon's ſtream enſyrkes it round,
Nor lets a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire‡.

But the feelings of the moment have hurried me away. Briſtol is not culpable. She may be proud that ſhe produced Chatterton, and

* See his ſecond letter to his mother.

† John the Painter.

‡ See the concluſion of the "Song of Ælla."

and need not, perhaps, bluſh for his death. Had he remained in the "*miſerable hamlet*," Rowley *muſt inevitably* have worked his way in the world. "Sir Charles Bawdin" and the "ſong of Ælla," were already known to Fame. Rowley's other poems muſt ſoon have blazed out—they could not, cold as was the age, have been kept much longer, even by the chilling hand of pewter-patronage, from kindling a flame in the literary world, which haply might have cheered their author——and Chatterton might, now (diſtracting reflexion!); might, nine years ago; might, before he was twice nine years old; have been conſidered as the moſt extraordinary prodigy of genius the world ever ſaw. Nay, had he continued at Briſtol only a few weeks longer, had he continued in the world only a few days longer, he might have been preſerved. For, oh my Martha! I have been aſſured that the late amiable Dr. Fry, head of St. John's in Oxford, went to Briſtol, the latter end of Auguſt, 1770, in order to ſearch into the hiſtory of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patroniſe the latter if he turned out to be the former, or to deſerve aſſiſtance—when, alas! all the intelligence which he could

could pick up about either was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, ſwallowed the cowardly poiſon of unjuſtifiable Deſpair.

Let me mention one circumſtance which ſtrikes me here, after which I maintain it to be impoſſible that a ſingle individual ſhould doubt, for a ſingle moment, whether or not *Ælla*, &c. were all written by a poor ſexton's ſon, before he was (I may ſay) ſeventeen.—After Chatterton left Briſtol we ſee but one more of Rowley's poems, "The ballad of "Charitie:" and that a very ſhort one. What was the reaſon of this? Had Chatterton given to the world all the contents of Canynge's cheſt? Certainly not—for he is known to have ſpoken of other manuſcripts both at Briſtol and in town; and you have ſeen him write to his mother, that, "had Rowley "been a Londoner, inſtead of a Briſtowyan, "he could live by copying his works." Is it likely that a lad, poſſeſt of a cheſt full of ſuch poems (ſome of which he ſold for trifles to a pewterer, before he wanted money, or knew its value), ſhould, when in real diſtreſs, and when he could have lived by only copying them, part with none of them, offer not one of them to any bookſeller?

Ridiculous! Impoſſible! This was the very moment to produce them. In my own mind I am perſuaded, that, had Chatterton really found the poems in an old cheſt, the idea of *forging* others, as like them as he could, *would now* have occurred to him. But, in truth, Canynge's old cheſt was only his own fruitful invention. At Briſtol, undiſturbed by the cares or the pleaſures of the world, his genius had nothing to do but to indulge itſelf in creating Rowley and his works. In London was to be learnt, that which even Genius cannot teach, the knowledge of life—extemporaneous bread was to be earned more ſuddenly than even Chatterton could write poems for Rowley; and, in conſequence of his employments, as he tells his mother, public places were to be viſited, and mankind to be frequented. He who fabricated ſuch poems, in the calm and quiet of Briſtol, muſt have been almoſt more than man. Had Chatterton produced them to the world *as faſt*, amidſt the avocations, the allurements, the miſeries of his London life, I would immediately become a convert to Rowley. At preſent, if I fall down and worſhip

worſhip Rowley, it can only be as the golden image which Chatterton has ſet up.

The ballad of Charity, the laſt of Rowley's poems, in addition to the internal proofs that it was a compoſition of the day, carries melancholy conviction to the mind, that it was the compoſition of Chatterton. The note, which, the editor of Rowley's poems tells us, accompanied this paſtoral to the printer, is dated "Briſtol, *July* 4, 1770." Now, in what month is the ſcene laid?

> In *virgyne* the ſweltrie ſun gan ſheene,
> And hotte upon the meads did caſt his ray.

If Chatterton had this by him all 1769, is it not odd that this ſhould be the only poem which he did not ſhow Catcott? Is it not ſingular that he ſhould not produce it till July 1770? till the very month in which it was originally written? Again—

> Look in his gloomed face, his ſprite there ſcan,
> How woebegone, how withered, ſapleſs, dead!
> Haſte to thy church-glebe houſe, aſshrewed man;
> Haſte to thy kiſte, thy only dortoure bed!
> Cold as the clay which will gre on thy head
> Is charity and love among high elves;
> Knightis and *Barons* live for pleaſure and themſelves.

This

This ſeems too plainly deſigned for a ſketch of himſelf, and of the coldneſs with which he conceived he had been treated: eſpecially as "the Memoirs of a Sad Dog" appeared in the Town and Country Magazines for July and Auguſt, 1770; wherein Chatterton ridicules Mr. Walpole, with ſome humour, under the title of *Baron* * Otranto: and, more eſpecially, as in a note of his own, upon the fourth word in the ſtanza *(gloomed)*, he writes thus——

"Clouded, *dejected*. A perſon of ſome note in the lite-
"rary world, is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern
"cant words; and from this circumſtance doubts the au-
"thenticity of Rowley's manuſcripts. *Glum-mong*, in the
"Saxon, ſignifies twilight, a dark and dubious light; and
"the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*."

Again—

* There is a very remarkable paſſage in this ridicule. "Should any critic aſſert it is impoſſible ſuch an imagina-
"tion" (that by the charms of *Robin Hood's Ramble* he was carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third) "could enter the cerebellum of the Baron, who
"confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of pro-
"priety (for the ſongs of Robin Hood were not in being
"till the reign of Elizabeth)——his aſſertion ſhall ſtand
"uncontradicted by me, *as I know*," ſays Chatterton in the character of Harry Wildfire, "*by woeful experience, that,*
"*when an author reſolves to think himſelf in the right, it is*
"*more than human argument can do to convince him he is in*
"*the wrong*."

Again—the confidence with which he ſpeaks of Rowley's merit, now that he is more convinced of his own abilities than he was when he carried the productions of them to Catcott——" An *excelent* balade of Cha-" ritie." Can't you ſee his indignation penning the note to the printer? I can. If " the Gloſſary annexed to the following " piece will make the language intelligible; " *the ſentiment, deſcription, and verſification,* " *are highly deſerving the attention of the* " *literati.*" Had it been thought to deſerve the attention of the magazine, it might poſſibly have made its way to the literati, and the author might have been ſnatched from the fangs of Suicide by the hand of Fame.

But, although the note be dated July 4, no ſuch poem appears in the magazine for that month, nor for any other. Yet, ſurely, Rowley's " ballad of Charitie" could not have diſgraced the chaſte records of an immortal magazine of 1770, more than Rowley's " Elinoure and Juga" in 1769! Addiſon ſaid, he would put his friend Sir Roger de Coverley to death, leſt any one ſhould murder him. Is it poſſible that Chatterton ſhould have determined to murder himſelf, becauſe the Town and Country Magazine

doubted

doubted the exiſtence of his ideal Rowley? In turning over their volume for 1770, I thought that I had found room for ſome ſuch ſuſpicion, when I found the following paſſage among the acknowledgements to correſpondents—"The paſtoral from Briſtol, ſigned "D. D." (which I conclude to be an error of the preſs for D. B.—eſpecially, as no other acknowledgement is made for Chatterton's Paſtoral) "has ſome ſhare of merit; "but the *author* will, doubtleſs, diſcover, "upon another peruſal of it, many excep- "tionable paſſages." However, on looking again, I ſaw that this was prefixed to the Magazine *for Auguſt*—conſequently (which you will be heartily glad to know), when it was publiſhed on the 1ſt of September, Chatterton was beyond the reach of Magazines.—But it is pretty clear, you ſee, that the Magazine thought Chatterton was *the author* of Rowley's poems. Did Chatterton ſuſpect this; and could this have urged him to his end?

The circumſtance moſt extraordinary, and which muſt appear ſo even to thoſe (if there ſtill be any ſuch) who will not think as I think, is this—that he not only in his diſtreſs never endeavoured to procure bread by writing

ting poems for Rowley (or by producing one or two from the *many cheſts full* of Rowley's poems, which he had in his poſſeſſion, and brought to town in his pocket); but, that, having written the "ballad of Charitie," he did not, in diſtreſs by which ſome think that he was driven to ſuicide, turn it, or endeavour to turn it, into money. All his other things, after he came to town, as is known from bookſellers, and is clear from his letters, were *ſold*; the "ballad of Charitie" was a free-will offering to literature. Had Chatterton ſo much reſpect for his fictitious Rowley (there is not the ſhadow of a reaſon to be given why he ſhould have ſo much reſpect for a *real* Rowley), that he would not barter his poems to a Magazine for bread? That it ſhould be ſo is not altogether impoſſible; but it is ſurely *odd* (unleſs I be to give the reaſon) that the ſame chriſtian name ſhould belong to the finder, and to the author of theſe poems, *Thomas* Rowley, *Thomas* Chatterton.

Every thing that Chatterton did at every period of his life about Rowley was original. The *only* time (as I think Catcott ſays) that he ever aſked the pewterer for money, was

was when he brought him the ſubſequent bill.

Mr. G. Catcott to the executors of T. Rowley, Dr.

To pleaſure received in reading his hiſtoric works	5	5	0
——————— his poetic works -	5	5	0
	10	10	0

At Mr. Walmſley's he uſed frequently to ſay, that he had many writings by him, which would produce a great deal of money, if they were printed. To this it was once or twice obſerved, that they lay in a ſmall compaſs, for that he had not much luggage. But he ſaid that he had them, nevertheleſs.

When he talked of writing ſomething which ſhould procure him money to get ſome clothes, to paper the room in which he lodged, and to ſend ſome more things to his ſiſter, mother, and grandmother; he was aſked why he did not enable himſelf to do all this, by means of theſe writings which were "worth their weight in gold." His anſwer was, that they were not written with a deſign to buy old clothes, or to paper rooms; and that, if the world did not behave well, it ſhould never ſee a line of them.

O CHATTERTON! for thee the penſive ſong I raiſe,
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praiſe!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verſe, ſhall conſecrate thy name!
Ye Muſes! who around his n..al bed
Triumphant ſung, and all your influenc.. ſhed;
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breaſt,
And in his dædal numbers ſhone conſeſt,
Ah! why, in vain, ſuch mighty gifts beſtow
—Why give freſh tortures to the Child of Woe?
Why thus, with barb'rous care, illume his mind,
Adding new ſenſe to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard Poverty! whoſe cheerleſs eye
Transforms young Rapture to the pond'rous ſigh,
In whoſe drear cave no Muſe e'er ſtruck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er madden'd with poetic fire;
Why all thy ſpells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thought creative, why muſt thou confine?
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the ſong of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from diſtant ſkies,
Nor bids wild ſcen'ry ruſh upon our eyes——
Check'd in her flight, his rapid Genius cowers,
Drops her ſad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muſes! ſee your fav'rite ſon
The prey of want, ere manhood is begun!
The boſom ye have fill'd, with anguiſh torn——
The mind you cheriſh'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now Deſpair her ſable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.

Ah,

Ah, ſee! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd——
Seize it, Apollo!—ſeize the liquid ſnare!
Daſh it to earth, or diſſipate in air!
Stay, hapleſs Youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!
Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than Death the pois'nous juice beſtows!
In vain!—he drinks—and now the ſearching fires
Ruſh through his veins, and writhing he expires!
No ſorrowing friend, no ſiſter, parent, nigh,
To ſooth his pangs, or catch his parting ſigh;
Alone, unknown, the Muſe's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verſe, ſhall conſecrate thy name!*

We come now to the queſtions of moſt difficulty, but of leaſt conſequence.

What could induce Chatterton to lay ſuch a plan? Was it the credit of impoſing upon the world, which he was determined never to claim, ſince he never owned the impoſition?

My anſwer is, that I neither know, nor care:

* This "monologue" came from the elegant pen of Mrs. Cowley ſince the former edition of this little volume. The Editor is obliged to that Lady's civility for permiſſion to inſert it here.

care: and the conjectures of the ruſtieſt fellow of the Antiquarian Society cannot give an anſwer much more to the purpoſe. Are the motives of men's and women's conduct ſo plain, that he who runs may read them? How much leſs obvious are we to expect the motives of a boy's conduct, of ſuch a boy's! Chatterton, with ſome, with many things about him, ſuperior to moſt, to all men, was ſtill but a boy. Though he did ſee 17 before his death, he muſt have been *literally* a boy, when he laid the foundation of his plans.—If Macpherſon and Oſſian be the ſame, if Chatterton thought them to be the ſame, Chatterton is an original in poetry only, not in ſuppoſititiouſneſs.—Mr. H. has never taken off his maſk, but rather choſen that Fame ſhould dreſs up an ideal writer, and worſhip him as the author of Junius, than to claim the eternal crown in his own name and perſon.

Good men are ſatisfied with the applauſe of their own conſciences, and ſcatter charity with the inviſible hand of Bounty. May not great men be formed in a ſimilar mold? May not Obſcurity appear to enlarge an ideal, as well as a real, object? God would,

perhaps,

perhaps, be ſomething leſs of God, were he viſible.

But, as I ſaid, I neither know nor care what was Chatterton's motive.

Am I ſtill aſked for it? Like many a man in converſation, I'll get off by telling a ſtory. D'Alembert, in his pamphlet upon the Deſtruction of the Jeſuits, relates that one of the order, who had ſpent twenty years on a miſſion in Canada, did not believe even the exiſtence of a God. Notwithſtanding this, he had, numerous times, run the hazard of his life in defence of that religion which he preached with ſucceſs among the Savages. To a friend who expreſſed ſurpriſe at the warmth of his zeal, the Miſſionary obſerved—"Ah, you have no idea of "the pleaſure there is in having 20,000 "men to liſten to you, and in perſuading "them what you don't believe yourſelf."

What ſuggeſted the ſcheme to Chatterton's invention?——This queſtion it is, perhaps, ſtill more impoſſible to anſwer: nor do I pretend to anſwer it. If you can ground any conjectures on a few facts I will mention—ſo.

Pſalmanaazar

Pſalmanaazar died about the time that Chatterton's ſcheme was born, and bequeathed his methodiſtical memoirs to the world. Walpole, about the ſame time, endeavoured to turn a whole national current of belief, with reſpect to Richard III. and, not long before, acknowledged the impoſition he had put upon the public in the Preface to *Otranto*. The Douglas cauſe was, about the ſame time, in high agitation. Oſſian, with Blair's Diſſertation, in which the name of *Ælla* is mentioned, had not long made his appearance. "The Concubine," in Spenſer's manner, appeared in 1767. Percy's "Reliques" had not long been publiſhed: page xxiv. of the firſt vol. (2d edition, 1767) mention is made of "Colgrin, "ſon of that *Ella* who was elected king of "the Saxons in the room of Hengiſt." Chatterton muſt have admired "Hardyknute" (vol. ii. p. 94.) which "Mrs. Wardlaw *pre-*"*tended* to have found on ſhreds of paper "employed for what is called the bottoms "of clues;" and muſt have read "Erle "Robert's Mice, in Chaucer's ſtyle," by Prior; and have ſeen through the *pretended* Extract of a Letter from *Canton* to James Garland

Garland Eſq; at the end of the third volume, which vouches for the *truth* of Percy's *Hau Kiou Choaau*, there advertiſed as *tranſlated from the Chineſe*. On the 21ſt of January, 1769, the *inviſible* Junius printed his firſt letter. In May, 1769, Mrs. Montagu publiſhed her Eſſay on Shakeſpeare, from which it is not impoſſible that Chatterton's *tindery* ambition might catch the fire of rivalry. Farrer's Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare had appeared about a twelvemonth. In the wonderful extent of his reading, Chatterton could not be ignorant of Parnell's impoſition on Pope, by means of a pretended Leonine tranſlation of ſome of his lines in the Rape of the Lock; or of Parnell's Fairy Tale, *in the ancient Engliſh ſtyle*.

Better memories may, perhaps, recollect other things of this kind.

That Chatterton had Walpole and Oſſian in ſome meaſure preſent to his mind, is manifeſt from his fixing upon the ſame perſon (Mr. W.) to introduce Rowley to the world, whom Macpherſon choſe for Oſſian: and, ſurely, to prove Earl Godwin a good man and true, in ſpite of hiſtory, is much ſuch

an

an attempt as Mr. W.'s concerning Richard! The firſt ſtanza of Cannynge's Prologue to Godwin, is little more than a verſification of the ingenious ſuppoſition in the article *Godwin*, in the Biographia Britannica; and is rather the language of our *diſtant* age, than of a man writing *three hundred years nearer* Godwin; who was not then *ungently* treated in *ſo many* hiſtories, as now.

Whilomme, by penſmen, much ungentle name
Has upon Godwin Earl of Kent been laid,
Thereby bereaving him of faith and fame.
The unforgiving clergymen have ſaid,
That he was knowen to no holy wurche.
But this was all his fault—he gifted not the church.

It may be ſaid, that hardly one of the ſchemes, which I have mentioned, ſucceeded. Let me, in my turn, tell what Fontenelle, in his Dialogues, puts into the mouth of the Ruſſian pretender. When he is aſked how he dared to aſſert a claim, for which two or three impoſtors had ſuffered the crueleſt death; he anſwers, it was upon that very circumſtance he grounded the probability of paſſing for a true man, and no impoſtor.

When "The Town and Country Magazine" was firſt ſet up, in January 1769,

the foundation of Chatterton's ſcheme was laid. The ſuperſtructure, of courſe, aſcended by degrees. It has at leaſt been ſome amuſement to ſee if I could diſcover that he took any materials from theſe publications. For this purpoſe I have carefully looked them over, down to the time of his death. The memorandums which I made, I will tranſcribe for you, juſt as I ſcratched them down upon paper at the time. Some of them are little to the purpoſe, perhaps; and would not have occurred but for the conſciouſneſs that I was reading what had been read by the object of my admiration.

Many parts of the book which you lent me the other day ſtruck me in a particular manner, becauſe I knew that my Martha had peruſed the ſame parts.

We muſt not expect to track a Magliabechi very often in the courſe of only *one* volume.

In January, 1769, p. 15, is this article—"The antient and modern Dreſſes in France "compared with thoſe of England." Which is continued and concluded in February, p. 59. Therein the writer ſays, he is "glad "to avail himſelf of the aſſiſtance of *Chaucer*, "who deſcribes the dreſſes in the time of "Richard

"Richard II."—In March, p. 136, Chatterton publiſhed *Rowley*'s MS. on the *Court-mantle*.—The former part of this article (Jan. p. 15.) ſays, it appears by a journal of thoſe times, that

"On the 17th of October, 1409, the Sieur John de "Montague was conducted from the little Châtelet to the "Halles, being ſeated high in a cart, and dreſſed in his "livery, viz. a great coat half red and half white, and a "hood of the ſame, with a red buſkin and a white one, "gilt ſpurs, his hands tied, and two trumpets before him: "and that, after his head was cut off, his body was carried "to the gibbet of Paris, and was there hung up with his "buſkins and gilt ſpurs."

Catcott, after all his contradictions, does not pretend to have received from Chatterton the death and execution of "Sir Charles Bawdin" in 1461, long, if *at all*, *before* the appearance of this article. They who imagine that this paſſage ſuggeſted Bawdin to Chatterton, will conclude Catcott to have received the poem juſt *after* the appearance of this article in January.

Page 30, of the ſame month, are inſerted the ſingular notes which Rouſſeau left upon his table at Bourgoin when he quarrelled with the magiſtrates. The vanity and ſelf-

importance of theſe notes were hardly exceeded even by Chatterton. Among them are two, which I will tranſcribe; but not becauſe they could to *him* have ſuggeſted any thing; for he could not, poor fellow! ſee as far as our day. "The men of genius "revenge themſelves by inſulting me, be- "cauſe they feel my ſuperiority.—Authors "pillage, and cenſure me; knaves curſe me; "the mob hoot at me." Take it as a motto for your copy of the poor boy's Rowley.

May we not ſuppoſe Chatterton to have read theſe French lines? (January, p. 34.)

L'homme vit par ſon ame, & l'ame eſt la penſée.
C'eſt elle qui pour vous doit meſurer le tems.
Cultivez la ſageſſe; apprenez l'art ſuprême
De vivre avec ſoi-même;
Vous pourrez ſans effroi compter tous vos inſtans.

In an Eſſay on Fame (January, p. 37.) I find this paſſage—"Butler tells us

Fools are known by looking wiſe.

"And, indeed, it muſt occur to every diſ- "cerning man, that affected wiſdom and "ſententious gravity are often aſſumed, to "conceal a great profundity of folly and "ignorance."

"ignorance." In the poem on Happineſs, dated 1769, which you have already ſeen, are theſe lines—

> And the fond mother thought him wondrous wiſe.
> But little had ſhe read in Nature's book,
> For fools aſſume a philoſophic look.

"On a Friend who died in his *eighteenth* "Year." (January, p. 48.) Little did Chatterton think of his own fate, perhaps, when he read this.

In February, p. 62, an antiquarian gives an account of Burge-caſtle in Suffolk, anciently called Cnoberſburge, wherein we are told that "one of the towers, being perhaps "undermined when the caſtle was deſtroyed, "is reclined from the wall at the top about "ſix feet."—One of Rowley's manuſcripts, produced by Chatterton, is a Plan to ſupport the Tower of the Temple Church in Briſtol, which had declined from its perpendicular. In a late reparation of the church, Catcott ſays that ſome ſubterraneous works have been found, which correſpond with this MS.—Will Catcott prove, to the ſatisfaction of *any perſon beſide himſelf*, that evidence is diſcovered of the tower's having declined; or

that Chatterton could not poſſibly know or judge that the tower had declined? *If he can*, ſtill Chatterton might by accident have hit upon ſuch a thing, eſpecially after he had ſeen the foregoing paſſage about Burge-caſtle. Chance makes luckier hits than this continually.

In February, p. 104, are ſome lines, ſigned Aſaphides, dated January 29, 1769.—"On "Mr. Alcock, a miniature painter, of Briſ-"tol." They are printed in Chatterton's Miſcellanies. But ſhould they be thought inferior to other things in his own and Rowley's name; and ſhould that inequality, which we are obliged to pardon in the greateſt geniuſes, be uſed as an argument againſt a boy; I know not any proof that he wrote this, or another poem which we find in April, p. 217, with the ſame ſignature. He almoſt *always* ſigned himſelf D. B. the initials of his firſt Latin ſignature, Dunhelmus Briſtolienſis. He is here twice, and only twice, made to aſſume the ſtrange name of *Aſaphides*.

In March, p. 146, is inſerted an encomium on Pope's Paſtorals, from Ruffhead. In May, p. 272, we read the paſtoral of Elinoure

Elinoure and Juga, from D. B. dated May, 1769.

In April, p. 193, we find "Remarks on "the Works of ſome of the moſt eminent "Painters, with ſhort Anecdotes of their "Lives." It was a little later, in the year 1769, than April, *I think*, that Chatterton offered to furniſh Mr. Walpole with Rowley's MS. of "a Series of great Painters that had "flouriſhed at Briſtol."

In "an Account of the moſt celebrated "Monaſteries in Europe" (April, p. 201), mention is made of the abbey of St. Alban's, which was ſuppreſſed at the diſſolution of monaſteries. The ſcene of Elinoure and Juga (in the next month, May, p. 272.) is laid on Ruddeborne bank, a river near St. Alban's (as we learn from Chatterton's notes); and after the dialogue, Elinoure and Juga

———mov'd gentle o'er the dewy mees,
To where St. Alban's holy ſhrines remain.

In May, p. 272, immediately before his own Elinoure and Juga, is inſerted a Monody. Some of the lines, together with the motto, I ſhall tranſcribe.

A MONODY.

——"Oh! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh! *farewell!*
Farewell the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance, of glorious war!
And, oh! you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell!" SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell, Calcaria, now farewell!
Meand'ring wharf, adieu!
Ye neighb'ring vills, I ceaſe to tell
What joys I ſhar'd in you!
Farewell fair bridge, and Gothic pile,
Adieu yon moat and mill!

No more yon murm'ring water-fall,
Its ruſtic *din* I hear;
No more yon bells ſo ſweetly call
My ſteps to wander there.

No more, dear F********! thy ſweet *ſong*
Delights my liſt'ning ear;
No more, dear Tom! thy *fiddle*'s ſtrung,
My penſive ſoul to cheer.

No more, gay Flora, your *guittar*,
Though fraught with melody;
No more your voice, yet ſweeter far,
Will fill my heart with glee.

No more, my friends, I join your *joy*,
Your concert, *ſong*, or *ball*:
Adieu, delightful Bramham park,
Thy walks, thy *meads*, thy *groves*!

Thy proud pavillions, and thy *cot*
With homely thatch done o'er;
Thy *diſtant views*, thy *rural grot*,
Adieu! farewell!

Give me leave, now, to tranſcribe you a few lines from Rowley's firſt eclogue. The old (and ſometimes *unintelligible*) words, I will change for Chatterton's more modern ones in his notes.

Speak to me not; I ken thy woe in mine.
O! I've a tale the Devil himſelf might tell.
Sweet *flourets*, mantled *meadows*, *foreſts* dign,
And *groves far-ſeen around* the hermit's *cell*;
The ſweet ribible *dinning* in the dell;
The joyous *dancing* in the alehouſe court;
Eke the *high ſong* and every joy—*farewell!*
Farewell the very ſhade of fair diſport!

Of the impoſſibility to prove imitation I am well aware. But for intentional imitation I do not here contend. The originality of Chatterton's ſublime genius would not have ſtooped from its height to imitate any man that ever wrote. The queſtion is, whether we perceive the remarkable turn of Othello's *farewell*, and whether Chatterton's wonderful memory had retained that, and the ruſtic *din*, the *fiddle*, *guittar*, &c. from a peruſal of the monody, without being conſcious of it. Chatterton himſelf explains *ribible* to be a "violin;" a muſical inſtrument, not known, I fancy, to the period at which the ſcene of this eclogue is laid, nor very natural in the eclogue, though *truth* might mark the propriety of it in the monody.

By the nature of his plan, the folding-doors of imitation were effectually ſhut againſt Chatterton. His hands were tied up from picking and ſtealing. What other poet, ancient or modern, except Homer (and even Homer had his ancients perhaps), can produce an octavo volume, and *ſuch* an octavo volume, in the whole courſe of which, after a ſearch of ſome years, the beſt and oldeſt heads

heads are not able to detect him with certainty more than ſix or eight times*? And thoſe coincidences muſt of courſe have been the effect more of memory than deſign. Rather different are the following *coincidences*; of which many (beſide thoſe they have the honeſty to own) might be collected from every page of every poet but this boy.

Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Pope. El. to Abelard.

For ſoon as maiſtery comes, ſweet love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoon away is gone.
Spenſer. 3. 1. 25.

Love will not be confined by maiſterie:
When maiſterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.
Chaucer.

The attic warbler pours her throat. Gray. Spring.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Eſſ. on Man, 3. 33.

The painful family of death. Gray. Eton Col.
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain. Pope.

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.
Gray. Bard.

Intereſt that waves on party-colour'd wings.
Dunciad, 4. 538.

* A *few* remarkable coincidences, to which a few, and but a few, might ſtill be added, are pointed out in a Letter prefixed to Chatterton's Miſcellanies, which originally appeared in the St. James's Chronicle.

They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way. Gray. El.
The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of Time.
All's well that ends well.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Gray. Elegy.

———He lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peep'd out
Upon the brook, that crawl'd along the wood.
Shakeſp. As you like it.

And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.
Gray. Elegy.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up.
Shakeſp. Hen. V.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. Goldſm. Edw. and Ang.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.
Young. Night 4.

In May, p. 328, is a modern verſion of Eleanora and Juga, "by S. W. A." aged 16. What muſt have been the feelings of Chatterton, when he ſaw a boy take merit to himſelf for *ſpoiling* a poem by a modern verſion, at the ſame age, or perhaps at a more advanced one, than that at which he *forged* it!

In

In July, p. 370, we read of Otway, that

" when he died (which he did in an obſcure houſe, near " the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, " which it ſeems he had ſold for a trifle to Bentley, the " bookſeller. I have ſeen," ſays the author of this article, " an advertiſement, at the end of one of Leſtrange's " political papers, offering a reward to any one who ſhould " bring it to his ſhop. What an invaluable treaſure was " there irretrievably loſt, by the ignorance and neglect of " the age he lived in!"

In this affecting picture it was impoſſible Chatterton ſhould perceive his own features; but you will allow that it required all even his ſtrength of mind, and conſcious genius, to work on upon Rowley after reading the following truth—

" At preſent, were a man to endeavour to improve his " fortune, or increaſe his friendſhip, by poetry, he would " ſoon feel the anxiety of diſappointment. The preſs lies " open, and is a benefactor to every ſort of literature but " that alone."

If Chatterton did endeavour to catch the public by other baits, beſides genius, who can blame him?

What muſt have been the ſenſations of Chatterton's feeling mind, when he read (July, p. 389) that the number of ſlaves brought

brought from the coaſt of Africa, in one year, 1768, between Cape Blanco and Rio Congo, by the different European nations, amounted to One Hundred and Four Thouſand One Hundred! Great-Britain (the ſeat of freedom) 53,100—France 23,500—Holland (after wreſting their own freedom from Philip) 11,300—Portugal 8,700—Britiſh America 6,300—Denmark 1,200. How muſt the genius of Rowley have fired at ſuch a ſum total of fellow-creatures, made beaſts of burden, only becauſe the common Creator had made them of a different colour!

Ill-fated Chatterton! Why didſt thou not attend to *Oreſtes* "on the Poverty of Authors?" (Auguſt, p. 399). How couldſt thou imagine that even thy parts would prevent thy adding one to his long but faithful liſt of the ſtarved children of Genius! Could thy penetrating ſight diſcover no truth in his borrowed obſervation, that—

"we more readily aſſiſt the lame and the blind than a poor "man of genius—for every one is ſenſibly affected with "the apprehenſion of blindneſs or lameneſs; but who is "in the leaſt dread of the accidents which attend on "genius?"

——Here

——Here let me pauſe a moment to reſcue the world from blame it does not merit. The world is not accountable for the death of every man of abilities who has periſhed, however miſerably, in an alehouſe or a priſon. Profligacy and Genius, Ability and Prodigality, are not, as many imagine, the ſame things. But Genius too often thinks it neceſſary to be profligate, and Profligacy often demands to paſs for genius. To behold Genius confined in a priſon, or ſkulking in an alehouſe, and not to lend relief, were infamous; provided the ſpectator could be ſure that he was lending *effectual relief*. But, if to reſcue from one priſon, be only to give an opportunity to viſit another—whoſe humanity is ſturdy enough to bear ſuch inſults, even from a friend, or from a child? Churchill reproached the world with ſuffering Lloyd to pine in the Fleet, and Johnſon has moiſtened many an eye with the ſufferings of Savage. But the world, if it be ever accountable, is only accountable for the death of ſuch a being as Chatterton, who (let his enemies or enviers perſiſt, as they chooſe, in aſſerting what they cannot prove) was not extravagant, was not profligate,

profligate, was not unprincipled. All his profligacy conſiſted in quitting the attorney's office, and penning Ælla—"when he ſhould "have engroſſed." His only extravagance was laviſhing upon unneceſſary preſents to his grandmother, mother, and ſiſter, a few ſhillings, the earnings of his genius, which might otherwiſe, perhaps, have ſaved him from ſtarving. Unprincipled belongs to thoſe who accuſe him of crimes without a ſhadow of proof.

In the Magazine for September, p. 497, is a *roundelay*, for the Jubilee in honour of Shakeſpeare. Let me juſt tranſcribe the firſt ſtanza of it, and the firſt ſtanza of the famous Minſtrel's Song in Ælla. Your muſical ear muſt judge whether one ſuggeſted the other.

Siſters of the tuneful ſtrain,
Attend your parent's jocund tree;
'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

O! ſing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holyday,
Like a running river be.

If

If your ear be ſtruck by the cadence, you will be ſtruck not a little, in the remainder of the ſong, by a ſtrong reſemblance or two of Shakeſpeare, to whom Chatterton's retentive memory muſt have been directed by the ſubject of the roundelay, and by the mention it makes of Deſdemona.

In Othello (4. 13.), Deſdemona ſings, "*All* a green *willow*," &c. which ſhe ſays her mother's maid Barbary "*died ſinging*." The burden of the ſong in Ælla is "*All* "under the *willow* tree"—and it concludes with

I die; I come; my *true-love* waits.
Thus the damſel ſpake, and *died*.

The original of Deſdemona's ſong ("Wil-"low, willow") is in Percy's *Reliques*, 1. 192. One ſtanza (p. 193) is not totally unlike the Minſtrel's *firſt* which I have juſt tranſcribed—

The cold *ſtream ran* by him,
His eyes wept apace;
The *ſalt* tears fell from him,
Which drowned his face.

What follows is ſurely rather more than coincidence!

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his cheek as the ſummer ſnow.

Whiter

Whiter is my true-love's ſhroud. Ælla, 852. 873.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow.
Hamlet, 4. 5.

His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his poll. Hamlet, 4. 5.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid. Ælla, 879.

Larded all with ſweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love ſhowers. Hamlet, 4. 5.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed.
Ælla. Burden of the ſong.

No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed. Hamlet, 4. 5.

One other line has the ſame turn and expreſſion as a line of Tickel.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing. Ælla, 865.

And, at her window, ——
The raven flapp'd his wing. Lucy and Colin.

Have I tired you? But pray confeſs that there is more in the ſimilarity of theſe paſſages, than if I were to argue that Chatterton wrote all Rowley, becauſe in one of Rowley's poems there is a line which is to be found, *word for word*, in two other poets ſince Rowley.

And

And tears began to flow. Sir C. Bawdin.
And tears began to flow. Alexander's Feaſt.
And tears began to flow. Edwin and Angelina.

So, in another Bard——

Right againſt the eaſtern gate.
Gray. Deſcent of Odin.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate. Milton. L'Allegro.

This *might* happen without even having ſeen the lines which are ſo exactly the ſame. Then only it is, perhaps, that we can be ſure we ſee the ſtealing hand of Memory, or catch the Proteus form of Imitation, when the ſame idea is expreſſed in the ſame words.

Before we go any further, let me juſt ſhow you how the account ſtands between Chatterton and the Town and Country Magazine for 1769.

January.	- - - - - - - -	0
February.	"Account of the Tincture of Saxon "Heralds;" and ſome lines "on Mr. "Alcock," which do not from the ſignature appear to be Chatterton's, though inſerted in his Miſcellanies - -	2
March.	"Ethelgar, a Saxon poem;" and a manuſcript by Rowley, on the Court Mantle	2
April.	"Kenrick, a Saxon poem;" and an elegy, which does not from the ſignature appear to be Chatterton's, though inſerted in his Miſcellanies - -	

May.

Whiter is my true-love's ſhroud. Ælla, 852. 873.
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May.	"Cerdick, a Saxon poem;" Saxon Atchievements, and Elinoure and Juga	3
June.	- - - - - - - -	0
July.	Some lines to Mr. Holland - -	1
Auguſt.	Godred Crovan - - - -	1
Sept.	- - - - - - - -	0
Oct.	- - - - - - - -	0
Nov.	"The Hirlas;" and an elegy, which does not from the ſignature appear to be Chatterton's, though inſerted in his Miſcellanies, where I *do not* find "The "Hirlas," printed in the Magazine, p. 574, with his uſual ſignature, D.B.	2
Dec.	"The Antiquity of Chriſtmas Games," and "The Copernican Syſtem" - -	2
Supplement.	"The Hirlas," an elegy, and ſome lines to Miſs R. - - - -	3

You cannot, I am ſure, but obſerve, and with ſurpriſe, how few things he contributed during the ſpace of ſome whole months, from May to December. How are we to account for this? Was his active genius unemployed during all this time, and ſome of it the moſt poetical part of the year? Or did his

——————ſpirit haunte
——————with his loved Rowley by his ſide,
Where he might hear the ſwotie nightlark chaunte?

B. of Haſtings, 2. 581.

It

It is certain, that in December (p. 623 of the Magazine) there is a paſſage in a ſhort article of Chatterton's upon the "Antiquity "of Chriſtmas Games," which ſeems clearly meant to prepare the world for *Ælla*, *Godwin*, and the *Apoſtate*—and who can tell for how many more of Rowley's plays?

"A regiſter of the nunnery of Keynſham relates, that William, Earl of Gloceſter, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynſham; provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the twelfth day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and ſervants, by minſtrels.

Here is plainly a diſtinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble repreſentations comprehended under the name of plays. The firſt were the holiday-entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons were uſually family-hiſtories; the monk, who repreſented the maſter of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without ſleeves), painted with all the hatchments of the names. In theſe domeſtic performances abſurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges" (an error of the preſs, certainly, for Rowley's friend Gorges), "Conſtance, Counteſs of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three huſbands in the compaſs of an hour. Sometimes theſe pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral Monuments. None but the patrons of monaſteries had the ſervice of the monks in performing

performing plays on holidays; provided the ſame contained nothing againſt God or the church. The public exhibitions were ſuperior to the private; the plot generally the life of ſome pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. *I have ſeen ſeveral of theſe pieces,* MOSTLY LATIN, *and cannot think our anceſtors ſo ignorant of dramatic excellencies as the generality of modern writers would repreſent: they had a good moral in view*; and ſome of the mauſmeries abound with wit, which, though low now, was not ſo then."

So much for the Town and Country Magazine, 1769.

Before I leave Rowley, I muſt tranſcribe you a ſhort paſſage from the Gentleman's Magazine for Auguſt, 1777, p. 363, which accounts for the following extraordinary lines in the Epiſtle on Ælla:

Playes made from hallie tale I hold unmeete;
Let ſomme great ſtory of a manne be ſonge:
Whanne as a manne we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde we doe the Godhedde wronge.

"I have hinted, that it is often impoſſible to diſtinguiſh between coincidence and imitation; nevertheleſs, I ſhould ſuppoſe the foregoing lines much more likely to have been written by one who had ſeen the following paſſage of Voſſius, than by one who had not. *I am of opinion,* ſays he, *that it is better to chuſe another argument than ſacred: for it agrees not with the majeſty of ſacred things to be made a play and a fable. It is alſo a work of very dangerous conſequence, to mingle human inventions with things ſacred: becauſe*

becauſe the poet adds uncertainties of his own, ſometimes falſities; which is not only to play with holy things, but alſo to graft in men's minds opinions now and then falſe. Theſe things have place eſpecially, when we bring in God or Chriſt, ſpeaking or treating of the myſteries of religion. Now Rowley could not have ſeen Voſſius; for Voſſius was contemporary with Grotius, who was born in 1583. It may be thought very unlikely, that Chatterton, the youth who is ſaid to have produced theſe poems as the compoſition of Rowley, ſhould have ſeen any work of Voſſius: it is, however, not unlikely that he had ſeen this paſſage in the place from whence I have quoted it, viz. Lives of the Poets (12mo. vol. ii. p. 14. Life of Francis Goldſmith); a book of which a young reader might very probably be poſſeſſed"——

——a book, I will add, which we may conclude our Magliabechi, juſt commencing the life of a poet, whether he poſſeſſed it or not, had certainly read.

One other queſtion remains to be anſwered—It may be aſked, why Chatterton's own Miſcellanies are inferior to Rowley? Let me aſk another queſtion—*Are* they inferior?

Genius, abilities, application, we *may* bring into the world with us; theſe rare ingredients *may* be mixed up in our compoſitions by the hand of Nature: but Nature herſelf cannot create a human being poſſeſt of a complete knowledge of our world almoſt

the

the moment be is born into it. Is the knowledge of the world which his Letters and Miſcellanies contain, no proof of his aſtoniſhing quickneſs in ſeizing every thing he choſe? Is it remembered when, and at what age, Chatterton for the firſt time quitted Briſtol, and how few weeks he lived afterwards? Chatterton's Letters and Miſcellanies, and every thing which the warmeſt advocate for Rowley will not deny to have been Chatterton's, exhibit an inſight into men, manners, and things, for the want of which in their writings, authors, who have died old men, with more opportunities to know the world (who could have fewer?) than Chatterton, have been thought to make amends by other merits.

Again—in his own character, he painted for bookſellers and bread; in Rowley's, for fame and eternity. Why are a boy's *taſks* at ſchool inferior to what he writes for his amuſement?

Then—it is not impoſſible that he might deſignedly under-write himſelf. He certainly did, when he wrote "Ladgate's Anſwer to "the Song of Ælla."

After

After all, he was no modern; the boy was born an ancient: and he knew mankind well enough to ſee, that, in the preſent age, there was a greater facility of emergence from obſcurity to fame, through the channel of curioſity, for a monk of the 15th century, than for a ſexton's ſon of the 18th. Shame upon that age, which ſtill perſiſts in bearing teſtimony to his knowledge of it!

Suffer me to indulge my whim in running a ſhort parallel between this boy and our great Milton. Some ſimilitudes, and ſome diſſimilitudes, will not fail to ſtrike your nice eye.

Milton enjoyed every advantage not only of private, but of public, not only of domeſtic, but of foreign education.

Chatterton wanted every advantage of every poſſible education.

Milton in his youth received ſuch inſtructions from teachers and ſchoolmaſters, that, in his age, he was able to become a ſchoolmaſter, and a teacher to others.

Chatterton became his own teacher and his own ſchoolmaſter before other children are ſubjects for inſtruction; and never knew any other.

Milton's juvenile writings would not have juſtified a prophecy of Paradiſe Loſt: but the author of them flatters himſelf, by dating his life 15 till he had turned 16.

Few, if any, of Milton's juvenile writings would have been owned by Chatterton, at leaſt by Rowley, could he have paſt for the author of them.

Milton did not produce *Comus* much earlier than in his 26th year; ſince it was firſt preſented at Ludlow in 1634, and he was born in 1608. In 1645, when he was 37, Allegro and Penſeroſo firſt appeared. In 1655, when he was 47, after *long chooſing, and beginning late*, he ſet himſelf to turn a ſtrange thing, called a Myſtery, into an epic poem; which was not completed in leſs than Chatterton's whole active exiſtence, ſince the copy was not ſold till April, 1667, and then conſiſted only of 10 books. With all its glorious perfections, Paradiſe Loſt contains puerilities, to which Chatterton was a ſtranger. In 3 years more, when he was 62, appeared Milton's Hiſtory of England. Paradiſe Regained, and Samſon, were publiſhed in the ſame year. Lycidas I had forgotten. It was written in his 29th year. That propriety of character and ſituation, which Chatterton can ſeldom have violated, or he would not to this moment deceive ſuch and ſo many men,

Chatterton, not ſuffered to be *long chooſing*, or to *begin late*, in 17 years and 9 months, reckoning from his cradle to his grave, produced the volume of Rowley's poems, his volume of Miſcellanies, and many things which are not printed, beſide what his indignation tore in pieces the day he ſpurned at the world, and threw himſelf on the anger of his Creator.

What

men, Milton ſeldom preſerves in Lycidas. If, in the courſe of an exiſtence almoſt four times longer than Chatterton's, this man (*fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, with leſs truth than Chatterton), who bore no fruit worth gathering till after the age at which Chatterton was withered by the hand of Death—if, I ſay, this great man produced other writings, he will not quarrel that Poſterity has forgotten them; if he ſhould, Poſterity will ſtill perhaps forget them.

Milton's manuſcripts, preſerved at Cambridge, bear teſtimony to his frequent and commendable correction.

What time could Chatterton have found for alteration or correction, when I maintain that any boy who ſhould only have fairly *tranſcribed*, before his 18th year, all that Chatterton, before his 18th year, invented and compoſed, would be thought to deſerve the reputation of diligence, and the praiſe of application?

Milton, as Ellwood relates, could never bear to hear Paradiſe Loſt preferred before Paradiſe Regained.

If Chatterton, much earlier in life than Milton was calculated either to be an author or a critick, had not

He is known to have pronounced Dryden to be no poet.

Milton, more from inclination than want of bread, it ſeems, entered into party diſputes, whether a king might be lawfully beheaded, &c. with a ſervility and a virulence, and let out his praiſe to hire, perhaps, with a meanneſs, at all periods of his life, which the worſt enemies of Chatterton cannot prove him to have equalled.

Milton, in affluence (if compared with others beſide Chatterton) felt on his brows thoſe laurels which others could not ſee; and was perſuaded that, "by labour and "intenſe ſtudy, his portion "in this life, he might "leave ſomething ſo written "to after-times, as they "ſhould not willingly let it "die."

Paradiſe Loſt produced the author and his widow only 28 pounds; The meaner, more ſervile, and more verſatile abilities of the author produced

poſſeſſed a chaſter judgement, he would not ſtill impoſe on ſo many criticks and authors.

Chatterton, in order to procure bread for himſelf, a grandmother, mother and ſiſter, was ready to prove the patriotiſm of Bute, or of Beckford, in writings, which older men need not bluſh to own, and in an age when older men did not bluſh at ſuch a *profeſſion*.

Chatterton, ſteeped to the lips in poverty, entertained, long before he had lived 18 years, ideas, hopes, perſuaſions (*by labour and intenſe ſtudy*, more truly *his portion in this life* than Milton's), of living to all eternity in the memory of Fame.

Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett muſt inform the world whether Rowley's poems and his own together produced Chatterton 28 ſhillings.

What

produced him indeed enough to be deprived of four thousand pounds by ill-fortune, and to leave fifteen hundred pounds to his family.

Phillips relates of Milton, from his own mouth, that "his vein never happily "flowed but from the "autumnal equinox to "the vernal." Richardson writes, that "his poetical "faculty would on a sud-"den rush upon him with "an impetus or æstrum."

Milton, when a man, seldom drank any thing strong: he ate with delicacy and temperance.

Milton's historians and grand-daughter admit his moroseness to his children, and that he would not let them learn to write.

What is said of Chatterton, and of the moon's effect upon him, you have read.

Chatterton, when a boy, hardly ever touched meat, and drank only water: when a child, he would often refuse to take any thing but bread and water, even if it did happen that his mother had a hot meal, "because "he had a work in hand, "and he must not make "himself more stupid than "God had made him."

Chatterton's mother, his sister and his letters, can speak best of his heart, and of his wishes that his sister might learn every thing.

Into this parallel Chatterton's literary impoſitions on mankind, and the wonderful circumſtance of his carrying the ſecret out of the world with him, are not taken.

Before I conclude this long ſcrawl, ſuffer me to obſerve, that the brother of him who is ſaid to have written the "Eſſay on the Genius of Pope" (of whom both, deſervedly I conclude, have received from the hands of Literature that independence for which Chatterton courted her) might ſurely have concluded his criticiſm on Rowley, without ſtudying to heap ſo many epithets of abhorrence on that *boy*, whom at the ſame time he ſeems to conſider as Rowley, *i. e.* as the moſt extraordinary inſtance of genius the world ever ſaw. Warton finiſhes with ſaying, that Chatterton was "an (1) adventurer, a profeſſed (2) hire-"ling in the trade of literature, full of "(3) projects and invention, (4) artful, "(5) enterprifing, (6) unprincipled, (7) in-"digent, and (8) compelled to ſubſiſt by "expedients." (Addition to p. 164. Hiſt. of Engl. Poetry, vol. ii.) That prophets are not honoured in their own country, I have heard; but I never till now knew that poets are ſo little honoured in their own country, and in their own profeſſion.

After

After all—of theſe epithets and phraſes beſtowed by the author of the *Triumph of Iſis*, in the moſt mature and charitable part of his life, upon the juvenile author of Rowley's Poems, 1. 2. 8. do not convey very ſhocking ideas of criminality—3. 4. 5. may be conſtrued into praiſe—7. is not a very unpardonable fault in Chatterton, except that this, together with ambition, and a deſire to provide for his grandmother, mother and ſiſter, laid the foundation of the ſix crimes already enumerated—6. is abſolutely falſe.

With regard to Chatterton's face and perſon, all agree that he was a manly, good-looking boy: that there was ſomething about him which inſtantaneouſly prepoſſeſſed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, as well as all who remember him, ſpeak particularly of his eye. Catcott ſays that he could never look at it long enough to ſee what ſort of an eye it was; but it ſeemed to be a kind of a hawk's eye, he thinks; you could ſee his ſoul through it.

Mr. Barrett ſays, he took particular notice of his eyes, from the nature of his profeſſion. He never ſaw ſuch. One was ſtill more remarkable than the other. You might

ſee the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you ſometimes do in a black eye, but never in grey ones, which his were. Mr. Barrett adds, that he uſed often to ſend for him from the charity-ſchool (which is cloſe to his houſe) and differ from him in opinion, on purpoſe to make him earneſt, and to ſee how wonderfully his eye would ſtrike fire, kindle and blaze up.

So ends what I have to ſay about Chatterton, when I ſhall have juſt obſerved that his *innocent* impoſition on the world is exactly the ſtory of M. Angelo's buried ſtatue of Cupid; and, finally, that Miſs More is oftener boaſted by Briſtol, and acquired more fame and wealth, for an *Ode to Garrick's Dog*, than Chatterton for all Rowley's poems. Prefix to this letter, if you pleaſe, the comforting diſcovery of Lord Shafteſbury in his Characteriſtics, that—"*an ingenious man* "*never ſtarves unknown.*" Such a being as Chatterton ſhould not have been ſuffered to ſtarve *at all.* But comfort like this is to be expected from "Knights and Barons."

> Bards may be Lords, but, 'tis not in the cards,
> Play as you will, to turn Lords into Bards.

The employment has been of the ſervice to me which you meant it ſhould. In ſome meaſure

meaſure I have forgotten myſelf, and, as much as it was poſſible, forgotten my Martha, during the hours which I have ſpent upon this buſineſs.

If the ſtory be not told as regularly as it might be told, the ſituation of my mind with regard to you muſt be my excuſe. Beſides, were I cold enough to tell ſuch a tale as Chatterton's with as much regularity as I put a common occurrence upon paper, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf.

All I ſhall further add, is, that I do not hold out Chatterton as the firſt character in the world. An army of Macedonian and Swediſh mad butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory ſupply me with any human being, who, at ſuch an age, with ſuch diſadvantages, has produced ſuch compoſitions*. Under the Heathen mythology, Superſtition and Admiration would have explained all by bringing Apollo upon earth: nor

* *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the uſual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the KORAN; which is to this day the moſt elegant compoſition in the Arabic language, and its ſtandard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man ſo illiterate ſhould compoſe a book ſo admired, *Mohammed* artfully reſted the prin-

nor would the god ever have deſcended with more credit to himſelf.

But, after all, the world is only indebted to Chatterton for a few inimitable poems. If Barbarity and Fanaticiſm be ſuffered to deſtroy mankind, Genius will write in vain, when there is none to read. To preſerve our fellow-creatures is ſtill a greater praiſe than to inſtruct or to amuſe them. Perhaps, all circumſtances conſidered, the firſt character that ever exiſted was Bartholomew las Caſas*.

Let

cipal evidence of his *Koran*'s divinity. (Sale's "Koran," P. Diſcourſe, p. 42, 60.) He, who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's Poems, muſt go near to admit God to be the author of the *Koran*. But, before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it ſhould be remembered that Mohammed was *forty* when he commenced prophet. Perhaps the moſt extraordinary circumſtance about Mohammed is, that even Familiarity could not ſink him into contempt; that he contrived to be a hero and a prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepſy he converted into proofs of his divine miſſion. It is probable, that, if *Mohammed* had been leſs ſalacious, and not ſubject to the falling ſickneſs, out of thirty equal diviſions of the known world, whereof Chriſtianity claims five, and Paganiſm nineteen, the inhabitants of ſix would not now believe in the *Koran*.

* Againſt this glory of America, Europe may boaſt her Howard; and England, her Raikes. 1786.

The Editor.

Let me conclude theſe nine ſheets of paper and a half with a moſt capital ſubject for a painter, from Chatterton's *Tournament*, which you may add to the ſubjects that I have before ſuggeſted to you. It will ſurpriſe you to find how *very* modern it is. The advocates for Rowley muſt explain this to you, if they can, and if Rowley have ſtill any advocates; for I do aſſure you, as you will find by turning to the poem, that I have only altered *four* words, and thoſe *only* by changing them for Chatterton's words of explanation in his notes to the poem.

When Battle, ſteaming with new-quicken'd gore,
Bending with ſpoils and bloody* dropping head,
Did the dark wood of Eaſe and Reſt explore,
Seeking to lie on Pleaſure's downy bed——

Pleaſure,

* "The helmet of Darydh dropped blood." The *Hirlas*, by Chatterton, Town and Country Magazine, November, p. 575.—To ſuppoſe Chatterton to have intentionally imitated, or ſtolen from Rowley, is nonſenſe; becauſe then he would have ſtolen all Rowley's poems, and paſſed them off for his own. Stronger reſemblances than this might be pointed out between Chatterton's writings and (what will not much longer, I truſt, be called) Rowley's. One I have mentioned before.

Pleaſure, dancing from her wood,
Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,
From his viſage waſh'd the blood,
Hid his ſword and gaberdine †.

The note which I riſqued yeſterday, you got, I hope. If you had not anſwered my laſt but one, I ſhould certainly have thrown this bundle of papers into the fire. Since you are now a good girl again, I ſend them to you. May they afford you any thing like entertainment! It was but laſt night that I finiſhed them.—Adieu!

Much as I dread the expedition, tomorrow I believe muſt be the day.

17 February, 79.

† In the laſt number of the "Literary Fly," promiſes were made to the publick about Chatterton. Of thoſe great part is here fulfilled. What remains ſhall be remembered; for Dean Milles's Quarto little anſwers the purpoſe.

So have I ſeen a dolthead place a ſtone,
In thought to ſtay a driving river's courſe:
But better had it been to let alone;
It only drives it on with mickle force.

Chatterton's B. of Haſtings, p. 135.

The Editor.

LETTER LII.

The Same to the Same.

At ſea—20 February, 1769.

My dear little angel! I wrote my laſt letter to you yeſterday at 11 o'clock, juſt when we ſailed. I dined at two o'clock: and as for the afternoon, I had ſome muſic. I have my own ſervant on board that plays, and a couple of hands from London for the ſix weeks I am out. We were a good many at dinner. I had about nine people yeſterday, and ſhall have more when the reſt of my ſquadron join me. They ſtaid with me till near ſeven. I got to ſupper about 9 o'clock; but I could not eat, and ſo got to bed about 10.—I then prayed for you, my deareſt love; kiſſed your deareſt little hair; and lay down, and dreamt of you; and had you on the dear little couch ten thouſand times in my arms, kiſſing you and telling you how much I loved and adored you: and you ſeemed pleaſed: but, alas, when I woke I found it all *diſſuſion*—nobody by me but myſelf at ſea. I roſe by time, at half paſt five, and went upon deck. There I found

found my friend Billy, and walked with him for about an hour, till Barrington came to me. We then breakfaſted about 8 o'clock, and by 9 I began and exerciſed the ſhips under my command till 12. It is now one; and when I finiſh this letter to you, my dear love, I ſhall dreſs, and go to dinner at two o'clock. It is a rule on board to dine at 2, breakfaſt at 8, and ſup at 9—always, if nothing hinders me, I ſhall be a-bed by 10, or ſoon after, and up by half paſt five in the morning, in order to have, if there is any occaſion, orders ready for the fleet under my command before I begin to exerciſe them.—I am ſure the account of this day's duty can be no pleaſure to you, my love; yet it is exactly what I have done; and as I promiſed you always to let you know my motions and my thoughts, I have now performed my promiſe this day to you, and always will until the very laſt letter you ſhall have from me, which will be between 5 and 6 weeks hence. I ſhall ſend the Admiralty word that I am arrived at Spithead. Then I ſhall only wait for their anſwer, which will be with me in a few hours, to ſtrike my flag—and then I ſhall return to you that inſtant.

O' my

O' my love, mad and happy beyond myſelf to tell you how I love you and have thought of you ever ſince I have been ſeparated from you! The wind being contrary to-day about one, I put off dinner till three o'clock, in order to anchor ſhips for this night in Portland-road, juſt off Weymouth, about 2 miles. I hope to ſail to-morrow by 5 in the morning. I hope you are well. I am ſure I need not tell you I have had nothing in my thoughts but your dear ſelf, and long for the time to come back again to you. I will, all the while, take care of myſelf; becauſe you deſire, my dear little friend does, the angel of my heart! Pray do you take care of your dear ſelf for the ſake of your faithful ſervant, who lives but to love you, to adore you, and to bleſs the moment that he has made you generous enough to own him. I hope, my dear, nay I will dare to ſay, you never will have reaſon to repent it. The wind was not ſo contrary but we could have ſailed on: but I told Barrington that, as it was not fair, I would anchor, eſpecially as I could ſend one of my frigates in, for that I had diſpatches of conſequence to ſend to London. Indeed, my dear angel, I need

not

not tell you—I know you read the reaſon too well that made me do ſo. It was to write to you; for, God knows, I have wrote to none elſe, nor ſhall I to any other but to the King. God bleſs you, moſt amiable and deareſt little creature living—*aimons toujours, mon adorable petite amour.*

Je vous adore plus que la vie meſme.

I have been reading for about an hour this morning in Prior, and find theſe few lines, juſt now, applicable to us.

How oft had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love;
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Harriet's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.

Such is my amuſement to read thoſe ſort of things that *puts* me in mind of our mutual feelings and ſituations. Now, God bleſs you, till I ſhall again have an opportunity of ſending to you. I ſhall write to you a letter a day, as many days as you miſs

herein

herein of me. When I do, they ſhall all come Friday 16 June. God bleſs—I ſha'n't forget you. God knows you have told *ſo* before I have your heart, and it lies warm in my breaſt. I hope mine feels as eaſy to you, thou joy of my life. Adieu.

Well, my Martha, how do you like my pen to-day? Don't you think I am improved? In time I ſhall come to write ſuch letters as may appear in print. Were you not ſurpriſed to read a letter dated at ſea; and to find me write about my ſquadron, and the King, and the Lord knows what? when we parted but yeſterday within the Bills of Mortality.—Come, I'll now put off my maſk. The hopes which you gave me yeſterday of ſo ſoon calling you mine, and to-day's uncommon fineneſs, had quite inſpired me with good ſpirits. A copy of the letter which I have juſt tranſcribed was given me laſt night; and, as I promiſed to write to you to-day, I thought it would amuſe you more than any thing I could ſay. It has blood-royal in it, I aſſure you; and I'll take my *bible-oath* of its authenticity. When you have *nobody by you but yourſelf*, I think it will make you laugh.

laugh. Compare this King's brother with my ſexton's ſon; who, during the compoſition of this letter, was writing Rowley's poems. Where I could make it ſenſe by ſtopping it, I have. The original is all written poſt. Cupid never ſtops to bait. Then he has no eyes, you know; which is an excuſe for bad ſpelling, and confuſion in the ſenſe. Poor blind boy! It's very well he can contrive to write at all. With regard to ſome of it, we are ſtill in the dark; but Lady G. made it out, I dare ſay. The French is curious. Oh Love, almighty Love! with what eloquence does adoration of thee inſpire thy votaries!

Now, in my own character.—What you deſired ſo earneſtly ſhall certainly be done. As to the diſparity of our years, what you ſaid about it yeſterday did honour to your heart, but was all nothing to the purpoſe. My mind is made up. Beſides, I knew your age all along. Do you remember ſome ſufficiently bald poetry, with the reading of which I taxed your patience when I was quartered at *Huntingdon, I believe? May I be

* See Letter XVII. The Editor cannot but obſerve, that if Mr. H. had not, in this ſubſequent letter, by the mereſt

I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I did not, at the time I wrote it, know as well as yourſelf how many years you were older than I! But I well knew that you were not acquainted with *my* age; which, by thoſe lines, I hoped to conceal from you. Then I thought, if you ſhould ſuſpect, or come to know, that I was younger than you, though the idea (as you will ſee, unleſs you have committed them to the flames they merit) turn, in fact, upon our being *born* in the ſame year, on the ſame day almoſt: yet, that you *might* take it to turn upon the circumſtance of our *birth-days* happening almoſt together; and ſo overlook, in conſidering the nearneſs of our birth-days, the diſparity of our ages.

But it's uſeleſs to ſay a word more to me on this ſubject—all you pointed out I ſee—and I am determined. Remember *Ninon* and her ſon. You are not quite old enough to be my *mother*.

By

mereſt accident in the world, explained thoſe lines, they would have thrown an unjuſt ſuſpicion of ſuppoſititiouſneſs on this whole volume, and few people would have believed thoſe letters to have been genuine, from one of which it was ſo clear that H. was ſo very ignorant of Miſs R—'s age.

By the day after tomorrow I hope to be able to tell you that the buſineſs is done.

Of that ſong which I gave you ſome time ago, and with which you are often kind enough to treat me, I have diſcovered the author. You know what I mean—"When "your beauty appears," &c. It was written by the elegantly-ſimple Parnell.

Let me to-day ſend you another, which, as I never heard you ſing it, I ſuppoſe you have never ſeen—otherwiſe, from what I know of your taſte, it muſt have been a favourite.

The Moans of the Foreſt after the Battle of Flodden-Field.

I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,
A' the laſſes lilting before break of day;
But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

At

Lilting] Singing cheerfully, with a briſk lively air, in a ſtyle peculiar to the Scots; whoſe muſic, being compoſed for the bagpipe, jumps over the diſcordant notes of the 2d and 7th, in order to prevent the jarring which it would otherwiſe produce with the drone or baſs, which conſtantly ſounds an octave to the key-note. Hence this kind of compoſition is commonly ſtiled a Scotch *lilt*.—*A'*] All.—*Ilka*] Each.—*Loning*] Lane; a word ſtill in uſe in the northern parts. The word *green* is peculiarly emphatical; grown over with graſs, by not being frequented.—

Bughts

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are ſcorning,
Our laſſes are lonely, and dowie, and wae:
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but ſighing and ſobbing.
Ilka laſs lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In har'ſt at the ſhearing, nae ſwankies are jeering,
Our banſters are wrinkled, and lyard, and grey:
At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleetching,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

At e'en in the glooming, nae youngſters are roaming
'Bout ſtacks with the laſſes at boggles to play;
But ilka laſs ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

Dool and wae fa' the order—ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for once by a guile won the day:
The flowers of the foreſt, that ſhone aye the foremoſt,
The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the clay!

We'll ha' nae mair lilting, at the ewes milking,
Our women and bairns now ſit dowie and wae:
There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the foreſt are weeded away.

Bughts] Circular folds, where the ewes are milked.—*Scorning*] Bantering, jeering.—*Dowie*] Dowly, ſolitary.—*Wae*] Full of woe or ſorrow.—*Daffing*] Waggiſh ſporting.—*Gabbing*] Jeſtingly prating, talking gibble-gabble.—*Leglin*] Can, or milking-pail.—*Swankies*] Swains.—*Banſters*] Bandſters, binders-up of the ſheaves.—*Lyard*] Hoary: being all old men.—*A preaching*] A preaching in Scotland is not unlike a country fair.—*Fleetching*] Fawning, flattering.—*Glooming*] Glimmering, twilight.—Do you remember Chatterton's note on *glommed*, in my long letter about him?—*Dool*] Dolour, ſorrow.—*Wae fa'*] Woe befall, evil betide.—*Ligs*] Lies.

LETTER LIII.

The Same to the Same.

24th February, 1779.

SINCE we parted yeſterday, I have thought a good deal of what we talked about. Though I did not promiſe to write to you till tomorrow, I take up my pen, you ſee, this morning. The buſineſs that is to forward our marriage (which can alone make me happy, and remove that melancholy you obſerve) cannot be done till the evening—ſo I may as well ſpend this morning in talking to you upon paper.

The manner in which you account for the ſelf-deſtruction of that moſt wonderful boy Chatterton, is phyſical, I aſſure you, as well as ſenſible. Tiſſot, in his Eſſay on the Diſeaſes incident to Literary Perſons, ſtarts ſome ideas very much like yours; only they are wrapped up in harder words. You ſhall ſee.

When the mind, long time occupied, has forcibly impreſſed an action upon the brain, ſhe is unable to repreſs that forcible action. The ſhock continues after its cauſe; and, re-acting upon the mind, makes it experience ideas which are truly delirious: for they no longer anſwer to the external impreſſions of objects, but to the internal diſpoſition of the brain, ſome parts of which are now become incapable to receive the new movements tranſmitted to it by the ſenſes.

The

The brain of Paſchal was ſo vitiated by paſſing his life in the laborious exerciſes of ſtudy, thought, and imagination, that certain fibres, agitated by inceſſant motion, made him perpetually feel a ſenſation which ſeemed to be excited by a gulf of fire ſituated on one ſide of him; and his reaſon, overpowered by the diſorder of his nerves, could never baniſh the idea of this fiery abyſs. Spinello painted the fall of the rebel angels, and gave ſo fierce a countenance to Lucifer, that he was ſtruck with horror himſelf; and, during the remainder of his life, his imagination was continually haunted by the figure of that demon, upbraiding him with having made his portrait ſo hideous. Gaſpar Barlæus, the orator, poet and phyſician, was not ignorant of theſe dangers. He warned his friend Hughens againſt them: but, blind with regard to himſelf, by immoderate ſtudies he ſo weakened his brain, that he thought his body was made of butter, and carefully ſhunned the fire, leſt it ſhould melt him; till, at laſt, worn out with his continual fears, he leaped into a well. Peter Jurieu, ſo famous in theological diſpute and for his Commentary on the Apocalypſe, diſordered his brain in ſuch a manner, that, though he thought like a man of ſenſe in other reſpects, he was firmly perſuaded that this frequent fits of the cholic were occaſioned by a conſtant engagement between ſeven horſemen who were ſhut up in his belly. There have been many inſtances of literary perſons who thought themſelves metamorphoſed into lanterns; and who complained of having loſt their thighs.

No one can deny that Chatterton muſt have gone through as much wear and tear of the imagination as any perſon whom Tiſſot mentions; though he had neither bread and cheeſe

cheeſe in his belly, nor Jurieu's ſeven heavy-armed horſemen, who, I ſuppoſe, only mount guard in theological diſputes.

But I would give a good deal, were it poſſible for me never again to think about Chatterton, or about his death, as long as I live—for I never do without being miſerable.

What you let fall about the propenſity of the Engliſh to ſuicide, is not true; though a very popular idea. Yet I will relate to you an inſtance of Engliſh ſuicide (abſolute madneſs) much more apparently cool and deliberate than any you ever heard, I dare ſay. It is a fact and happened in 1732. Smollet relates it in his Hiſtory, I think.

Richard Smith, a bookbinder and a priſoner for debt within the liberties of the King's-Bench, perſuaded his wife to follow his example, in making away with herſelf, after they had murdered their little infant. This wretched pair were, in the month of April, found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard's diſtance from each other; and in a ſeparate apartment, the child lay dead in a cradle. They left two papers incloſed in a ſhort letter to their landlord, whoſe kindneſs they implored in favour of their dog and cat. They even left money to the porter who ſhould carry the incloſed papers to the perſon to whom they were addreſſed. In one of theſe the huſband thanked that perſon for the marks of friendſhip he had received at his hands; and

and complained of the ill offices he had undergone from a different quarter. The other papers, ſubſcribed by the huſband and wife, contained the reaſons which induced them to act ſuch a tragedy on themſelves and their offspring. This letter was altogether ſurpriſing for the calm reſolution, the good-humour, and the propriety, with which it was written. They declared, that they withdrew themſelves from poverty and rags; evils that, through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable. They appealed to their neighbours for the induſtry with which they had endeavoured to earn a livelihood. They juſtified the murder of their child, by ſaying, it was leſs cruelty to take her with them, than to leave her friendleſs in the world, expoſed to ignorance and miſery. They profeſſed their belief and confidence in an Almighty God, the fountain of goodneſs and beneficence, who could not poſſibly take delight in the miſery of his creatures: they therefore reſigned up their lives to him without any terrible apprehenſions; ſubmitting themſelves to thoſe ways, which, in his goodneſs, he ſhould appoint after death.——Theſe unfortunate ſuicides had been always induſtrious and frugal, invincibly honeſt, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

This ſhocking tragedy I have ſhown you, becauſe I think that France, lively France, in whoſe language ſuicide is an *Angliciſm*, can ſupply me with an anecdote as authentic, of ſomething ſtill more cool and more deliberate; ſince the motives to the crime (to which no motive can be ſufficiently ſtrong) were ſo much weaker.

On the day before Chriſtmas-day, 1773, about eleven o'clock, two ſoldiers came to the Croſs-Bow inn, at St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the ſoldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, obſerving to the perſon who ſold them to him, that St. Dennis ſeemed to be ſo pleaſant a place, he ſhould not diſlike to ſpend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion paſſed the day together very merrily. On Chriſtmas-day, they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, ſitting on the oppoſite ſides of a table, whereon were three empty Champaign bottles, the following will and letter, and a half-crown. They were both ſhot through the head: two piſtols lay upon the floor. The noiſe of the piſtols brought up the people of the houſe; who immediately ſent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the maréchauſſée at St. Dennis.

The will I tranſlated from a formal copy, which was taken in 1774, for a friend of mine.

THE

THE WILL.

A man who knows he is to die, ſhould take care to do every thing which his ſurvivors can wiſh him to have done. We are more particularly in that ſituation. Our intention is to prevent uneaſineſs to our hoſt, as well as to lighten the labours of thoſe whom curioſity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us viſits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the ſmaller of the two.

He is drum-major of Meſtre de Camp des Dragons, and I am ſimply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a paſſage. I addreſs to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his firſt clerk as aſſiſtant, muſt come hither for the ſake of juſtice) the principle, which, joined to the reflexion that every thing muſt have an end, put theſe piſtols into our hands. The future preſents nothing to us but what is agreeable—yet that future is ſhort, and muſt end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four luſtres. No particular reaſon forces us to interrupt our career, except the diſguſt we feel at exiſting for a moment under the continual apprehenſion of ceaſing to exiſt. An eternity is the point of re-union; a longing after which leads us to prevent the deſpotic act of fate. In fine, diſguſt of life is our ſole inducement to quit it.

If all thoſe who are wretched would dare to diveſt themſelves of prejudice, and to look their deſtruction in the face, they would ſee it is as eaſy to lay aſide exiſtence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which diſpleaſes. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could ſtill procure to ourſelves gratifications: but all gratifications muſt have a period. That period is our priſon. We are diſguſted at the perpetual ſameneſs of the ſcene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to thoſe who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will ſoon break the ſprings of this moving maſs of fleſh, which our haughty fellow-creatures ſtile the King of Beings.

Meſſrs. the Officers of Juſtice, our carcaſes are at your diſcretion. We deſpiſe them too much to give ourſelves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we ſhall leave behind us—for myſelf, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the maréchauſſée at St. Dennis, my ſteel-mounted ſword. He will recollect, that, laſt year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a perſon of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck handkerchiefs, as well as the ſilk ſtockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The reſt of our effects will be ſufficient to pay the expence of the uſeleſs law proceedings of which we ſhall be the ſubject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the laſt bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis,
Chriſtmas-day, 1773.

BORDEAUX.
HUMAIN.

Of

Of the following letter from Bordeaux to his Lieutenant, in the regiment of Belzunce, I have not ſeen the French; I cannot therefore anſwer for the tranſlation, which does not appear to have been done carefully. Another friend ſupplied me with it. You ſhall have it as I had it from him.

"SIR,

"During my reſidence at Guiſe, you honoured me with your friendſhip. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me that I appeared diſpleaſed with my ſituation. It was ſincere, but not abſolutely true. I have ſince examined myſelf more ſeriouſly, and acknowledge myſelf intirely diſguſted with every ſtate of man, the whole world, and myſelf. From theſe diſcoveries a conſequence ſhould be drawn: if diſguſted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In ſhort, I am on the point of putting an end to the exiſtence that I have poſſeſſed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will deſtroy this moving maſs of fleſh, which we vain mortals call the King of Beings.

"I owe no one an excuſe. I deſerted; that was a crime: but I am going to puniſh it; and the law will be ſatisfied.

"I aſked leave of abſence from my ſuperiors, to have the pleaſure of dying at my eaſe. They never condeſcended to give me an anſwer. This ſerved to haſten my end.

"I wrote to Bord to ſend you ſome detached pieces I left at Guiſe, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain ſome well-choſen literature. Theſe pieces will ſolicit for me a place in your remembrance.

"Adieu, my dear Lieutenant! Continue your eſteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the reſt, ſkip from flower to flower, and acquire the ſweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleaſure.

"Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
"Qui n'échappe ni ſage ni fou,
"Pour aller je ne ſçais où.

"If we exiſt after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permiſſion, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I ſhould adviſe all thoſe who are unhappy, which is by far the greateſt part of mankind, to follow my example.

"When you receive this letter, I ſhall have been dead at leaſt 24 hours.

"With eſteem, &c.

"BORDEAUX."

Is there any thing like this in Engliſh ſtory?

If we exiſt after this life—Ah, my raſh but brave Bordeaux, that is the queſtion; and a queſtion which even you could not anſwer in the *negative*.

——————There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life;
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns o' th' time,
The pangs of deſpiſed love
(which I could never bear),
——————the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
Which patient Merit of th' unworthy takes?

But

But that the dread of ſomething after death
Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

What a miſerable fallacy, in the laſt paragraph but one, of the letter, about exiſting after this life!

The pains theſe two poor fellows took (or rather Bordeaux, for he ſeems to have been the principal) to prevent any trouble or uneaſineſs to their ſurvivors, lead me to reflect how very uniformly the contrary is the conduct of ſuicides with us. One would ſometimes almoſt fancy that they ſtudied how they might commit the abominable crime ſo as to be found by thoſe whom the diſcovery would moſt affect. Have they wives, children? It muſt be done ſometimes in their preſence, in bed with them; often in their hearing; almoſt always in ſuch a manner that they may be the firſt ſpectators of it. Mr. Y. Lord F. Mr. S. Lord C. Mr. B. are cruel inſtances of this. Oh for Omnipotence to call ſuch ſavages back to life, and chain them to the hardeſt taſks of exiſtence! Is not the crime of ſuicide ſufficient, without adding to it the *murder* of a heart-broken wife or child? Hence you

may, perhaps, draw an argument that every ſuicide is a madman. For my part, I have no doubt of it; and if Humain had fallen into the hands of a friend leſs mad than Bordeaux, he might have lived to have fought another day.

And here ends a long, dull letter, about a ſhort, entertaining converſation (on your part at leaſt). Don't ſtay long out of town, or I ſhall write you *madder* notes than you received during the week that I was employed on the long letter about Chatterton. When I think of you, I am mad; what muſt I be when I have reaſon to think (or fancy ſo) that you don't think of me? Galli is gone.

LETTER LIV.

The Same to the Same.

1 March, 1779.

THOUGH we meet to-morrow, I muſt write you two words to-night, juſt to ſay, that I have all the hopes in the world that ten days, at the utmoſt, will complete the buſineſs. When that is done, your only objection is removed, along with your debts; and we may, ſurely, then be happy, and be

ſo

ſo *ſoon*. In a month, or *ſix weeks at furtheſt*, from this time, I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my character, now I have taken orders, makes expedition neceſſary. By to-night's poſt I ſhall write into Norfolk about the alterations at *our* parſonage.———To-morrow—but Galli's friendſhip is more than I can ever return.

LETTER LV.

Mr. H. to CHARLES ——, Eſq.

20 March, 1779.

YOUR coming to town, my dear friend, will anſwer no end. Galli has been ſuch a friend to me, it is not poſſible to doubt her information.

What intereſt has ſhe to ſerve? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have ſo peſtered you for theſe two years, about this buſineſs. Look at what I have written to you about Galli ſince I returned from Ireland. She can only mean *well* to me. Be not apprehenſive. Your friend will take no ſtep to diſgrace himſelf. What I ſhall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exiſt. Yet I will be, you ſhall

ſee, a *man*, as well as a lover. Should there be a rival, and ſhould he merit chaſtiſement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of every thing before I believe.

Yours ever.

LETTER LVI.

The Same to the Same.

6 April, 1779.

It ſignifies not. Your reaſoning I admit. Deſpair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yeſterday, you muſt ſee my reſolution was taken. Often have I made uſe of my key to let myſelf into the Admiralty, that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of Love—Little did ſhe think that it would ever prove the key of Death. But the loſs of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it poſſible for me to doubt Galli's information? Even you were ſtaggered by the account I gave you of what paſſed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when ſhe loved me, but to ceaſe to live now ſhe ceaſes to love?

love? The propriety of ſuicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing to do with them. All I pretend to prove, or to diſprove, is my miſery, and the poſſibility of my exiſting under it. Incloſed are the laſt dying words and confeſſion of poor Captain J. who deſtroyed himſelf not long ago. But theſe lines are not the things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reaſoning of them, though none in the poetry.—His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducements, poor fellow! But I refuſed to allow them. Little did I imagine that I ſhould ever have inducements, as I now have, which I *muſt* allow. Theſe extraordinary lines are ſaid to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am ſlow to believe it. They ſtrike me as the production of abilities far ſuperior to his; of abilities ſent into the world for ſome particular purpoſe, and which Providence would not ſuffer to quit the world in ſuch a manner.

Till within this month, till Galli's information, I thought of ſelf-murder as you think of it. Nothing now is left for me

but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our paſſions, I muſt ſtand the trial and the puniſhment. My invention can paint no puniſhment equal to what I ſuffer here.

Think of thoſe paſſions, my friend—— thoſe paſſions of which you have ſo often, ſince I knew Miſs R. ſpoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my miſery, will you not let me fly from my paſſions? They are a pack of bloodhounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My careleſſneſs has ſuffered them to overtake me; and now there is no poſſibility, but this, of eſcaping them.

The hand of Nature heaped up every ſpecies of combuſtible in my boſom. The torch of Love has ſet the heap on fire. I muſt periſh in the flames. At firſt I might perhaps have extinguiſhed them—now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be ſmothered, they can never be got under. Suppoſe they ſhould conſume any other perſon beſide myſelf; and who is he will anſwer for paſſions ſuch as mine?—At preſent, I am innocent.

Did

Did you ever read D'Arnaud? Let me tell you a ſtory which I found in him the other day. It made me ſhudder at the precipice on which I ſtand. It determined me to ſhut the adamantine gates of Death againſt Poſſibility.

Salvini, an Italian (no Engliſhman *could* commit his crime), in whoſe mind my mind diſcovered its relation, becomes intimate with Adelſon, an Engliſhman of fortune, at Rome. Salvini accompanies him to England, and is introduced by him to Mrs. Rivers and her daughter, his intended wife. Adelſon introduced a rival and a ———; but you ſhall hear. Love, who had never before been able to conquer Salvini, now tyranniſed over him, as cruelly as he has tyranniſed over me. The tale is well worked up. Love leads his victim, by degrees, from one crime to another; till, at laſt, on the day fixed for Nelly's marriage with Adelſon, Salvini murders her, and endeavours to murder himſelf. The attendants preſerve him, a further victim to juſtice. He is committed to Newgate—condemned to death. Adelſon bribes a jailor to afford Salvini that opportunity to eſcape, which he twice refuſes. He ſatisfies *human* juſtice by ſuffering at Tyburn. Adelſon and Mrs. Rivers increaſe his crime, by dying of grief in conſequence of it*.

Oh

* When firſt I read this letter I had never heard of D'Arnaud. I now inquired for ſuch a writer. Still I could not credit Mr. H. Who could believe that poor H.'s ſtory ſhould be related ſo many years before it happened, under the name of Salvini? But ſo it is. (Epreuves du Sentiment, par M. D'Arnaud. Maeſtricht, 1774. Tome 3. 101.)

Oh Charles—Charles—as yet thy H. is no Salvini. Nor will I murder any but myſelf. As yet the devil has not tempted me to plunge my *Eloiſe* along with me into the unfathomable depths of Deſtruction.

Take the lines I mentioned. They are too good for the bad cauſe which they were written to defend. My watch I have ſealed up for you: wear it for my ſake. Crop has been a faithful ſervant to me: accept of him; and, when he is too old to carry you, let him have the run of your park. He once (how happy was I that day!)—he once bore the precious burden of her for whom I die. Already have I bid you ſolemnly farewell. It ſhall not be repeated. While I *do* live,

Your own

H.

P. S.

101.) The circumſtance is ſo remarkable, that a note an hour long might be written upon it. If H.'s ſtory be more complete than Salvini's, it does but ſhow that Nature is a better writer than D'Arnaud. He yields, yet yields only to her pen; and even Nature appears almoſt to have borrowed from D'Arnaud.——"What a compliment!" the Reader ſays——"What a writer, to deſerve ſuch a compliment!" adds the Editor.

Before poor H. concludes this letter, there is an alluſion to the moſt ſingular ſcene which Rouſſeau has ſo wonderfully painted. *La nouvelle Heloiſe*, Lettre 17.

P. S. On further thoughts I will commit the only remaining copy of thoſe lines on ſuicide to the flames, leſt they ſhould ever be read by any one more alive to their poetical beauties than to the fallacy of their arguments.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. H. to Mr. B——.

7 April, 1779.

My dear F.

WHEN this reaches you, I ſhall be no more; but do not let my unhappy fate diſtreſs you too much. I ſtrove againſt it as long as poſſible; but now it overpowers me. You know where my affections were placed; my having by ſome means or other loſt hers (an idea which I could not ſupport) has driven me to madneſs. The world will condemn me, but your heart will pity me. God bleſs you, my dear F. Would I had a ſum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You were almoſt my only friend. I have hid one circumſtance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. W. of Goſport, one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houſes; but

but I hope in God, when they are ſold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to ſettle your account. May Almighty God bleſs you and *yours* with comfort and happineſs; and may you ever be a ſtranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of miſery I have long endured! Oh! if it ſhould be in your power to do her any act of friendſhip, remember your faithful friend,

J. H.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. H. to CHARLES ———, Eſq.

Tothill-fields,
8 April, 1779.

I AM alive—and ſhe is dead. I ſhot her, and not myſelf. Some of her blood and brains is ſtill upon my cloaths. I don't aſk you to ſpeak to me—I don't aſk you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poiſon; ſuch as is ſtrong enough. Upon my knees, I beg, if your friendſhip for me ever was ſincere, do, *do*, bring me ſome poiſon.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

The Same to the Same.

9 April, 79.

YOUR note juſt now, and the long letter I received at the ſame time, which ſhould have found me the day before yeſterday, have changed my reſolution. The promiſe which you deſire, I moſt ſolemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I ſhould, I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poiſon. Indeed I am too compoſed for any ſuch thing now. Nothing ſhould tempt me. My death is all the recompence I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has ſent me ſome excellent advice, and Mr. H. has refuted all my falſe arguments. Even ſuch a being as I finds friends.

Oh, that my feelings and his feelings would let me ſee my *deareſt* friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

LETTER LX.

The Same to the Same.

Newgate,
14 April, 1779.

My beſt thanks for all your goodneſs ſince this day ſe'nnight. Oh, Charles, this is about the time. I cannot write.

My trial comes on either Friday or Saturday. It will be indeed a trial. God (whom I have ſo outraged) can alone tell how I ſhall go through it. My reſolution is not fixed as yet about pleading guilty. The arguments by which they tell me I may eſcape that death ſo much my due, I certainly will not ſuffer to be uſed. My preſent ſituation of mind you may collect from the incloſed copy of what I mean to ſay, if I continue in the reſolution, in which I yeſterday wrote you word I was, of pleading not guilty.

" My Lord,

" I ſhould not have troubled the Court with the examination of witneſſes to ſupport the charge againſt me, had I not thought that pleading guilty to the indictment would give an indication of contemning death, not ſuitable to my preſent condition; and would, in ſome meaſure, make me acceſſary

acceſſary to a ſecond peril of my life. I likewiſe thought that the juſtice of my country ought to be ſatisfied, by ſuffering my offences to be proved, and the fact to be eſtabliſhed by evidence.

"I ſtand here the moſt wretched of human beings! and confeſs myſelf criminal in a high degree. I acknowledge *with ſhame and repentance* that my determination againſt my own life was formal and complete. I proteſt, with that regard to truth which becomes my ſituation, that the will to deſtroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine until a momentary frenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore.—The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law, after my deceaſe, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.

"Before this dreadful act, I truſt, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not readily excuſe. I have no wiſh to avoid the puniſhment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but, being already too unhappy to feel a puniſhment in death, or a ſatisfaction in life, I ſubmit myſelf to the diſpoſal and judgement of Almighty God, and to the conſequences of this inquiry into my conduct and intention."

Whatever the world may think, you, I know, believe that I had no intention againſt her till the *very inſtant*. The account which I wrote to you of the ſhocking buſineſs, ſince it happened, was the real truth. All Tueſday, after I had finiſhed my letter to you, I in vain ſought for an opportunity to deſtroy myſelf in her preſence. So, again, on the Wedneſday,

Wedneſday, all the morning. In the afternoon, after dining at poor B.'s, I ſaw Lord S.'s coach paſs by the Cannon Coffee-houſe, where I was watching for it. I followed it to G.'s (inhuman, and yet not guilty G.!). From her houſe I ſaw it take them to the play. Now, I was determined; and went to my lodgings for my piſtols; where I wrote a letter for B. which I put into my pocket, intending to ſend it; but, as I forgot it, the letter was found there. When I returned to Covent-Garden, I waited for the concluſion of the play, in the Bedford Coffee-houſe. What a figure muſt I have been! Indeed, I overheard one gentleman ſay to a friend, that I looked as if I was out of my ſenſes. Oh, how I wiſhed for the play to be over! I had charged my piſtols with the kindeſt letter ſhe ever wrote me; a letter which once made me the happieſt of mortals, and which had ever ſince been my taliſman. At laſt, arrived the end of the play, and the beginning of my tragedy. I met them in the ſtone paſſage, and had then got the piſtol to my forehead; but ſhe did not ſee me (nor did any one, I ſuppoſe), and the crowd ſeparated us. This accident I conſidered as the immediate intervention

of

of Providence. I put up my piſtol, turned about, and ſhould (I moſt firmly believe) have gone out the other way, and have laid aſide my horrid reſolution, had I not looked round and ſeen Mr. M. (whom I immediately conſtrued into the favoured lover deſcribed by G.) offer her a hand, which I thought was received with particular pleaſure. The ſtream of my paſſions, which had been ſtopped, now overwhelmed me with redoubled violence. It hurried me after them. Jealouſy ſuggeſted a new crime, and nerved a-new the arm of Deſpair. I overtook them at the carriage, and———and, at about the time I am now writing this, felt more than all the tortures of all the damned together.

What ſhall I not feel at the neceſſary recital of the tragedy, at my trial!

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. H. in Newgate.

17 April, 79.

If the murderer of Miſs —— wiſhes to live, the man whom he has moſt injured will uſe all his intereſt to procure his life.

LET-

LETTER LXII.

Mr. H. to Lord S.

The Condemned-Cell, in Newgate,
17 April, 1779.

THE murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, knows too well the hand from which he has juſt received ſuch an offer as he neither deſires nor deſerves. His wiſhes are for death, not for life. One wiſh he has. Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has moſt injured—Oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed ſpirits are ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

J. H.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. H. to CHARLES ——, Eſq.

(What follows, in ſmall type, was written upon different papers which the poor man ſealed up for his friend on the fatal morning. The dates are preſerved, but the contents of the papers are here put together as one letter.)

Newgate,

Newgate, Saturday Night,
17 April, 1779.

My dear Charles!

The clock has juſt ſtruck eleven. All has, for ſome time, been quiet within this ſad abode. Would that all were ſo within my ſadder breaſt!

That gloomineſs of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*, which was always ſo congenial to my ſoul, would have been ſtill heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the ſtill ear of Night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The ſound is truly ſolemn—it ſeems the ſound of Death.

O that it were Death's ſound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet—but one day more. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit, till then.

And then——

My God, my creator, my firſt father! Thou who madeſt me as I am; with theſe feelings, theſe paſſions, this heart! —Thou, who art all might, and all mercy!—Well thou knoweſt that I did not, like too many of thy creatures, perſuade myſelf there was no God, before I perſuaded myſelf I had a right over my life.—O then, my father, put me not eternally from thy paternal preſence! It is not puniſhments, nor pains, nor hell, I fear: what man can bear, I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful to thy goodneſs, to be thought unworthy of thy preſence, to be driven from the light of thy countenance.

Well thou knoweſt that I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in thy creation; to a dog, a horſe: almoſt to things inanimate; a tree, a book: and thinkeſt thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to thee!

And

Might—O might I reſign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can ſee, nor tongue can ſpeak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal exiſtence of love and bliſs with her, whom——

Preſumptuous murderer! The bliſs you aſk were paradiſe.——Beſides—what blaſphemy have I uttered!

My father, who art in heaven, I bow before thy mercy, and patiently abide my ſentence.

Theſe papers, which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters: nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been yours more than any other man's.

How have I ſeen the poor ſoul affected at that recitative of Iphis, in her favourite Jephtha!

"Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtain'd
"With human blood!"

To think that I ſhould be her prieſt, her murderer! In one of her letters ſhe tells me, I recollect, that ſhe could die with pleaſure by my hand, ſhe is ſure ſhe could. Poor ſoul! Little did ſhe think——

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air which follows it, "Farewell," &c. were the laſt words ſhe ever ſung. Now I muſt ſay, and *may* ſay, *experimentally*——

"Farewell, thou buſy world, where reign
"Short *hours* of joy, and *years* of pain!"

I *may not* add——

"Brighter

" Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
" In the realms of peace and *love*."

Love!—gracious God, this word in this place, at this time!

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79.
4 in the morning.

O, Charles, Charles——torments, tortures! Hell, and worſe than hell!

When I had finiſhed my laſt ſcrap of paper, I thought I felt myſelf compoſed, reſigned. Indeed, I was ſo——I am ſo now.

I threw my wearied body—wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's, with the workings of my mind—upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more completely curſed.

This world was paſt, the next was come; but, after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal ſentence of mental miſery (from which there was no flight), of baniſhment from the preſence of my heavenly father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakneſs feared, was paſt, irrevocably paſt.

Her verdict too of puniſhment was pronounced. Yes, Charles——ſhe, ſhe was puniſhed——and by whoſe means puniſhed?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never ſaw; ſince Omniſcience, it ſeemed, could hardly diſcern them. O Charles, theſe foibles, ſo few, ſo undiſcernible, were ſtill, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my hand ſent her to heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I ſaw the expiation—theſe eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly puniſhment.

That paſt, ſhe was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thouſand virtues.

Then, in very deed, began my hell, my worſe than woman ever dreamed of hell. Charles, I ſaw her, as plainly as I ſee the bars of my dungeon, through which the eye of Day looks upon me now for almoſt the laſt time. Her face, her perſon, were ſtill more divine than when on earth—they were caſt a-new, in angel moulds. Her mind too I beheld, as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the ſame—that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But, what ſaw I elſe? That mind, that perſon, that face, that angel—was in the boſom of another angel. Between us was a gulf, a gulf impaſſable! I could not go to her, neither could ſhe come to me.

No—nor did ſhe wiſh it. There was the curſe.

Charles, ſhe ſaw me, where I was, ſteeped to the lips in miſery. She ſaw me; but without a tear, without one ſigh.

One ſigh from her, I thought—and I could have borne all my ſufferings.

A ſigh, a tear! She ſmiled at all my ſufferings. Yes, ſhe, even ſhe, enjoyed the tortures, the rackings of my ſoul. She bade her companion angel too enjoy them. She ſeemed to feaſt upon my griefs; and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than bleſt companion.

Flames and brimſtone—corporal ſufferance—were paradiſe to ſuch eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! how I rejoiced, how I wept, ſobbed with joy, when I awoke, and diſcovered it was only a dream, and found myſelf *in the condemned cell of Newgate.*

Mr. H.

Mr. H. and Dr. V. neither of whom you know, I believe, are exceedingly kind to me. The latter writes to me, the former ſees me, continually. Your poor H. finds more friends than he merits.

Among my papers you will ſee ſome lines which I wrote on reading *Goethe*'s * "Werther," tranſlated from German into

---

* Behold the marrow of Werther's inconſiſtent and very dangerous ſtory.

On the 4th of May, 1771, we find him ſeparated from his family and his boſom friend, and retired to ſolitude, on account of a lady's death (l'amie de ſa jeuneſſe), whoſe attachment he ſeems to have returned; but, with regard to whom he ſeems to confeſs he was NOT *entierement innocent*.

Before the 16th of June he contrives to fall moſt violently in love with Charlotte, notwithſtanding he knows, both from her friend and herſelf, that ſhe is very ſhortly to marry Albert. In ſpite of his boſom friend's advice, either to endeavour to marry Charlotte himſelf, or to let her marry Albert without making himſelf miſerable, he very quietly waits the arrival of Albert, whom he finds *le meilleur homme du monde*, without any diſcovery of his paſſion, but in mad, gloomy letters to his friend. In the beginning of September, he is perſuaded by his friend to tear himſelf from Charlotte's ſociety, to leave her quietly to marry Albert, and to accept of an appointment to an embaſſy; but not before a farewell between the three, in which it appears that Charlotte's mother, on her death-bed, conſigned her to Albert. Before Werther has ſpent much time in his new appointment, he talks of a pretty ſtrong *penchant* for the *très-aimable* Miſs B.

into French; which, while I was in Ireland, ſhe refuſed to lend me. When I returned to England, I *made* her let me read it. But I never ſhowed theſe lines to her, for fear they ſhould make her uneaſy.—Unhappy Werther! Still leſs

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On the 20th of January, 1772, he writes to Charlotte, and mentions Miſs B. but *his attachment to her is only upon account of her reſemblance to Charlotte. Adieu!* concludes this unaccountable madman—"Albert eſt-il près de vous, "et en quelle qualité!—Inſenſe!" (true enough) "De-"vrois-tu faire cette queſtion?" Or ſhould you not long before have ſaid more?

On the 20th of February he writes formally to congratulate Charlotte and Albert on their marriage. In April his German pride is diſguſted at a piece of etiquette revealed to him by his dear Miſs B. with tears and a *vous qui connoiſſez mon cœur.* After trying and quitting another deſirable eſtabliſhment, he finds himſelf, in July, contrary to his friend's intreaties, at the abode of Charlotte and Albert. After effectually deſtroying their domeſtic happineſs in this world, he forfeits all his own hopes of happineſs in another, by determining on ſuicide; and, leaving behind him a cruelly-affectionate letter to Charlotte, he borrows her huſband's piſtols, and when the clock ſtrikes twelve, on the 22d of December, ſhoots himſelf through the head.

Werther was clearly a bad man. Had he not died by his own hand, he did not deſerve to live. What ſort of a man is the writer who either relates or feigns his dangerous ſtory? The beſt that can be ſaid for the work is ſaid by the French tranſlator (Werther, traduit de l'Allemande, Maeſtricht. 1776. Second Partie, p. 229).

"Jeune

leſs pretence hadſt thou for ſuicide than I. After quietly ſeeing thy Charlotte marry another man, without ſo much as *offering* to marry her thyſelf, hadſt thou a right over thy exiſtence

---

" Jeune homme ſenſible! quand tu éprouveras la premiere atteinte de la plus violente des paſſions pour un objet qui ne peut être à toi, tu diras: tel étoit l'état de Werther, le premier jour qu'il vit Charlotte. Ah! ſi je revois cet objet qui porte le trouble dans mes ſens, je l'adorerai tous les jours davantage; bientôt je ſouffrirai les tourments que Werther éprouva, bientôt la langueur ou le déſeſpoir termineront ma malheureuſe carriere! Ou plus infortuné encore, peut-être la vertu s'éloignera de mon cœur; je chercherai à ſéduire cette femme; et ſi mes efforts ſont vains, je maſſacrerai ſon époux—*elle même*. Fuyons! évitons le crime, ou l'infortune: allons chercher dans d'autres climats l'oubli d'un objet trop dangereux, & la jouiſſance de plaiſirs moins funeſtes."

Yet, *Elle même* had no effect on H.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1784, p. 877, an account may be ſeen of a young Lady, who periſhed by her own hands; and under her pillow was found Werther's dangerous ſtory.

The Editor thinks it his duty to obſerve, that the Iriſh editions of his Work omit ſuch parts of this note as reflect on Werther, and only ſay where Werther may be bought. The bookſeller thought it of more conſequence that he ſhould gain a few ſhillings, than that any number of his fellow-creatures ſhould be ſaved from ſuicide. But have Iriſh bookſellers no wives, no ſons or daughters, of their own?

exiſtence becauſe ſhe was not thy wife? Yet waſt thou leſs barbarous than I; for thou didſt not ſeek to die in her preſence—but neither didſt thou doubt her love.—We can neither of us hope for pardon.

LINES *found, after* WERTHER's *Death, upon the Ground by the Piſtol.*

If chance ſome kindred ſpirit ſhould relate
To future times unhappy Werther's fate;
Should, in ſome pitying, almoſt pardoning age,
Conſign my ſorrows to ſome weeping page---
And ſhould the affecting page be haply read
By ſome new Charlotte---mine will then be dead---
(Yes, ſhe ſhall die, ſole ſolace of my love!
And we ſhall meet, for ſo ſhe ſaid, above)---
O Charlotte, M———, by whatever name
Thy faithful Werther hand thee down to fame---
O be thou ſure thy Werther never knows
The fatal ſtory of my kindred woes!
O do not, fair one---by my ſhocking end
I charge thee!---do not let thy feeling friend
Shed his ſad ſorrows o'er my tearful tale:---
Example, ſpite of precept, may prevail.

Nay, much-loved M——, though a fond deſire
To prove thy huſband, prove thy children's ſire;
Though theſe, and other duties, thou muſt know,
Would hold his hand from Death's forbidden blow---
Yet might my gloomy tale full ſurely ſhroud
His brighteſt day in melancholy's cloud;
Yet might thy H. lead, to his laſt breath,
A life more ſhocking than e'en Werther's death.

Newgate,

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79.
5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleaſure than writing to ſuch a friend as you are, and have been, to me?

Pleaſure! Alas, what buſineſs has ſuch a wretch as I with ſuch a word as that? However, pouring myſelf out to you thus upon paper, is, in ſome meaſure, drawing off my ſorrows—it is not thinking.

Cruel Galli! And yet I can excuſe her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wiſhed to preſerve a treaſure which any one would have prized. Galli was employed to preſerve the treaſure: and ſhe ſuſpected not that my ſoul, my exiſtence, were wrapped up in it.

O, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourſelf to viſit this ſad place! And yet—our mutual feelings would render the viſit uſeleſs. So—it is better thus.

Now, perhaps, you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happineſs and comfort, for the preſent, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happineſs.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy! While I———

How many, again, with every thing to make them otherwiſe, are, at this moment, miſerable!

The meat is done too little, or too much—(Should the pen of Fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I ſhould not be ſuffered to write to you thus, becauſe it would ſeem *unnatural*. Alas—they know not how gladly

a wretch like me forgets himſelf)—The ſervant, I ſay, has broken ſomething—ſome *friend* (as the phraſe is) does not make his promiſed appearance, and conſequently is not eye-witneſs of the unneceſſary diſhes which the family pretends to be able to afford—or ſome *friend* (again) drops in unexpectedly, and ſurpriſes the family with no more diſhes upon the table than are neceſſary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye ſuffer yourſelves to be ſoured and made miſerable, for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by ſome trifle or another, which does not deſerve the name of accident, look here—behold, indeed, that miſery of which your diſcontentedneſs complains!

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houſes and country-houſes. Look into my ſoul—recollect in how few hours I am to die, die in what manner, die for what offence!

Now, go, be croſs and quarrel with your wives, or your huſbands, or your children, or your gueſts—begin to curſe and to ſwear—and call Almighty God to witneſs that you are the moſt miſerable, unlucky wretches upon the face of the earth—becauſe the meat is roaſted half-a-dozen turns too much, or becauſe your cooks have not put enough ſeaſoning into your pies.

I was obliged to lay down my pen. Such a picture as this, in which myſelf made the principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God!—to look back over the dreadful interval between to-day and laſt October two years. What a tale would it make of woe! Take warning from me, my fellow-creatures, and do not love like H.

Still,

Still, Sunday.
7 o'clock.

When theſe looſe, incoherent papers ſhall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you ſome conſolation to know my temper of mind at laſt.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myſelf more, and more, and more compoſed, and calm, and reſigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that we can bear a great load of affliction better than a ſmall one. I thought ſo then—now I am ſure of it. This day ſe'nnight I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildneſs.

This day ſe'nnight!—To look back is death, is hell. 'Tis almoſt worſe than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myſelf.

In proof of that opinion which you always ridiculed—go to the gaming-table—obſerve that adventurer, who is come with the laſt fifty he can ſcrape together. See—how he gnaſhes his teeth, bites his fiſts, and works all his limbs! He has loſt the firſt throw—his fifty are reduced to forty. Obſerve him now—with what compoſure his arms are wrapped about him! What a ſmooth calm has ſuddenly ſucceeded to that dreadful ſtorm which ſo lately tore up his whole countenance! Whence the reaſon, think you? Has fortune ſmiled on him?—Directly the contrary. His forty are now dwindled to five. His all, nay more, his very exiſtence, his reſolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him—how calmly, how careleſsly he eyes the box. I am not ſure he does not almoſt wiſh to loſe, that he may defy Ill-luck, and tell her ſhe has done her worſt.

See, as Young ſays,

—On a moment's point, th'important die
Of life and death ſpins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up—Death.

I'll ſurrender my opinion for untenable, if a common obſerver, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated perſon yonder who really has won.

——Since I wrote what you laſt read, I caught myſelf marching up and down my cell with the ſtep of haughtineſs; hugging myſelf in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, "What a *compleat wretch* I am!"

But—is there not a God! Did not that God create me? Does not that God know my heart, my whole heart? Oh! yes, yes, yes!

To-morrow then—And let to-morrow come—I am prepared.

God (who knows my heart, and will judge me, I truſt, by that heart) knows that it is not with a view to diminiſh my own guilt, the magnitude and enormity whereof I acknowledge—but—let not thoſe, who ſurvive me, flatter themſelves that all the guilt of mankind goes to the grave, to the gallows (gracious Heaven!) with H.

I ſhall leave behind me culprits *of the ſame kind as myſelf* —culprits who will not make my trifling atonement of an ignominious death. Oh may they ſee their crimes, and weep over them before they are confronted with the injured parties, at the footſtool of the throne of the God of Heaven!

Theſe

Theſe are crimes (as indeed are all the crimes of men, however noiſeleſs or inaudible) with which the liſtening angel flies up to heaven's chancery—but theſe are not they upon which the recording angel drops a tear as he notes them down. The pencil of Eternity engraves ſuch crimes as theſe on adamantine tablets, which ſhall endure to the end of time. Mine, mine, perhaps, may head the liſt.

Be merciful, O God! be merciful!

Reflexion in this world is almoſt worſe than the worſt which offended Omnipotence can inflict upon me in the next. I muſt fly from it.

And are there not crimes as bad as mine? It is little my intention to argue away the badneſs of my crime—but there ſurely are, and worſe.

Let that gallant, gay, young gentleman yonder hold up his hand. Yes, Sir—you I firſt arraign. Not for breach of promiſe, not for falſe oaths to credulous virgins, not for innocence betrayed—theſe are no longer crimes; theſe are the accompliſhments of our age. Sir, you are indicted for ſlow and deliberate murder. Put not on that confident air, that arrogant ſmile of contempt and defiance. Demand not with a ſneer to have the witneſſes produced, who were preſent when you ſtruck the ſtroke of death. Call not aloud for the blood-ſtained dagger, the dry-drawn bowl, the brain-ſplaſhed piſtol. Are theſe the only inſtruments of death? You know they are not. Murder is never at a loſs for weapons.

Sir, produce your wife.——See, ſee!—what indignation flaſhes in his eyes! A murderer, and the murderer of his wife! May the calumniator—!——Sir, no impreſſions, no oaths; thoſe are what betrayed that wife. You did not

plant a dagger in her breaſt; but you planted there grief, diſeaſe, death. She, Sir, who gave you all, was deſtroyed, was murdered, by your ill uſage: and not ſuddenly, not without giving her time to know what was to happen. She ſaw the lingering ſtroke, ſhe perceived the impoſſibility to avoid it; ſhe felt it tenfold from the hands of a much-loved huſband.

Were theſe ſcraps of paper to be ſeen by any other eyes than yours, common people would wonder perhaps that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myſelf. It may be contrary to the rules of critics, but ſo it is.—To think, or to write about myſelf, is death, is hell. My feelings will not ſuffer me to date theſe different papers any more.

Since I wrote my laſt paper, I dropt into a ſleep. In a dream, I thought I was dreaming that I was in Newgate, condemned to death for murder. Who will undertake to deſcribe my feelings, when I waked and found that it was no dream?

Let me pay a ſmall tribute of praiſe—How often have you and I complained of Familiarity's blunting the edge of every ſenſe on which ſhe lays her hand? At her bidding, Beauty fades even in the eye of Love; and the ſon of Pity ſmiles at Sorrow's bleeding breaſt. In her preſence, who is he that ſtill continues to behold the ſcene of delight, or that ſtill hears the voice of mourning? What then is the praiſe of that gaoler, who, in the midſt of miſery, and crimes, and death, ſets Familiarity at defiance, and ſtill preſerves

preſerves the feelings of a man? The author of the Life of *Savage* gives celebrity to the Briſtol gaoler, by whoſe humanity the latter part of that ſtrange man's life was rendered more comfortable. Shall no one give celebrity to the preſent keeper of Newgate? Mr. Akerman marks every day of his exiſtence, by more than one ſuch deed as this.—Know, ye rich and powerful, ye who might ſave hundreds of your fellow-creatures from ſtarving, by the ſweepings of your tables—know, that, among the various feelings of almoſt every wretch who quits Newgate for Tyburn, a concern neither laſt nor leaſt is that which he feels upon leaving the gaol of which this man is the keeper.

But I can no longer fly from myſelf. In a few ſhort hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand which———

I will not diſtreſs either you or myſelf. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd! Well---you ſhall hear that I died like a man and a Chriſtian. I cannot have a better truſt than in the mercy of an all-juſt God. In your letters, when you ſhall theſe unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the paſſage; 'tis in Othello.

You muſt ſuffer me to mention the tenderneſs and greatneſs of mind of my dear B. The laſt moments of my life cannot be better ſpent than in recording this complicated act of friendſhip and humanity. When we parted, a taſk too much for us both, he aſked me if there was any thing for which I wiſhed to live. Upon his preſſing me, I acknowledged that I was uneaſy, very uneaſy, leſt Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of fifty pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," ſaid B. ſqueezing my hand, burſting into tears, and hurrying out of the room, "I will allow it him." The affectionate manner

in

in which he ſpoke of my ſiſter would have charmed you. God for ever bleſs and proſper him! and my ſiſter, and you!" and———

A WRETCH's EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

NEMO MISER COMPARATUS.

Stop, ſtranger.—Is thy ſadneſs led
To hold dire converſe with the dead,
By friend or huſband, child or wife,
Whom Age or Sickneſs tore from life?
Compare thy woe, reſtrain thy tear;
A frantic wretch lies buried here,
Whoſe Rage ſlew all his Love held dear!

Stop, ſtranger.—Do thy ſorrows flow
From a ſtern parental "No"?
Or does the much-loved maiden prove,
Without compulſion, falſe to Love?
And art thou chooſing where to die,
Where thy love-ſlain corſe may lie?
Compare thy woe, reſtrain thy tear;
A cruel wretch is buried here,
Whoſe hand kill'd all his heart held dear!

Stop, ſtranger.—Doſt thou ſeek the tomb
Where Death feeds ſweetly on her bloom,
Who, had ſhe yeſterday not died,
To-morrow would have been thy bride?
And art thou come, ſelf-ſlain, to fold
In Death's embrace thy dead bride?—Hold!—
Compare thy woe, reſtrain thy tear;
A curſed wretch is buried here,
Who murder'd all his ſoul held dear!

Sunday, Midnight. J. H.
Newgate.

(The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preſerved, though the ſenſe is incomplete.)

LETTER LXIV.

The Same to the Same.

Tyburn.

My dear Charles,

FAREWELL for ever in this world! I die a ſincere Chriſtian and penitent, and every thing I hope that you can wiſh me. Would it prevent *my example's having any bad effect* if the world ſhould know how I abhor my former ideas of ſuicide, my crime, ... will be the beſt judge. Of her fame I charge you to be careful. My poor ſiſter and her worthy huſband will . . . . . .

Your dying H.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

From CHARLES ——, Eſq.

To General ——.

20 Auguſt, 1779.

My dear Friend,

THE —— coach, which paſſes through —— tomorrow, will leave a large packet for you at the George. When your ſervant goes to the poſt, he may inquire for it. The contents are copies of ſuch letters as explain the incredible tale of that poor friend of mine, whom you were kind enough to patroniſe while he remained in your profeſſion, and to aſſiſt in promoting after he quitted it. Yours of the latter end of laſt month, on the ſubject of his death, convinces me that you will not be angry with me for giving you a ſight of theſe letters. There were *many* more among the papers which he ſealed up for me on the morning of his death; but as they were more private, and leſs neceſſary to the ſtory, I have deſtroyed them.

Your memory will, I know, recollect Rochefoucault's reflexion—*Si on juge de l'amour par la plûpart de ſes effets, il reſemble plus à la haine qu' à l'amitié.* Or, if you prefer

prefer Engliſh, recollect Scroop, in Shakeſpeare's Richard II.

"Sweet Love I ſee, changing his property,
"Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate."

One very important fact ſtruck me on conſidering this melancholy buſineſs. In our recollection, three perſons, either extemporaneouſly or deliberately, have determined to ſhoot, firſt the objects of their fury, and then themſelves—Stirn, who killed Mathews in 1761; Ceppi, whom H. mentions; and poor H. himſelf. They all three ſucceeded in the firſt inſtance, and all three failed in the ſecond.

If what I am told be true, what a ſcene muſt have been exhibited at the Shakeſpeare, ſoon after the cataſtrophe! H. was indulged with a ſight of her body. While he was contemplating the effect of his madneſs (for madneſs it muſt have been), two or three people ruſhed in, who, arriving too late for the entertainment, heard of the murder, and came to learn the name of the victim. One of theſe immediately recollected H.—immediately recogniſed Miſs R.—was, in fact, Lord S———. What a groupe for painting!

Were

Were it not unneceſſary, when his picture is drawn at ſuch full length in theſe letters, I would give you a ſketch of the amiable man, whom, in ſo many years, and in ſo many different ſcenes, I never had occaſion but to love, till the moment he abhorred himſelf. To make reflexions on his ſtory, would be to write a volume. The pamphlet called "Caſe and Memoirs" is a miſerable buſineſs; and may do that very miſchief of which H. was aware.

"*It is true,*" we are told by the author, "that in his "own life he had a property; and, by the laws of nature, "he might have diſpoſed of it, if he pleaſed——but, *it* "*may be ſaid,* he had none in Miſs ——'s, and, *as ſuch,* "that he had no right to take it from her. Reaſon *may* "ſupport this argument; but is nothing favourable to be "ſaid for a man who prefers death to life, becauſe that "life is made wretched by a capricious and an ungrateful "woman?" Page xi.

How very differently does the poor man himſelf talk in one of his Newgate papers to me, which I have ſent you!

"*The torture of my ſituation is this, that not a word can "be ſaid in my favour, unleſs you will ſay I am mad. "But God knows I poſſeſs all my feelings and ſenſes much "too exquiſitely. Yet this is not the part of my crime "for which I am always moſt ſorry. Often, very often, "I conſider my crime with reſpect to the influence it may "have

* This did not appear in Letter LXIII.

" have upon the world. An example repreſented in life " by vice, has more effect than a precept preached by vir- " tue. No one will imitate me in murdering the object " of his love; but I may be conſidered by Deſpair, or by " Folly, as another precedent in favour of the propriety " of ſuicide. Perhaps, if theſe inſtances of deſperate " cowardice did not go out to this country, through the " channels of our papers, by which means they are ſtored " up as authorities againſt a diſappointment or a gloomy " day, ſuicide would, with leſs propriety, be termed an " *Angliciſm*. Oh Charles, could the imperceptible, but indiſ- " putable, magnetiſm of this part of my ſtory be deſtroyed " (as I truſt it will be by you), could my countrymen know " how I abhor this part of my crime, how thoroughly I " was ever convinced (except during my frenzy), and how " perfectly I am now perſuaded, that *our own lives are no* " *more at our diſpoſals, than the lives of our fellow-creatures*, " I ſhould expire in ſomething leſs of mental torture!"

Worthy ſoul! while we abhor, we pity and reſpect: and ſo will poſterity. That juſtice which condemned thee to death cannot refuſe a ſigh, a tear to thy virtues. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit! Thy Charles, when Time ſhall have a little healed the wound made in his friendſhip, will find ſome way to tell the world thy dying wiſh.

My dear General,

Ever yours,

CHARLES ——.

How

How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!
How paſſing wonder He who made him ſuch!
Who center'd in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes,
From different natures marvelouſly mixt!
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſht link in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, ſullied and abſorpt!
Though ſullied and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! Inſect infinite!
A worm! a God!---I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

POSTSCRIPT

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

FIFTH EDITION.

THE Reader, who took up this trifle for the ſake of Chatterton, may like perhaps to turn to "An Enquiry into the Authenticity "of the Poems attributed to Rowley." By the Rev. T. Warton. Dodſley. 1782. 8vo. There he will ſee, p. 113, that every thing ſaid here of Chatterton is ſtrictly true. All, that remains to be ſaid about Chatterton, will certainly be ſeen, ſome time or other. In the mean time, let every youth, who hangs over that poor boy's "Rowley's Poems," always bear in mind what old A. Wood ſays of George Peele (Athenæ Ox. 1. 300): "When or where he died I cannot tell; "for ſo it is, and always hath been, that "moſt poets die poor, and conſequently "obſcurely, and a hard matter it is to trace "them to their graves."

I, nunc, et tecum verſus meditare canoros.

The

The learned, among thoſe who took up this trifle, or have condeſcended to run it over, on account of Hackman, may like to turn to Tacitus. Annal. 13. 44.

Few readers will peruſe without a ſmile the following mournful ballad of the day, which is printed here with all fidelity from the original.

A Copy of Verſes

On the mallancholy accident that happened between a Certain Miniſter, and the Celebarted Miſs Wray.

YE tender fair with tender ear,
Attend unto this dity,
And when you come the ſame to hear,
This Lady you muſt pity,
Miſs Wray, a Lady fair and gay,
For beauty none excelled,
But beauty does many diſmay,
As hiſtory often telled.

A Sandwich faviourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved,
By whom nine Children had we hear,
Her beauty fatal proved,
A miniſter ſmote with her charms,
Whoſe name I will not mention,
Each ſerious mind this tale alarms,
Cruel was his intention.

A Miniſter

A Miniſter oh! thoughtleſs one,
In Covent-Garden, met her,
Alas poor Lady thought no harm,
He horridly did treat her,
In one moment alive and dead,
He with a piſtol ſhot her,
Not time to call on Chriſt her God,
Let's hope he's not forgot her.

Another turn'd unto himſelf
And inſtantly diſcharged,
But here the Lord his hand with held
His crime was not enlarged,
Altho' the ball had knock'd him down,
He ſtrove himſelf to murder,
With the piſtol his head did wound,
Good people that did hinder.

Into the Shakeſpear handed ſtrait,
His wound there being dreſſed,
When to himſelf the welfare aſked,
The lady he'd diſtreſſed,
At five Sir John that very morn,
To Tuttle field convey'd him,
For vengence Miſs Wray's, blood does cry,
The Lord have mercy on him.

Such lamentations may make us ſmile, but even ſuch as theſe may make us feel. However, ſince both poetry and proſe, of ſome kind or other, will always be written on ſuch events, perhaps it would not diſ-

grace

grace even abilities themſelves if they ſacrificed a few minutes, now and then, to place a ſhocking event in a ſhocking and inſtructing point of view. The lucky moment is greedily ſeized at elections, &c. and why not when ſo much more is at ſtake, and ſo much more ſervice may be done? Biſhop Atterbury, on being complimented about his ſermons, is reported to have ſaid, that he had done more good by a halfpenny ballad, of which 30,000 had been printed; but it is not recorded what the ballad was.

In the 44th of the foregoing Letters mention is made of Toloſa, a Spaniard, who was executed for the murder of his female friend. Poor Dr. Dodd, whom the ſame Letter alſo mentions, has the following lines about Toloſa, in his "Thoughts in Priſon." 8vo. 1781. p. 103.

Death ſcorns diſtinctions: but, deſpotic Power,
Cloath'd in his direſt terrors, here he reigns
[In Newgate],
Here revels! Here, with bittereſt vengeance, ſhakes
O'er trembling convicts his determin'd ſhaft,
And gluts himſelf with horror. See him lead
From yonder darkſome cell, all pale with woe,
That ſtranger, ſinking, who, in luckleſs hour,
With raſh hand pierc'd the boſom he ador'd,

Nor

Nor drank of comfort more! Half in his heart
The black lance feft'ring ſticks; and Death himſelf,
Howe'er relentleſs, ere he drives it home,
Of ſtrange commiſeration feels a pang,
Reluctant to his office!

The paſſage may be applied to Hackman, as well as to Toloſa; and he, that ſcorns to feel any of this ſtrange commiſeration, muſt dare to be confident that he can command his own paſſions ſo as never to be hurried by them into the commiſſion of any crime. But they who are beſt acquainted with human nature will conſider every crime of their fellow-creatures much more as a matter of humility than of exultation; and will not proudly thank God that they *are not* like others, but humbly pray to God that they *may not* be like others. Let parents breed up their children in habits of governing all their paſſions, and of ſeeing their parents govern their own paſſions.

The affecting poetry, from which this paſſage is extracted, was certainly written by the unhappy Dodd; though ſome other things, after his diſgrace, which went under his name, are known to have been written by Dr. Johnſon. Dodd's "Thoughts in

Priſon" would not ſpeedily be laid down by a reader of taſte and feeling. The poor man's hiſtory, as well as Francis Bacon's, may teach literary people, who are too apt to indulge a contempt for money, that a proper attention ſhould always be paid to pounds, ſhillings, and pence; leſt, ſince the wiſeſt cannot live without ſuch filthy things, wiſe men ſhould ever be tempted to procure them by foul means.

Let literary people add Dodd's name alſo, as well as Francis Bacon's, to the long liſt of thoſe whoſe ſorrows Literature has contributed to ſooth. If ſhe can adminiſter conſolation, or ſuggeſt employment, which operates like conſolation, even under diſgrace and infamy, what can ſhe not do (indeed what has ſhe not done in all ages) "amidſt inconvenience and diſtraction, in "ſickneſs and in ſorrow?"*

The monoſyllable *but* will not ſoon be uſed in a more affecting manner than in the concluſion of what Dodd, a few days before he ſuffered his ignominious death, prefixed to theſe *Thoughts*, p. xxxvi.

"The

* Preface to Johnſon's Dictionary.

"The thinking will eaſily pardon all inaccuracies, as I "am neither able nor willing to read over theſe melan- "choly lines with a curious and critical eye. They are "imperfect, but the language of the heart; and, had I "time and inclination, ſhould be improved.

"But———

"William Dodd."

It ſhould be known that Dodd, in a note (*Thoughts*, p. 44), added his tribute to the general praiſe beſtowed upon the humanity of Mr. Akerman, who may be conſidered as the Howard among gaolers.

The ſame kind hand lightened the wretched fetters of Hackman, who, with Miſs Reay, paſſes for the author of the foregoing Letters.

The LXVIIth Letter is authentic, and the addreſs to the Court (p. 309) was delivered by Hackman.

Of the reſt the outline only is true.

In Letter XIV. (p. 38), and in Letter LXIV. the reader has already ſeen why it was thought adviſable, upon Hackman's account, to put this little volume together. Chatterton and Werther, with other matters, were alſo taken into the account. Readers acquainted with the world will not think it neceſſary to ſay more.

With all his readers the author deſires to leave the following paſſage from Francis Bacon (4to edit. 1778. I. 447): "One of "the fathers, in great ſeverity, called poeſy "*vinum dæmonum*; becauſe it filleth the "imagination [with], and yet it is but "with the ſhadow of, a lye. But it is not "the lye that paſſeth through the mind, "but the lye that ſinketh in, and ſettleth "in it, that doth the hurt."

The author begs to thank Lady A. L. for a corrected copy of her Ladyſhip's very beautiful poem at p. 17.

To the opinion, which the late Dr. Johnſon entertained of theſe Letters, and of the good they might do, the author was indebted for the acquaintance and friendſhip of that great and good man. This trifle, which, it is hoped, has not been without doing its ſervice, is now inſcribed to the memory of Samuel Johnſon.

"*The former Editions were given under the fictitious*
"*perſon of an Editor; not, the Reader may be ſure,*
"*for any purpoſe ſo ſilly as that of impoſing on the*
"*public; but for reaſons of another kind, which it is*
"*not difficult to apprehend.*"

Bp. HURD's Moral and Political Dialogues*.

* Third Edit. 1765. Pref. 1.

FINIS.

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